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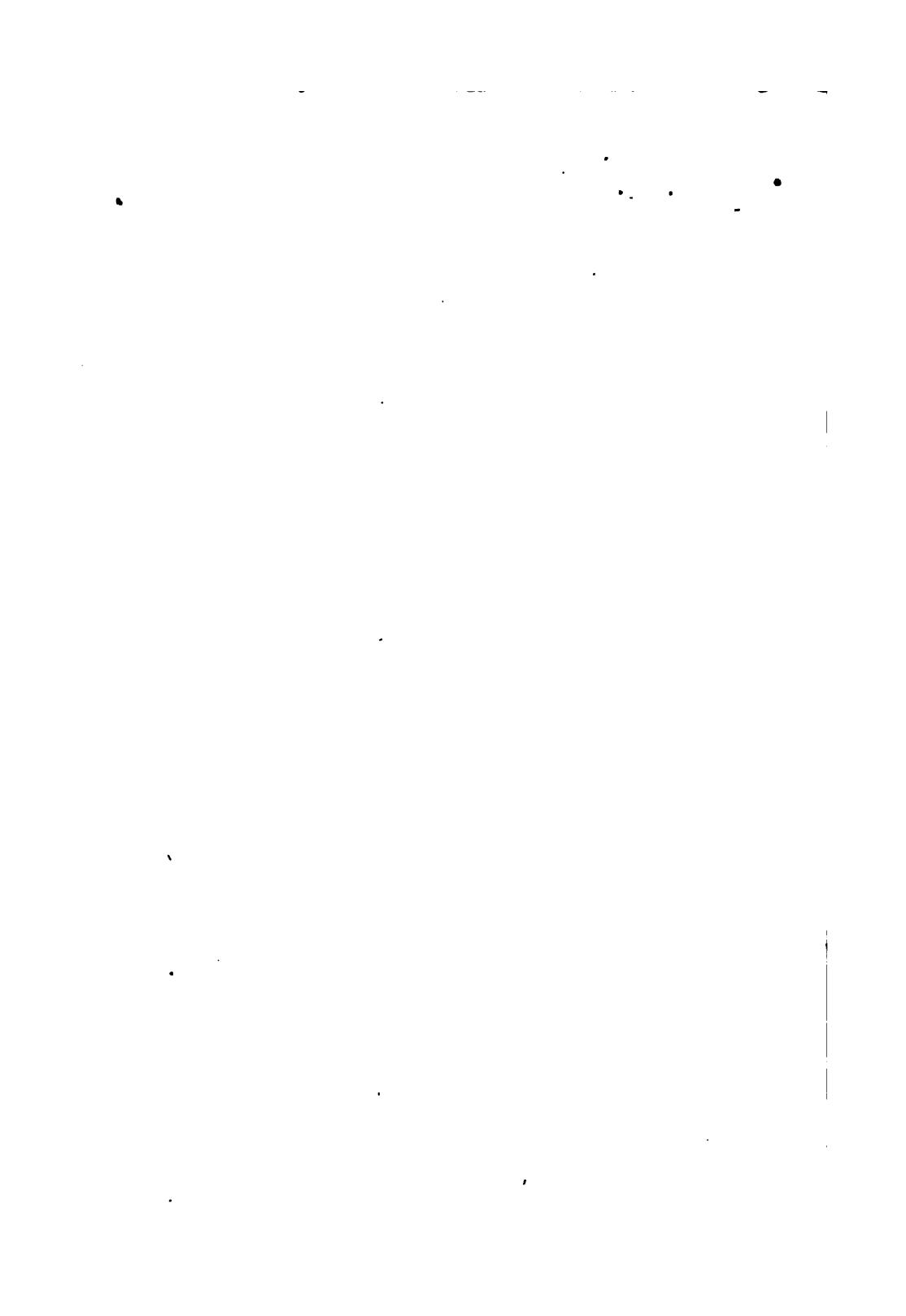
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LADY ABERDARE

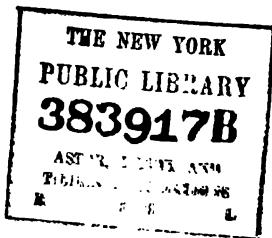
**LETTERS OF THE RT. HON.  
HENRY AUSTIN BRUCE  
G.C.B. LORD ABERDARE  
OF DUFFRYN**

**WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTIONS  
AND NOTES**

**VOLUME II**

**OXFORD  
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## LATER LIFE

1874-1895

### PUBLIC LIFE.

ON March 10, 1874, Lord Aberdare took his seat in the House of Lords. From this time forward his public life wore a new aspect: its activities were chiefly exercised outside and not inside Parliament. After the storm and stress of the House of Commons, so stimulating to a Cabinet Minister, the atmosphere of the Upper House was heavy and uninteresting<sup>1</sup>. He spoke there from time to time, and did his share of work on committees, but the chief field for his energies was in the world outside. He did not, indeed, lose faith in the Liberal cause or interest in the Liberal party: he remained a faithful supporter of Mr. Gladstone and his policy, and when the adoption of Home Rule for Ireland as a party measure unhappily broke up the Liberal party in 1886, he went with his old leader. But he was not by nature a partisan, and he was always more interested in the accomplishment of a good piece of work than in the triumph of a political party, and cared more to spend his energy in the quiet performance of public services than to speak upon party platforms. His party had three periods of office in these twenty

<sup>1</sup> He made an observation to this effect to Mr. Disraeli on his taking his seat in the House as Lord Beaconsfield, who replied, 'Yes, I feel that I am dead—but in the Elysian Fields.'

years; but, partly because it had already dealt with many of the more pressing questions, partly because, under the organized obstruction of the Irish party under Mr. Parnell, 'Ireland blocked the way' of legislation, the large Bills actually carried by Liberal Governments were few in number: the Land Bill of 1881 and the Franchise and Redistribution Bills of 1884 being the most conspicuous. With these and the Home Rule Bill of Mr. Gladstone's short Government of 1886 Lord Aberdare was in full sympathy. In a speech delivered at the opening of a Liberal Club at Aberdare in February, 1888, he took occasion to justify the policy of Home Rule for Ireland on the ground that the vast majority of electors in that country under the new franchise had clearly declared in its favour; and on similar grounds he pronounced in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. But in the same speech he was careful to assert his belief in the healthy activity of the Church in Wales, and the great advance made in its work within his memory. The later Liberal Government of 1892-5 carried no great measure except the Act establishing the Death Duties, but it showed a great deal of departmental activity, especially under the new Vice-President of the Council, Mr. Arthur Acland, who was the first holder of that office since Mr. Forster to sit in the Cabinet. Under him and his predecessor in the earlier Liberal Government, Mr. Mundella, great progress was made in the development of Elementary Education. To this, as to the earlier work of Mr. Forster, Lord Aberdare gave his hearty support. Throughout these twenty years, as we shall see, he was himself working for the improvement of Welsh education, and his work was bearing fruit in the Welsh Intermediate Act of 1889.

and the Royal Charter incorporating the University of Wales in 1893. He did not very often speak in the House of Lords: some of the more interesting occasions may be mentioned. He defended the Government in the debate on Mr. Gladstone's policy in Egypt in February, 1886; in February, 1888, in answer to a speech by Lord Dunraven, he vindicated the Liberal party from the reproach of having been indifferent to Factory Acts and other legislation for the protection of the people. Another occasion was February 23, 1886, when he ably defended his old friend, Sir E. Henderson, who was retiring from his post as Commissioner of Police in London in consequence of a Home Office Report on the serious riots in London on February 8. All three speeches are significant of features in his character: his strong interest in military questions and grasp of military movements, his loyalty to the best Liberal traditions, the strength of his personal friendship, and his sense of fair play in public affairs.

The questions in which he was chiefly interested were, as in the House of Commons, those connected with education and social legislation, Industrial Schools, Sunday Closing, &c. But for the most part he was content to leave debate alone, and to devote himself to useful work. In the wider politics of the time, in our relations with foreign countries and in international relations generally, he took the keenest interest. His taste for military history made him follow all the movements of our own and foreign wars with the eye of an expert; and in the later years of his life the old interest received a fresh stimulus from the fact that his youngest son, Charles, had become a lieutenant in the 5th Gurkhas, and was serving in hill-campaigns in Waziristan and

elsewhere. The fascination of foreign politics was at its strongest, as will be seen from these letters, in the critical time of the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877-8. Plevna had fallen in December, 1877, and in January, 1878, the British fleet was sent to Constantinople. This was followed in March by the calling out of the reserves, and by the resignation of Lord Derby, whose attitude at the Foreign Office throughout this period was thought to have shown weakness. In March, 1878, Lord Aberdare attended a meeting of the Opposition at Lord Granville's to discuss the calling out of the reserves, and it is clear that, like many others, he had fears of a general European war. Happily the threatening clouds passed away, and the Congress and Treaty of Berlin in June, 1878, settled the Eastern question for the time.

The foreign policy of Mr. Disraeli's Government of that day had no attraction for Lord Aberdare, but he was keenly alive to the expansion of England by enterprise and commerce in uncivilized and unoccupied countries, and some of his best energies were given to the development of British trade in West Africa as Chairman of the National African Company (1882-6), and as first Governor of the Royal Niger Company, which grew out of it. His annual addresses to the Company are full of interest, especially that of 1892, in which he conclusively exposed the misrepresentations of the French expedition of Lieutenant Mizon and the claims to which it gave rise.

But to return to the duties more immediately connected with Parliament. Lord Aberdare's heaviest work in these years was on Royal Commissions. From July, 1876, when he was appointed President of the Commission on Noxious Vapours, to 1884, there was

no year when he had not the report of some Commission in hand ; and there is little doubt that the anxieties connected with the Report on the Commission on the Aged Poor, of which he undertook the Chairmanship in 1892, had something to do with the final failure of his health. The Commission on Noxious Vapours involved visits to the Tyneside and elsewhere. Its report was presented in 1878. About the same time (1877-9) he had charge of a Committee of the House of Lords on Intemperance, which reported in March, 1879. In August, 1880, he was appointed Chairman of a Royal Commission on Higher and Intermediate Education in Wales. His colleagues were Lord Emlyn (now Lord Cawdor), Canon Robinson, Mr. Henry Richard, Professor Rhys (now Principal of Jesus College, Oxford), and Mr. Lewis Morris (now Sir Lewis Morris). The Commission met first in London, and then proceeded to take evidence in Wales, between October and January ; it presented its report in 1881. The foundation of the two new University Colleges at Cardiff in 1883, and at Bangor in 1884, the Welsh Intermediate Education Act of 1889, and the Incorporation of the Royal University of Wales in 1893, were the fruitful outcome of its recommendations. The next Commission over which he presided was one for inquiry into Reformatory and Industrial Schools (December, 1881). In this inquiry he visited in 1882 schools at Felton, Plymouth, Edinburgh, and Glasgow ; in January and February of 1883, schools in Ireland, at Belfast, Monaghan, Dublin, Kilkenny and Cork ; and in March, schools at Manchester and Liverpool. The report occupied much of his time in 1883, and was presented in 1884. Many of the recommendations made in it have since been carried into effect.

For some years he was free from Royal Commissions, but in March, 1886, he was Chairman of a Committee of inquiry into the best form of capital punishment (referred to in these letters as the 'Hanging Committee'), and in 1889 (March to June) presided over a Committee on certain Prison Rules, appointed in connexion with the treatment of Irish political prisoners.

In 1893 he undertook the Chairmanship of the Commission on the Aged Poor, and from that time to his death it absorbed much of his time and strength. Unfortunately the practice of recent years has been to nominate men to serve on Commissions less for their general ability and knowledge of affairs than as representatives of various interests and views; this Commission, like many others, was so constituted that a harmonious report, still less a unanimous one, was scarcely possible. The report was consequently much delayed, and when it came out in 1895, soon after Lord Aberdare's death, it was found to consist of several divergent reports. In spite of great difficulties he devoted himself unsparingly to the work of the Commission, and did his best to reconcile its discordant elements.

There were many offers of official work which he had to decline: in 1883 he was asked to succeed Sir E. Malet, as our Consul-General in Egypt; in 1881 he was sounded as to the Chairmanship of the London School Board in succession to Sir C. Reed. The same year he was asked to serve on the Ecclesiastical Commission, and in 1884 to preside over a Royal Shipping Commission.

Such were the more official occupations of his later years, but they were only a part of his life's work. In his unofficial work the foremost in importance was

Welsh Education. In January, 1875, he became President of the University College of Wales, at Aberystwyth, and held the office till his death. In July, 1877, he introduced a deputation, on behalf of the College, to the Duke of Richmond, then Lord President of the Council; in September, 1878, he attended at the College a meeting of the Principals of the Welsh Theological Colleges.

In the same month, presiding over an Eisteddfod at Birkenhead, while loyally supporting the claims of Aberystwyth, he pleaded for the further development of University education in Wales, and he took every opportunity at public meetings in Wales and elsewhere to promote the same cause. In March, 1879, he found a new and congenial ally in Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, then appointed to the Deanery of Llandaff, and they both did much for the new College at Cardiff, opened in 1883. His original interest in the College, of which he was the first President, received a fresh stimulus from the genius and devotion of its first Principal, Mr. J. Viriamu Jones, remarkable for his scientific ability, his enthusiasm for Welsh education, and his diplomatic gifts, which helped to win for the new College the financial support of the Treasury. It was not till 1893 that Lord Aberdare's work on the Commission and outside bore its full fruit in the Incorporation of the University of Wales, of which he became Chancellor in the last month of his life.

Although his main interest was in the newer colleges in Wales, he recognized the work that was being done by the older foundation of Lampeter College: he more than once visited it for public meetings or celebrations. In 1880, on the nomination of the University of Oxford, he became a Governor of Christ's

College, Brecon, and in this way saw another side of Welsh education; and he always took a lively and personal interest in the elementary schools of his own neighbourhood.

He was free throughout from all tincture of partisanship: a Churchman, who had done much for the Church in Wales, in this as in all other questions he put the country and the people first. His aim was to make the Welsh an educated people. When he presided over an Eisteddfod he always insisted that true education meant thoroughness and hard work, and he always appealed to the highest models in poetry and art. In matters of education, as in labour questions, he was not afraid to tell his friends in Wales of their defects as well as of their achievements, and the result was that in some measure they rose to the height of his ideal. A benefactor of Wales himself, he was quick to recognize what others had done for it; and he took a leading part, in 1882, in a presentation to Dr. Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, and in a memorial to the late Sir Hugh Owen, who had done so much for Welsh education. But his educational work reached far beyond Wales. In 1873 he became a Vice-President of the British and Foreign Schools Society, and remained so for life, except in 1881 when he was President. In 1875 he joined the Council of the Girls' Public Day School Company, founded in 1873, and from February, 1882, when he succeeded the Earl of Airlie, he was its President. About the same time he became interested in Somerville Hall (now Somerville College) at Oxford, of which his daughter, Mrs. A. G. Vernon Harcourt, was Secretary, and was active in its behalf as President of the London Committee for collecting subscriptions.

Among the other societies which had claims upon his

time were the Royal Horticultural Society, of which he was President for some time; the Royal Historical Society, of which he was President from 1878 to 1890 (see Appendix to *Lectures and Addresses*); and above all the Royal Geographical Society, which he had joined in 1859, and of which he continued an active member, becoming President 1880–4 and 1885–7, and a Trustee in 1887. It was as President of this Society that he was asked to preside over the National African Company, which afterwards, expanded into the Royal Niger Company, became one of the most absorbing interests of his later life.

New burdens were continually pressed upon him, which he found it hard to refuse: the Presidency of the Reformatories and Refugees Union in 1886, and of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in 1878 (this he resigned in 1893). Besides these regular engagements, there were many occasional calls upon him for speeches from various societies: such as the London Society for University Extension, for which his old friend Mr. Goschen (now Lord Goschen) was doing so much; the formation of the Royal College of Music; the Charity Organization Society; Artisans' Institutes; Penny Banks; and Children's Hospitals. Among the Congresses he attended were those of the National Society for the Promotion of Social Science, at Brighton, in 1875 (where he presided), and at Liverpool, in October, 1876; a Conference on Elementary Education in Manchester, in April, 1885; and a meeting of the British Association, at Cardiff, in August, 1891.

Amid all these competing claims he did not forget his own neighbourhood: he followed its labour struggles with interest, and did much to promote conciliation

between employers and men. His wise impartiality is well illustrated by a letter of December 15, 1891, written to a check-weigher. Among his more interesting local appearances in public may be mentioned an Art Exhibition at Merthyr, in March, 1880, at which he delivered an interesting address; an Eisteddfod at Aberdare, in August, 1885, which Mr. Matthew Arnold also attended as his guest; Mr. Gladstone's visit to Swansea, in June, 1887. These are a few instances among many of his active sympathy with his own country-side. On all occasions where he had to speak on local affairs, as will be seen from his printed addresses, his audience were brought to see the higher aspects of the subject, and its relation to national well-being and character.

#### SOCIAL AND PRIVATE LIFE.

Amid all these public duties he kept in close touch with the living world of society and art and literature, making many new friends and not losing sight of the old, though he naturally saw less of his former political colleagues than in his Ministerial days. With Lord Ripon he kept up a close intimacy, until his appointment as Viceroy of India in 1880, and again after his return in 1884. Another friend, Mr. Grant Duff (now Sir M. E. Grant Duff), went out to India, in 1881, as Governor of Madras, but this was only a brief interruption of their long intercourse: within a few weeks of his death Lord Aberdare was exchanging letters with him over Sir Mountstuart's *Notes from a Diary*, in which so many of their common experiences are recorded. Other friends of earlier days whom he saw or wrote to were

Lord Granville, Sir George Grey, Mr. Goschen (now Lord Goschen), Sir H. Layard, Mr. Watts and Mr. Edward Lear, Lord Leighton and Sir J. Millais, Mr. Matthew Arnold, the first Lord Coleridge and Sir Bartle Frere; and among more recent friends were Lord Tennyson, Sir Francis Goldsmid, Mr. Mundella and Mr. Bass. The Royal Niger Company brought him into close friendship with Sir George Goldie, the able Deputy-Governor, and more than any other man the founder of the Company, for whose untiring and effective work in West Africa he had the greatest admiration. Many of his friends he saw constantly at the Athenæum, and a more intimate circle at the Breakfast Club and at Grillion's.

In the earlier part of this period he still enjoyed spending many holidays in shooting and fishing with his friends at Studley, Tulchan on the Spey, and elsewhere; but as time went on such visits became less frequent, and his enjoyments were of a less active kind, though he did not give up shooting altogether<sup>1</sup>. His love of foreign travel found new scope in journeys abroad with his children, who found him an indefatigable cicerone.

Visits to the Loire in 1874, to France and North Italy in 1876, to the Tyrol and Venice in 1881, to Switzerland in 1885, were made with his children; and in 1887 (March to May) he took Lady Aberdare for the first time to

<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of one of his later visits to Llwyn Madoc, he made the following parody on Dryden's well-known lines :

Old as I am, for steepy braes unfit,  
The haunt of woodcock I remember yet,  
Which once I seldom missed and still can sometimes hit.

Italy, with his daughter Pamela. They went as far as Rome, where he had an interview with the Pope, from whom, however, he could elicit no opinion on Irish affairs. In September, 1887, he went for the first time to Aix, which he visited every May from 1891 to 1894. In the autumn of 1888 he went on from Aix to Padua and Venice, and paid a visit to his friends the Forti's in their Paduan home. His later journeys found their limit at Aix. In England he once or twice made a short tour with some of his children, to the Roman Wall and Branxholme in 1883, and to Breconshire in 1886, but most of his journeys were made to visit his friends, at Studley, Barbon Manor, Rendcomb Park, and elsewhere.

In the autumn he liked to have his family about him, with their friends, at Duffryn, which remained, through all the distractions of his public life, his constant centre of interest—an interest not limited to his love for wife and children and for the home that he had made, but extending to all his servants and neighbours, and to the well-being of Mountain Ash and the whole country-side. His greatest delight, to the last, was to take his children or grandchildren or friends over 'the loved hill-side,' up Abercwmboi or Gellyddu, or, if the rain kept visitors at home, he would take them for a rainy walk upon the 'coal tips,' and show them how the bare heaps of refuse were being covered by trees and creeping plants, converted from grey desolation into fresh life and colour. The letters show plainly enough his interest in Mountain Ash when he was not there, but as most of them were written away, they cannot show the life he lived when he was there, his loving care of home and grounds, his busy hours in the library, his shooting expeditions,

his entertainment of friends young and old, his vivid interest in local affairs, and above all his kindly human intercourse with the people of every degree, who counted him and his wife among their best friends.

In this part of his life, even more, if it were possible, than in earlier days, his thoughts were centred in his family circle. His sons and daughters were growing up and making their own homes and their own friends : he entered fully into their new interests and made their friends his own. As time went on, a growing circle of grandchildren added a fresh and unfailing joy to his life; for, remaining always young, he had the gift of making friends with children, and few could resist him. His eldest son Henry, after leaving Rugby, continued his education in France and Germany. When in 1880 he married Miss Constance Becket, he made his home, for fifteen years, at Ynis-y-Gerwn, near Neath, moving from thence to Longwood, near Winchester, in 1894. Of their children, Lyndhurst, Margaret, Clarence, Eva, and John were born in Lord Aberdare's lifetime, and saw him often at Duffryn and Ynis-y-Gerwn. Before his son's marriage he had suffered a grievous loss in the death of his daughter Margaret, Mrs. Richmond, April 14, 1878. She left one child, Bruce Richmond, whose career at Fonthill, and as a scholar at Winchester and New College, was followed with keen interest by his grandfather, whose devoted comrade he was in many happy walks on the hills, sharing his love of poetry and of wild country. His daughter Jessie was married in 1878 to the Rev. J. William Wynne Jones, and lived for five years at Aberdare, and afterwards at Lampeter Velfrey and Carnarvon : their children Margaret and Morys were frequent visitors at Duffryn. His daughter

Rachel's marriage to Mr. Augustus Vernon Harcourt has already been mentioned. Cowley Grange, the house they built for themselves on the Cherwell banks, became a new centre of interest ; the children Mildred and Mabel (the 'Twinkies' of these letters), Bernard, Cecil (now Mrs. Nowell Smith), Helen (now Mrs. Beach Thomas), Janet, Simon, Doris, Winifred, and Isabel ('Sturdy Burdy') were constant companions of their grandfather at Duffryn and Cowley Grange, and at St. Clare, Mr. Harcourt's house near Ryde. The new ties with Oxford made by this marriage and by the residence of his son William at Balliol brought him into a congenial society. Among the friends he made there were Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, Mr. Henry J. Smith, Savilian Professor of Geometry, the distinguished scholar and mathematician, Mr. T. H. Green, Fellow of Balliol and Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy, perhaps the strongest influence in Oxford in the years 1873-83, and Professor Max Müller. Mr. Kitchin, Censor of Christ Church (now Dean of Durham), and Mr. George Brodrick (Warden of Merton from 1881) he had known well before.

One of his most memorable visits to Oxford was for the Encaenia of 1880, when he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. with his friends Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Millais and others ; in the same month he saw the performance of the 'Agamemnon,' the first of the Greek plays acted on a modern stage, in the production of which his son William, who played Agamemnon, had taken an active part. The atmosphere of Oxford suited Lord Aberdare, and when the pleasure of an academic society was mingled with the charm of children's voices the appeal of the place was irresistible. His son William

had come to Balliol from Harrow in 1876. During his stay at Harrow, Lord Aberdare had come to know the head master, Dr. Montagu Butler (now Master of Trinity), and Mr. John Farmer, the organist, whose simple and hearty character, and his fervid passion for music, made him a welcome visitor at Duffryn. Balliol and Oxford too brought many new friends into the family circle, among whom were Mr. Henry Whately and, at a later date, Mr. Percy Matheson. In addition to the other delights of Oxford visits, Lord Aberdare took pleasure in seeing the part his son played in the best life of the College and the University. His daughters Isabel and Lily were about the same time living at Cowley Grange, and attending the lectures of Mr. Andrew Bradley and others as 'home-students,' so that many of the family interests centred in Oxford between 1878 and 1881. Later, when the college at Cardiff came to be founded, the Balliol connexion was renewed by the friendship of Lord Aberdare and his family with Principal Viriamu Jones and Mr. W. P. Ker, Professor of English Literature, both Balliol men of the period 1874-80. From Oxford his son William went to the Bar, but left it in 1886 to become an Assistant Charity Commissioner. He was thus brought into close contact with the organization of higher education for which his father had done so much, and in particular his official work gave him a share in the preparation of the system of secondary education, established under the Welsh Intermediate Education Act, for which Lord Aberdare's Commission had paved the way. In 1883, he married Miss Emily MacMurdo, daughter of Sir M. MacMurdo, and granddaughter of Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde. Their home was in Sheffield Terrace, Campden Hill,

and afterwards at 'Lotus,' a house which they built at Dorking. Though the illness of their son Fox made winter residence in England impossible for many years, Fox and his sister Norah had many happy visits to Duffryn in summer-time.

Lord Aberdare's daughter Norah, who was married in 1883 to Mr. Henry Whately, died May 10, 1886, leaving two children, Frank and Norah, who lived much with their grandmother and aunts after their mother's death. His daughter Isabel was married, August, 1887, to Mr. Champion Russell, and lived near Upminster in Essex, first at Baldwins, and afterwards at Stubbers. Their elder children, Rachel, Max and Henry, made part of the circle of grandchildren in later days. His daughter Sarah was married, August, 1888, to Mr. Montague Muir Mackenzie. Their daughter Enid, born June, 1889, was another of the baby visitors at Duffryn. Lord Aberdare's third son Charles, after a short time at Harrow, went to Repton, and obtained a commission in the Army, through the Militia, being gazetted to the Oxfordshire Light Infantry. He went to India in 1887, and after being for a short time attached to a Madras regiment, with which he served in Burmah, became a lieutenant in the 5th Gurkhas. His winter in Chitral with Dr. Robertson (now Sir George Robertson), and his campaigns in Waziristan and the Black Mountain expedition, and his climbs, alone and with Sir Martin Conway, in the Himalayas, were followed with keen interest by all his family. He came home on leave in 1891, and again in 1894, when he married Miss Finetta Campbell, a great-granddaughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. There was a family party at Duffryn after the marriage, the last of many September gatherings in the old home.

From 1887 to 1890, Alice, the youngest daughter, was a student at Somerville Hall (now Somerville College) of which she afterwards became Vice-Principal. The daughters at home, as will be seen from the letters, seconded their mother in all her work among the people on Mountain Ash. The spring and summer months, as in earlier years, they spent in London, the autumn and winter at Duffryn, in school-room years under the charge of Miss Beck, and afterwards of Miss Graf, but with a wide freedom of life on the hill-sides and plenty of visits among the Mountain Ash people. In 1891, the house at 1, Queen's Gate was sold, after twenty-eight years of happy occupation, and for the remainder of Lord Aberdare's life the London home was at 39, Prince's Gardens.

The quiet course of life at Duffryn was broken from time to time by storms, physical and social. The great floods in 1876; the storm of January, 1881, which brought the chimneys crashing down into the hall; the strikes in 1876 and 1877, and the distress which followed, making the institution of a soup kitchen and other organized relief necessary; the outbreak of typhoid, August, 1887, were among the incidents in the home life of those days. All the time the mine-workings were being extended, population was rapidly growing, streets were being carried further up the mountain-side, and new schools and churches and chapels were springing up. Happily the hill-tops remained open and undefiled by smoke or grime, and Duffryn itself, though surrounded by chimneys, and within sound of the pant of the pumping-engines, remained always a quiet green place, with its view into a garden full of beauty, and beyond to the wild slopes of Abercwmboi. And the host was

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like the home, fresh and unspoilt by years. One visitor at least remembers how he was taken by Lord Aberdare, then in his eightieth year, far up into the moorland behind Duffryn one bright September day; how he walked lightly over the heather and talked, as he could so well, of men and books and the country-side, and made his guest at home in his world, bridging the interval of the odd forty years between them by his genial personality, and making him crave the secret of that older world of men, whose memory and mind seemed ever young. And yet at that very time Lord Aberdare was worn and weary with the anxieties of his Report on the Aged Poor, which had suffered under so many hands. How large a part of the home life was made by Lady Aberdare, the letters from and to her in this collection show more clearly than any other words can do. A woman of rare cultivation and fine mind, she united in her character in an uncommon degree sympathy and humour and good sense; this made her a wise and helpful counsellor in all sorrow and distress, and enabled her to take a keen delight in the lives and the interests of all about her; so that by her force of character and her singular gift of sympathy she helped to make them capable of their best work. No one could visit Duffryn in these later years without feeling at once the charm of her presence, and recognizing what an influence she exercised over the life of those with whom and for whom she lived. One incident in this period must be mentioned, her presentation of new colours in October, 1887, to her father's old regiment (the 43rd, Oxfordshire Light Infantry), on which occasion she delivered a speech with a stirring eloquence not unworthy of her parentage. The colours are now (1902) hanging

in the transept of the cathedral at Oxford, where they were placed when the Oxfordshire Light Infantry went out to Africa.

In this period, as well as earlier, Lord Aberdare was a great reader, and was always in contact with literary men at the Athenæum and in general society. After the *Life of Sir William Napier*, he wrote but little for publication; but in the last year of his life, after the death of his old friend Sir H. Layard, he wrote a biographical introduction for his republished *Early Adventures in Assyria*. This, and notes on Sir Mount-stuart Grant Duff's *Diary*, were among his latest literary occupations. He had some correspondence with Colonel Maurice (now General Sir F. Maurice) in 1889 on the *Life of Sir John Moore* which Colonel Maurice was to write, and he took a lively interest in his son William's shorter biography of Sir Charles Napier, which appeared in 1885. His own public writing in later years was chiefly confined to the pages of Reports on Royal Commissions, a restricted and weary field for a man of his keen literary sense, and one requiring qualities of patience and conciliation which are much rarer than the power of expression. His latest letters show that to the end he remained a ready and a lively writer.

It was not until a few months before his death that his health gave real anxiety to his family and friends. By his simple and temperate life, and the regular exercise which, even in the busiest times, he generally managed to keep up, he had had a singularly healthy life, though his heavy labours had begun to tell upon his constitution. Twice since 1874 he had suffered from serious illness: in February, 1884, when he was ill at Oxford, and in August, 1889, when he had an attack of gastero-enteritis.

In November, 1886, a bad accident to his hand, when he was out shooting, caused the loss of a finger, and shook his health for a time. But he was spared the distress of a weak old age, and died at last in harness, almost in the fullness of his powers. During the last few years one after another of his old friends had died : Matthew Arnold in 1888, John Bright and Robert Browning in 1889, Mr. Dillwyn in 1890, Lord Granville in 1891, Lord Arthur Russell in 1892, Mr. Tremenheere in 1893, Georgiana Lady Wolverton, General Sir M. MacMurdo, Sir Patrick MacDougall, Sir Henry Layard, and his nearest and dearest brother William in 1894. He was not a man who lost friends lightly, and these and other losses began to make him feel the circle narrowing ; and great as was his power of making new friends among the younger generation, these could not supply the old associations which he missed. But in his own home, and in the colonies that had gone out from it, he found to the end a happy and unfailing resource.

## To HIS WIFE.

*March 20, 1874.*

THE ATHENÆUM.

I was rejoiced to receive your two letters this morning, particularly the one with that able disquisition on the altered sensibility of Members of Parliament, which struck me as it struck you, and for which I cannot account. Men *do* occasionally cry now, but they dare not show it, being ashamed of it. Is it not a proof of less rather than of greater manliness ? For it is surely more manly to show your genuine feelings than to be afraid of them.

Oh, how dull the House of Lords is ! The atmosphere is oppressive ; not even the coarse and violent invective

of the Duke of Somerset could create real emotion. I hear that Gladstone spoke admirably, and astonished people by his successful justification of the dissolution.

[In April, he visited France with four of his children, Lina, Jessie, Harry and Willie.]

*April 5, 1874.*

TOURS.

We were all charmed with Blois. The damsels especially were in the seventh heaven of delight. It happened that there was a fair. The town is steep, hanging picturesquely over the Loire, with broad handsome rows of steps leading from the lower to the upper streets. All the streets and steps and open places were thronged with peasants in their quaint dresses, with honest, sunburnt, good-humoured faces. Then we saw thoroughly the most interesting castle, and inspected the living and sleeping-rooms of those two execrable wretches, Catherine de Medici and her son Henry III, and were able to follow minutely the whole scene of the murder of the great Duke of Guise, and his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine. The various parts built by Francis I and Louis XII were full of beauty. The whole building was just saved in time from destruction by a Duke of Orleans, who was replacing the quaint old architecture by modern Renaissance work, not bad in itself, but very tame when compared with the older work. It gave an excellent lecture in architecture to the bairns.

*April 8, 1874.*

LA COUR DE BROC, LE LUDE, SARTHE.

It seems an age since I wrote to you, although on the whole we have treated you very well. We have just arrived (half-past two, Wednesday) at La Cour de Broc,

and I find that by writing at once I can save a post. We found letters from you and Sally at Tours this morning, which is the second I got from you there. It is a pleasure to see how the children enjoy the new scenes, and the places of historical interest, as well as the people, with whom they are delighted. We started from Tours for Chinon, which we saw very well. It is an enormous castle, the French Windsor, where Henry II of England died, it being in Anjou, which then belonged to him. Thence we drove about twenty miles to Saumur, a most picturesque old town on the Loire. Our route lay along the banks of the Vienne, and afterwards the Loire, through towns and villages full of interest with their old châteaux and churches. But we lost so much time in consequence of the numbers of Easter Tuesday holiday-makers, that we were obliged to give up Fontevrault, the old abbey where Henry II, Richard I, and several English kings were buried. This morning we came from Saumur to Tours, where we breakfasted, and here we are for the rest of the week. Madame de Pronleroy met us at the station, and drove me out in an open carriage, while the four bairns followed in a close one. She is looking very well, and I like much the looks of Max and his wife, whom our old friend describes as an angel. They live entirely with her.

*April 10, 1874.*

LA COUR DE BROC.

All our party are greatly pleased with our hosts. My old friend is unchanged, full of activity and kindly cares. Max much improved by time, marriage, the troubles of life, and the duties of 'Maire' of his canton, which he discharges with great zeal. His wife is a very charming person in every way, good, gentle, sensible,

and the children are little loves, who talk English with the prettiest little accent imaginable, and come to me to repeat their 'poetry,' and sing their songs. Three boys and a girl. They have an English nursery governess, and a little maid from Basingstoke. We fall into the hours of the family: chocolate in our rooms at eight, breakfast *à la fourchette* at eleven, dinner at half-past six. Yesterday, Harry, Willie and I took a good walk to the top of a 'brae' before breakfast, and got a glorious view over the rich and woody plains of Anjou. In the afternoon we went over the Château du Lude, a splendid castle of Louis XIII's time (about 1620), richly restored and fitted very luxuriously to modern uses.

*April 14, 1874.*

AURAY.

Here we are in Brittany, but not as yet in the part 'la plus Bretonnante,' which is 'Finisterre' and part of the 'Côte du Nord.' Yet here everybody speaks Breton, and some cannot speak French. We are delighted with the look of the country, as seen from the railway between Nantes and this place—96 miles—immense stretches of low mountains covered with heath, woods, and furze in full flower. The only drawback to our satisfaction is the immense number of pollards of all sorts, the people depending much upon wood for fuel. We had the good luck to come upon a fair at Redon, and saw a great number of the primitive costumes of the country—very quaint indeed, especially the men's. We go to-day to Carnac, where there are seven miles of so-called Druidical remains! To-morrow we go to Locmariaquer, and some of the islands of the Morbihan (mor vychan = the Little Sea). There will be still something

for Thursday, in the evening of which day I propose going to Quimper.

I wrote to you last (April 12) from Angers. We went thence to Nantes through a rich country, with noble views of the Loire and its banks. Of Nantes we saw but little, owing to the incessant rain. We visited the castle—where Anne, the last Duchess of Bretagne, was married to her second husband, Louis XII, who afterwards married Mary Tudor, Henry VIII's sister—and the magnificent unfinished cathedral. We saw in the castle the hall in which Henry IV signed the edict of Nantes, the revocation of which by Louis XIV caused such misery to the Protestants and such injury to France.

We left Nantes at two and got here by nine, a most comfortable inn, with a queer name, 'Le Pavillon d'en haut,' with a charming Bretonne waitress with whom I compare Welsh and Breton, just as my dear father used to compare Welsh and Gaelic in the Highlands.

Auray is the scene of that great battle, the reading of which in Froissart I inflicted on you and Augustus—in which Du Guesclin was taken prisoner by Chandos, Charles de Blois killed, and the Montforts finally triumphant. Yesterday we passed close to the ruins of the castle of Langoet, where to please Edward IV, Henry of Richmond was confined for fifteen years, and only let out the year before Bosworth. It is situated on the edge of a steep heathery brae, overlooking a wide expanse of heaths and woods, and one pictured to oneself the crafty young Pretender chafing at his exile, and spending his time between study and hunting. At last, after five days of rain, the wind has shifted to the north, and we have a prospect of fine weather. No letter yet from you, but the post comes in at half-past

eleven, and may be bountiful. We have just heard such a clatter, and rushed to the window, expecting to see a regiment of Dragoons. It was a boys' school, walking two and two on the stone-pitched streets in wooden sabots! We are all quite well, spite of cold and wet, such a contrast to bright and sunny Touraine. Boys send best love, &c.

PS. A battalion of the 118th just marched in. They have broken up into companies in the Grande Place, and beneath us, and Willie is witnessing the distribution of rations with much interest. Some stick their loaves on their bayonets, and march off to their billets.

*April 16, 1874.*

AURAY.

Fortunately we have had two fine days for our most interesting expeditions to Carnac, although the weather has been cold and blowy. I am writing against time, as we start in a quarter of an hour, so I cannot indulge in any description of the marvellous megalithic remains of Carnac and Locmariaquer. At the former place, standing on a height, and looking as far as you could see, east and west, were rows, sometimes nine, ten, and eleven of tall solemn grey stones, some prostrate, some still erect; while here and there were huge dolmens or cromlechs, all approached by what were subterranean passages. At Locmariaquer, on the shores of the great Morbihan Fiord, the stones are huger: some of them if standing would be twenty-five feet high, but they have fallen. But the cromlechs are far larger than at home. One most interesting expedition, however, was to one of the islands of the Morbihan, called Gavrinez (the Isle of Goats), where a large tumulus had been opened, disclosing an immense subterranean cromlech with an approach lined

with stones five feet high, covered with rude sculptures, all more or less relating to the old and almost universal snake-worship. There were found, when it was excavated, some hundreds of various relics, golden torques, bracelets, and stone and a few brass arms, offerings probably to some dead chief or chiefs. All around were islands, with tumuli, and cromlechs, and other remains of this extinct people, and in sight was the fatal peninsula of Quiberon, where so many, about 1,200, gallant émigrés were taken by Hoche, and shot, by order of the Convention, at Auray. Their remains were collected, and afterwards deposited in a fine monument at the Chartreuse, about two miles from Auray. We walked out to see it. The names of those who perished, with the profiles of the chiefs, are given—containing names famous in Breton history. The views from here are beautiful, Chepstow on a smaller and less rich scale. The people very quaint and civil. Both boys well, and greatly interested. Harry especially enjoyed our wild sail of five miles to and from Gavrinez yesterday. It was blowing hard with currents as rough and rapid as Corryvreckan.

*April 17, 1874.*

QUIMPER.

We left Auray yesterday by train to Quimperlé, where we called upon the Comte de Villemarqué, who received us very courteously, and with whom we had an hour's very interesting conversation on Breton subjects. He had once spent two months at Dowlais, and travelled all over Wales in search of MSS. He quite appreciated the excess of Lady Llanover's enthusiasm. We afterwards drove across a very beautiful wild country, unlike in character anything I have ever seen,

to an interesting little port called Concarneau, where we saw a Breton fête after a wedding, the tenants in full costume dancing to the music of the *binioù*, the ancient bagpipe of the country, and we inspected a most curious preserve for supplying fish of all sorts, with lobsters and crabs, during the winter season when fishing is impossible.

*April 19, 1874.*

QUIMPER.

This Quimper is a beautiful little town of 12,000 inhabitants, with broad shady walks and seats by the riverside, favourable to that life in the open air which Frenchmen like so much. Around it is a richly wooded country with steep slopes, and the river widens occasionally into a broad lake. Here Madame de Pronleroy lost her only child, a boy two years old, more than thirty years ago. We started yesterday at eight o'clock for a twenty miles' drive to the promontory of Penmarch, identical in name with the parish in which Fonmon is situated. I was disappointed in the coast scenery, which is much vaunted, but which is much finer as one goes westward. But we enjoyed the country, and the strange, antiquated people who inhabit it. While many things remind me of Wales, there is much very unlike. The people are still possessed with the most entire belief in the superstitions of the Middle Ages—in miracles, in pilgrimages, in the prevailing power of certain saints; and with this belief have also the enjoyment of innumerable fêtes and gatherings, at which there is a great deal of drunkenness. They have a very original cast of features, a strange mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, with more softness than the Celts of the British Isles. The children are very pretty

and attractive, with very nice manners. In this region the native costumes are retained in great perfection, and with them the traditional habits of a people who regard the French very much as the Welsh do the English, but I think with more dislike. Many of the names of places are like our own, a good many 'Ker's' (like Car in Carmarthen, Cardiff, &c.) and 'Lan's,' but absolutely no 'Aber's.' There are two or three small rivers beginning with 'Aber,' but no towns or villages. The commonest first syllable for a parish is 'Plo' or 'Plou,' usually joined with the name of some man. It means people, and the explanation is that when the Britons emigrated here, as they did in vast numbers, so as to change the name of the country into Brittany, they settled under their chiefs, and so Evan's followers would give rise to 'Ploeven,' &c. I have only met with one river called Avon, and no Dulais (dark-grey), so common in Wales, although there is a harbour called Pouldu or Black pool. The country is generally more like Devonshire and Cornwall than Wales, but less beautiful than Devon. They are a light, active, well-made race.

*May 27, 1874.*

TULCHAN.

. . . I have the best and prettiest room in the house, Mr. Bass's own. I opened my window this morning at six, to look on my beloved Spey, and suck in the scented air. How delicious it is! how calm and restoring! Did I ever read you a favourite passage of mine in Cowley, contrasting town and country, beginning, 'We are here among the vast and noble scenes of Nature. We are there among the pitiful shifts of policy. We walk here in the light and open ways of Divine bounty. We grope there in the dark and confused

labyrinth of human malice,' &c.? How vividly the contrast strikes me now, when I hear nothing but the loud murmur of the Spey, the songs of birds, and the distant barking of the sheep-dogs. I only want you and a stout detachment of bairns to be perfectly happy for a week, when busy life with its irrepressible duties will once more reassert its claims, and even attractions.

I have written to my sweet Lina, and was very glad to have so many memories vividly brought back to my mind by your dear letter.

*Sept. 14 1874.*

AVIEMORE<sup>1</sup>, N. B.

Time passes very pleasantly, although the weather is not all that could be desired. Yesterday Jessie, Willie, and I set out for a mountain walk, which was to have given us magnificent views; we were to meet the Tom Bruces and Sarah at a new forest-lodge. But the rain spoilt half our plan; we could not climb the main heights, nor see the more distant views, spite of which we had a delightful ramble, and met the driving party at the lodge, where we lunched gaily. Jessie walked home, altogether ten miles, and was and is none the worse for it. On Friday, Willie and I walked through a magnificent mountain pass, after rambling for miles through a primitive Highland forest of the true old Scotch firs, with their red bark and dark-blue foliage, and met Lord Houghton and the rest of our party at the nursery, where 2,700,000 trees are awaiting transplantation. We have been accompanied each day by the chief forester, who tells me that he has in thirteen years planted twenty-seven millions of trees, the practical ultimate

<sup>1</sup> Shooting-lodge of the Hon. T. Bruce, brother of the eighth Earl of Elgin, and of Lady Augusta, wife of Dean Stanley.

effect of which is to turn mountain pasture worth six-pence an acre into woods bringing £1 per acre.

To-day, Sunday, is quite lovely. Cairngorm and the whole range of the highest Grampians stand revealed before us, but, alas, it being Sunday, we cannot arrange an expedition. To-morrow we go to Carron to fish. Lord Houghton left us yesterday. He was very amusing and friendly, and, as usual, full of harmless vanity, which amused the damsels much. His eyes filled with tears when Jessie sang him 'Strangers yet.'

TO THE REV. THOMAS WALTERS, D.D.

June 29, 1875.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

SIR,

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be convinced that the statement to which you refer was unfounded.

I do not question, indeed I have often acknowledged, the zeal of the clergy in promoting the education of the working classes by the agency of elementary schools. But this zeal has been almost uniformly exhibited through the medium of the National Society, and in connexion with a scheme of religious instruction which, however excellent in itself, is not in harmony with the convictions of the great majority of those who send their children to these schools. It is not therefore uncharitable to assume that the 'promotion of the cause of education' was not the only, nor indeed the principal motive, for this commendable activity of the clergy on behalf of elementary education. I do not deny their merits, I only wish to reduce them to their proper proportions.

But the admission may be made without in the

slightest degree affecting the accuracy of my statement that, referring as I obviously did to the attempt to supply the middle class education by the means of the University College of Wales, that attempt had been received by the clergy with 'ill-disguised hostility.' The movement, of which I look upon the College at Aberystwyth as only the first instalment, is one deeply affecting the interest of Wales.

One clergyman in Glamorganshire, another in London, have taken an active interest in it. There may be others, but I have not heard of them, and they must be very few. Not a single Cardiganshire clergyman took part in the proceedings at Aberystwyth on June 22, and I was informed by credible witnesses, members of the Established Church, that their general attitude was that rather of 'undisguised' than of 'ill-disguised' hostility to an institution which is necessarily of unsectarian character.

I am not blaming the clergy for this attitude, although I lament it. But I think that I was right in referring it to the unfortunate alienation of the great majority of the Welsh people from the Church of England. I have great respect for the efforts of the clergy to promote the interest of their own Church, and more especially when those efforts indirectly promote the education of the people. But I should be far better pleased if, recognizing the errors of the past, for which the present generation of the clergy is not responsible, they sometimes joined in promoting objects of general Welsh interest, outside the immediate interest of the Church. Middle class education in Wales, if conducted on a large scale, must be unsectarian. In my opinion, clergymen would act wisely and patriotically in admitting the inevitable truth, and in

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uniting their efforts with those of their fellow countrymen of all denominations in promoting the general good.

You do not reside in the same diocese as I do. I may be therefore permitted to add that the opinions thus expressed are not those of a lukewarm friend of the Church, far less of one hostile to her interests; but rather of one who has, throughout a life, now beginning to be a long one, endeavoured to serve those interests by all legitimate means, without, however, being blind to her shortcomings, or insensible to the claims and wants of his Nonconformist brethren.

I am, Reverend Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
ABERDARE.

[In October, 1875, Lord Aberdare presided over the 'Social Science Congress' at Brighton, and stayed with Mr. Brand, the Speaker.]

To HIS WIFE.

Oct. 8, 1875.

GLYNDE, LEWES, SUSSEX.

I have not sent you a Brighton paper, as they have not such good accounts as those in *The Times* and *Daily News*. You will see a most ineffectual reply in *The Pall Mall*. They attack my legislation, of which my only measures were the Habitual Criminal and Reduction of Crime Bills. They are thoroughly exposed, and they know and feel it. You see how full the admissions of *The Times* are.

[The following letter refers to the Address given at Brighton. See *Lectures and Addresses*, p. 211.]

FROM SIR GEORGE GREY.

Oct. 9, 1875. FALLODEN, CHATHILL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

I delayed answering your letter till I had read your address as President of the Social Science Association, and I am now able to tell you with how much pleasure and interest I have read it. It is full of valuable information, and you have done admirable public service in going so carefully and minutely into the whole subject you dealt with, leaving no portion of it untouched. I hope you will publish it in a separate form, that it may not be lost sight of in the columns of a newspaper which soon becomes a thing of the past. The only point which occurred to me which you did not notice, although I possibly overlooked it, is the different character of crime varying according to the condition and circumstances of the people. If I am right, crimes against the person were always more frequent when wages were high, crimes against property when there was want of employment and consequent poverty and distress. The great amount of crime in Ireland during and immediately after the famine consisted chiefly of sheep-stealing, or thefts committed to procure food. I have just now been reading Ducane's address, which is also useful and interesting. I am so glad that both you and he have done justice to Jebb. I hope that real practical good will result from the pains you have taken and the time and attention you have given to this subject. . . .

With our kind regards to Lady Aberdare,

Very sincerely yours,

G. GREY.

To HIS WIFE.

Oct. 10, 1875.

GLYNDE, LEWES, SUSSEX.

I have been exceedingly well received by all and everybody, and am amused at being told by many how different I am from what they had imagined me; one said that he was surprised to find me so 'genial.' He had, doubtless, imagined me to be a cross-grained old party. As far as I can judge, my address is received as a good one, and as completely establishing my points. The Speaker praises it most highly, so does his son, and Hastings, the soul of the Association, who read it before delivery, speaks most approvingly. *The Saturday Review* has, as usual, an unfair and grudging article, entirely misrepresenting some of my statements, admitting that the address was historically interesting, but wanting, 'as might be expected' in practical sagacity. But they do not, for they cannot, dispute my facts.

Oct. 11, 1875.

TOWN HALL, BRIGHTON.

I am writing from the Chair of the Women's Education Meeting, having just spoken, and Brodrick<sup>1</sup> now speaking. This is the third speech I have made to-day, two of which were very fair ones, especially one on Dr. Richardson's sanitary address, which pray read—I mean his address, which was unusually able. I return to-day to Glynde in time for dinner, so that I shall get some rest. I was very glad to get *The Scotsman*. Its ungrudging approval gave me, I admit, great pleasure, for I was disappointed at the criticism of *The Spectator*, which was, I am satisfied, opposed to the opinion of all those who heard me. I am glad to see that *The Times* gives a good

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. G. Brodrick, now Warden of Merton.

report of my principal small speeches. We spent a very nice quiet Sunday at Glynde, and took a good stretch on the Downs with the Speaker. Miss Shirreff read a really excellent paper this morning on female education.

*Oct. 13, 1875.*

GLYNDE.

Altogether I think that my Presidency has been a success. My speechlets at the end of each address have given great satisfaction, and the numbers in attendance on each day have increased. Mrs. Grey thinks that she has successfully started her school. I have not much work to do to-day, but it includes another speech.

*Oct. 19, 1875 (rainy morning).*

PEMBROKE LODGE<sup>1</sup>, RICHMOND PARK.

Although I have a wee bit of cold lingering about me, I am sound as a bell. I only wish that I could think that you were as well.

I walked yesterday afternoon to Ham with Rollo R., but Frederick Tollemache was in London, so I did not see the interior. What a gloomy place it is! It put me in mind of an old French château, inhabited by impoverished émigrés.

Lord Russell is wonderful. He hobbles about feebly, and is very hard of hearing, but his mind is fresh as ever; he is full of fun; amiable and loving to his family, who return it to him—none more than Amberley, whose devotion to him is very touching.

*Nov. 8, 1875.*

LLWYN MADOC, BEULAH.

We got here by half-past three, having had a beautiful

<sup>1</sup> Lord Russell's.

journey—the views over the Vale of Towy surpassing even my recollection of them. We found here, besides our hostesses, Alice and Florence Fowler, and Miss Lee, a cousin—a pretty and pleasing damsel—and soon after Mr. Greenley arrived, formerly Allen, a neighbouring proprietor, but a Herefordshire squire, who was at Harrow and Balliol with Augustus, and is to be my companion by field and flood—of which latter there is much everywhere.

How old days rose up before me as I approached Llwyn Madoc—my familiar haunt and holiday-place between 1843 and 1863! The library looks like the day I left it, and I can see Henry Thomas as he sat in his accustomed chair and reasoned with bent brows, or chaffed with smiling cynicism. Clara is getting more and more like him, especially about the forehead. She is an admirable hostess, and makes everything and everybody cheery. Jessie recovered her voice sufficiently to sing very well last night, and gave great satisfaction.

I am writing at 9.10 a.m. after a sportsman's breakfast; we start at 9.30. I expect the English keeper will endeavour to assimilate the sport to tame English shooting, but he will find me self-willed and unmanageable. We rather expect Oly Jones here to-day, and possibly Mr. Rickards.

I hope that you had a successful journey. Give my dear love to my beloved Ra, and many kisses to the pleasant little pair, likewise much love to Augustus.

Nov. 9, 1875.

LLYWN MADOC, BEULAH.

Oh! what a day we had yesterday! Never did I, as the Italians say, 'affront' the like of it. We started at half-past nine—drove four miles; ten minutes after we

began shooting the rain began, gently at first ; quarter of an hour later, snow came from the east, such snow as I never yet have seen. Clara says that the flakes were as large as the circumference of a wineglass, they certainly exceeded that of a shilling, and fell so close and thick that the air was darkened. After about half an hour of this, it turned to sleet, which was quite acceptable, then to hail, which was hailed with gratitude, then back again to rain : and then the round over again. Never did it cease for an instant.

'Nathless we so endured.' But after luncheon, and the hour's exhilaration caused by that meal, the beaters began to tail off and disappear, and at last we were left with only three gallant spirits out of the joyous company of fifteen with whom we began ; all small farmers and their sons. Of course our shot was affected by such misconduct of the elements.

Nevertheless we bagged thirty-three head, . . . for my companion walked and shot well. But he was not up to the ways of game in this wild country, and so lost many chances. His English education had spoiled him. Oly is here, looking fairly well, his beauty manly with a tufted beard. Of course none of the womankind put a nose out of doors.

I am none the worse, was not tired, and walked much as ever, which surprised me, for I thought that the hour of my 'decline and fall' had at last sounded. . . .

*Nov. 11, 1875.*

LLWYN MADOC, BEULAH.

You owe this letter to a rainy morning, which keeps me from the woodcocks. Yesterday was a lovely day, which I devoted to scenery, and rode with Clara, Flo Fowler and Jessie, first to Abergwessin, then up the valley

of the Irvon. I had almost forgotten the latter, and was not prepared for its extraordinary beauty and grandeur. Seen at this time of year, with the contrast of the warm oak woods and red fern, grey rock, brooks white with foam as they tumble hundreds of feet down the mountain sides, and the beautiful river, now pent between high rocks, now falling in cascades, now spreading into broad clear pools, I don't think that it can be surpassed within the four seas. We then visited the beautiful new church which Clara and her mother have built at Abergwessin. Although rich, especially within, in architecture and ornament, it suits the scenery perfectly. The church is at the confluence of the Gwessin and Irvon; the river winds round the churchyard, reminding me of Wordsworth's last resting-place at Crosthwaite. The grass graves of Henry Thomas, Llewelyn, and Henry Thomas's mother lie side by side, and above them is a noble cross of red Radyr stone, about twelve feet high, and worked after the manner of the old Scottish crosses, devised, I think, by R. O. Jones. It is a strange and lonely resting-place for a man so full of busy modern thought and the latest knowledge as was my old friend.  
... Best love to A. and R. and the jolly little gemini.

TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

Nov. 13, 1875.

LLWYN MADOC, BEULAH.

'Time has passed with me not badly since I saw thee last.' I have grappled successfully with the ferocious hare, outwiled the wily woodcock, and outstripped the rapid rabbit. Our first day in the field was fearful. First it rained, then it snowed, then it hailed, then sleeted, then rained again. The snow fell in the largest and thickest flakes I ever saw—bigger than a shilling, said I.

'Bigger than a florin,' averred a chorus of ladies—yet we persevered, and with success, although we never had a dry moment. . . .

You can't conceive anything more beautiful in its way than the steep wooded valleys of this region, quite unlike our own—the geological formation being entirely different, and giving another character to the country. It is surprising what changes twelve years have worked in the people since I was here. Each day about twenty farmers and their men came out beating for us ; only two of them remember me. I know the country as well as I do Cwm Clydach, and have not forgotten the name of a single farm. Send this to Willie—the lazy varlet has not responded to my last : perhaps this may shame him into energy.

[In April and May he went to France and Italy with his children Lina, Sarah, and Willie. They met Harry in Paris, where he was studying French.]

To HIS WIFE.

*April 14, 1876.*

LYONS.

We travelled to Dover with Pen Vivian, on his way to Cannes. The night was icy cold and windy, but the daring man braved the seas, while we took shelter at the 'Lord Warden.' Excellent quarters. We breakfasted lightly, and duly sipped our chloral before starting. I need not say how relieved I was at finding that the wind had sunk almost to a calm, and how little in comparison we regarded the snow showers which fell at starting, and accompanied us, between gleams of sun, all the way to Paris. On board the steamer was Goschen, with whom Willie and I had much pleasant talk. He was

on his way to Berlin to study the question of the great depreciation of silver, being Chairman of a Committee of the House of Commons to consider the subject, and also to visit his sisters near Dresden. We arrived punctually at Paris, without being tired. Harry dined with us, and Willie and I went to the Vaudeville, where we got a good lesson in French and a hearty laugh, while Lina and Sarah went with Harry to his lodgings.

We rose quite brisk at half-past seven o'clock, and breakfasted at 8.30, after which I called on Harry and made acquaintance with his friend and preceptor, a very gentlemanlike, quiet-mannered man. Went to the Bank, and started for Lyons at eleven. Our journey was amusing, especially to Sally, to whom everything was new. We were unlucky in having two uninteresting fellow passengers—the husband buried in sleep, the wife in a novel—*Un Mariage Tragique*—all the way. We swept by Montereau, Fontainebleau, Tonnerre, Dijon, where we dined and met Bonamy Price<sup>1</sup>, who, with his wife, was on his way to Constantinople. Then by Macon (where I longed to get out and visit the birth-place and house of Lamartine) to Lyons, where we arrived at ten p.m. I had telegraphed to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where we found delightful rooms, tea, and a blazing wood-fire awaiting us, and very civil people. I let the young people lie abed as long as they pleased, and the consequence was we did not breakfast till ten, and when we went to the French Protestant Church at eleven, we found the service nearly over.

So we mounted to Notre Dame de Fourvières, 360 feet above Lyons, where we saw the two great rivers, the Rhone and Saône, flow through the great town, one

<sup>1</sup> Professor of Political Economy at Oxford.

with great deliberation, the other with headlong speed, until they meet just where Lyons ends, and make their way to the sea, not far from Marseilles.

All are as well as possible. Willie reads steadily, and did 400 lines of Homer in the train yesterday.

*April 28, 1876.*

MILAN.

In two hours we start for Pallanza. I got one letter from you here, and expect another at Pallanza. We have had two busy, well-filled days here, and the bairns don't seem susceptible of fatigue. I was delighted with Genoa, especially its sea-views bounded by beautiful mountains, of the boldest outlines and richest colouring. We crossed the Apennines by a fine gorge, hurried alongside of a stream not unlike my old friend the Garry, but not quite so wild, then entered a rich plain, crossed a corner of the battle-field of Marengo, and found ourselves by the fortress of Alessandria, where many a tough battle has been fought. Though the day was lovely the Po and Ticino were still in high flood, and I was surprised to see what a large portion of land is devoted to the cultivation of rice. All the rice-fields were covered with about a foot of water, in which the rice was being sown, finding its own way to the bottom. We got to Milan about 12.40, and by two o'clock were out and doing. We restricted ourselves to two sights, the Brera Gallery, which contains Raphael's *Sposalizio*, which I admired more than ever, and an immense number of frescoes and pictures by Luini, whose paintings charmed us all by their grace and tenderness of feeling. Then to the magnificent cathedral, where we spent about two hours, including the time for mount-

ing to the top, about 350 feet, whence we looked down on the marvellous wilderness of pinnacles, and over the whole range of the Alps, including Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and all the higher peaks. Then to rest and dinner, and in the evening to a bad opera, and a very amusing though most absurd ballet; there was much good dancing, great splendour of dresses, and infinitely more pantomime than in other countries, which last kept the three bairns in convulsions of indecent laughter.

Yesterday we began with Leonardo's *Last Supper*. It is thirty-one years since I saw it. It does not seem to have decayed since then, though Murray says that this is the last generation which will see that grandest of Christian pictures. Battered and faded as it was, its superiority to all we had seen, its vivid action and solemn feeling were beyond doubt, and all of us were deeply impressed by it. Then to the most venerable church in Milan, S. Ambrogio, which was built much as it stands now in the ninth century; it contains mosaics and other most interesting relics of antiquity from the fourth century downwards. Few old churches in Italy have so safely escaped the hands of the innovator. Then to the Biblioteca Ambrogiana, where I showed the children palimpsests on which Cicero and Mark Antonine were discovered under the monkish legends written over them, a Virgil copiously annotated by Petrarch, MSS. of the earliest times, and autographs of some of the greatest men. Then rooms full of cartoons by Raphael, Leonardo, M. Angelo, and other great painters. Then another visit to the cathedral, and two or three of the more interesting churches, and hence to rest two hours before dinner. (N.B.—Our only encounter of friends in Milan were Charlotte Green

and her husband<sup>1</sup>, on the top of the cathedral.) Then to a capital French play, *Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, admirably acted—you have seen it, I think, in English. The Milanese theatres are, out and out, the nicest of any I have seen, far excelling those of London and Paris; ample space, no close smells, the best accommodation for about half of what they cost in those capitals. The city is bright, beautifully built and paved, but too much of French taste to make it a good specimen of Italy. The weather has been lovely ever since we got to Genoa, and the children have been able to see real Italian skies, and to breathe the light, delicious air. From our hotel windows we can see snowy ranges of the Alps. We get to the Lago Maggiore (Arona) in two hours, and then have a two hours' sail on the lake to Pallanza. To-morrow (Saturday) I propose going to Lake of Orta. Willie leaves us on Sunday evening, sleeps at Turin, and will be at Paris on Tuesday morning. We shall leave Pallanza on Monday or Tuesday (May 1 or 2), stay a day at Turin, then to Chambéry and Grenoble, and shall be at Paris about the 6th.

TO HIS DAUGHTER NORAH.

*July 12, 876.*

Why have I so many daughters that I can't remember one-third of their birthdays, while I can remember such lots of useless rubbish?

I am so sorry that it has passed without a few words from me of congratulation and benediction, which I now send retrospectively. You have reached an important era in a young lady's life, but I am sure you have far

<sup>1</sup> T. H. Green, Fellow of Balliol and Professor of Moral Philosophy.

too good sense to think that because you are emancipated from the schoolroom it is only to launch yourself on a life of amusement. The fact is that up to seventeen one has only been learning how to learn. All the knowledge which makes life useful and agreeable, or nearly all, has still to be acquired. And this can *only* be done by setting apart several hours of each day for their regular tasks. Music must be set down as an amusement, not as intellectual work. It is a very desirable aspiration, but after all must hold only a secondary place in one's education. Begin at once without the loss of a day, and don't be diverted from your set tasks without some very good reason.

I am so delighted to hear how you are all enjoying the country, making hay, picking strawberries, feeding chickens, tickling the pigs, and other rural festivities. I am trying to devise the means of escaping to you. But my engagements are so many that the problem is hard to solve. I am told there is another birthday imminent. My blessing on the victim of time!

## To HIS WIFE.

July 16, 1876.

1, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.

Harry, Willie, and I dined at the Devonshire together, and went to the opera, where we saw my old favourite, the *Sonnambula*. It was beautifully sung by Albani, and fairly by the others. The ghosts of Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini haunted me the whole evening, and with them the memories of many who often shared with me the delight of hearing them. Harry went on to Lady Wolverton's 'small dance,' Willie and I to bed at half-past eleven.

Charlie woke Willie at six this morning, and at eight

started to call on a friend in Elvaston Place, who was not up, and then to breakfast at the Thomas's.

I have accepted the Duccies. Willie's holidays begin on August 1. He will go straight to you, and bring Charlie with him. Our companion to-morrow will be the young Comte de Blacas, grandson of the Duke of that name, who was Prime Minister in Louis XVIII's time. He is a very agreeable and learned young Frenchman, speaks English excellently, although this is his first visit to England. I took him yesterday to the match, with which he was delighted, and envies the muscular education of our youth.

August 18, 1876.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE.

Here we are safe and sound at Dunvegan. Twenty-two years ago we were at Lichfield, just sallying out to see the cathedral.

Jessie will have told you of our adventures as far as Oban. On our arrival there Willie and I and Sir H. Halford started for the hills, and got glorious views of Ben Cruachan on one side and the sea and its mountain islands on the other. Then *table-d'hôte* tea ; then sat out an hour in the open air on the seaside without hats or any extra covering till we went to bed, just as if we had been in Italy. Lady Desart and her nice young son sat with us. They were on their way to Cawdor, but went yesterday to Staffa and Iona. We started at seven yesterday on the calmest of seas and under the most beautiful of skies, all peaks clear, although robed with a thin mist which softened without hiding their rugged outlines.

Ardnamurchan behaved like an angel. Over the point an eagle was soaring, the porpoises were rolling

in all directions, and between Rum and Skye we saw a 'school' of bottle-nosed whales disporting themselves. How I wished for eyes that could penetrate the depth of the sea, and see its multifarious life peopling its glassy depths. As we sped by the mouth of Loch Nevis, I gave a grateful thought to poor kind old Baird, and the pleasures of the vanished life I had spent there. We reached Portree at 4.15, and by 5.15 were on our way here, where we arrived at 9.30.

The evening was so warm that, although we crossed high ridges and were dressed in our lightest clothes, we none of us thought of a plaid or greatcoat. Even after dusk there came across the moors gusts of hot air. We found here MacMurdo<sup>1</sup> and Mimi (Susan's heart had failed her at the perils of the sea, so they came by Oban), Miss MacLeod, Norman and Reginald, Pell, M.P., Mrs. Hamilton (sister of A. Sellar and cousin of A. Lang) and her sister.

MacMurdo and I are going out shortly, spite of the heat, and of the fact that most of the birds are too small to shoot. The sportsmen report dreadful things of the heat on the moors, which I can well believe. I intend to sit down on all the breezy knolls, if the midges permit me. Jessie has shaken off her cold, and is in excellent spirits. Willie in high force. Good-bye, my darling. I must make ready for battle. Embrace all my bairns for me.

FROM HIS WIFE.

*August 20, 1876.*

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

No letter yet from you, and it is beginning to seem

<sup>1</sup> General MacMurdo and his daughter, afterwards Mrs. W. N. Bruce.

a long time since you went away. You will think my letters are nothing but records of storms ; for I have another very bad one to tell you of, which came on yesterday afternoon, and continued with broken intervals all the evening. It was not quite as terrific as the one of Thursday, but almost more destructive—this time through water rather than fire. Such a sudden deluge as one must see to believe in. The lightning was very terrific and came first. Two houses were struck in Mountain Ash, but no one injured ; a flock of sheep killed at Gelliddu ; and I believe some people struck, but not killed, at Avon Aman. Then came the rain. In ten minutes a torrent was rushing down the hill to our house. The drawing-room end of the house was surrounded by water, the lawn in front a lake. It only lasted in such fury half an hour ; we then rushed up to look at the brook which was tearing down, dashing wood, stones, everything before it ; we could not stay long as the rain came on again, and shortly after we heard that the stream from behind had flooded Stone's cottage, and that the Jones's and Rees's were in great danger. The flood has undermined the wall leading from Stone's lodge to the stables, and it is in great danger ; the wall between the incline bridge and the lodge protecting the Cae-dri-Nant has been hurled down and is lying in masses in the wood. The road under the bridge is absolutely impassable.

Monday, Aug. 21. I must this morning go on with my account of the flood. No letter from you yet !

Well, I have not nearly done with my report of disaster. The road under the bridge is some feet deep in mud, stones, and rubbish. The destruction at Cwm Pennar is, however, the worst. The upper pit is in a dreadful

state, and no work can be done there for a fortnight at least. The torrent brought down half the large tip at the top of the valley, burying the stationary engine-house, tearing up the tramway the whole length of the line, bursting up the culvert in several places. In fact you would have thought from the look, that a water-spout must have burst there. Then the Ffrwd on the other side is nearly as bad. The whole of the Cemetery Road is torn up and deposited in piles in front of Mrs. Williams's (china-shop). The road quite impassable, so that to-day we have had to send Rachel, Augustus, and Fanny Strange to the station across the Caeisaf and round. In Mountain Ash itself there is great damage done. Overton's, Davies, the blacksmith, and several others have suffered most severely. I am sorry to say our potato-field has been quite flooded and nearly destroyed. I have no doubt as the day goes on I shall hear still further reports. Strange to say, the Cynon did not flood. The force of the storm seems to have come upon the mountain on this side.

To HIS WIFE.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE.

*August 27, 1876 (Sunday).*

. . . I have not much to recount. On Friday we had a glorious day for our visit, by land, to the Maidens. The views are such as never can be forgotten, far finer than when seen from sea : such a wilderness of islands, with bold, lofty headlands, such magnificent promontories, with the Coolins as background on one side, with the mountain-islands of Rum, Uist, and Harris on the west and north. Jessie walked all the grassy part, about twelve miles there and back, and is none the worse

for it. We have a huge party in the house, MacLeod and three sons, May and Minnie Ferguson, Lord Eliot, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles (Dr. Mackarness), Col. Labalmondiere, Sir S. and Miss Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, Sir Henry Halford, MacMurdo and Mimi, Capt. Symes and Vernon Heath, Sheriff Nicolson and three selves, in all twenty-three.

Yesterday we had Farmer's Quadrilles ; Jessie, two Fergusons, and Willie performers. It wanted the volume of the Duffryn execution, and May did not play them as well as Lina. But they were very successful, and Jessie and May sang some duets very well. Then MacLeod danced the sword-dance beautifully, and afterwards reels with his three sons—all, including the Rev. Rory, in full Highland costume. Mr. Vernon Heath has photographed the whole party standing or reposing on the rocks by the sea-gate of the castle, a most picturesque group, in which everybody comes out well. . . .

*Sept. 5, 1876.*

DUNVEGAN.

Jessie and Willie returned from Sligachan enchanted with their visit, and with Loch Coruisk. They found at Sligachan Mr.<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Talbot (Keble), I. D. Walker and Thornton, great Harrow cricketers of former days, two more Harrow men, and two sons of the late Dr. Norman MacLeod, who are expected to call here to-day.

Jessie rode to Loch Coruisk (eight miles there), and Messrs. Walker and Thornton, and the sons of N. MacLeod joined them. They had a lovely day. Yesterday morning was drizzly ; but it cleared at twelve, and I drove to Minish, to wish Minnie Ferguson good-bye, and to see

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. E. Talbot, then Warden of Keble, now Bishop of Rochester.

the place, which I had not hitherto done. Its situation is magnificent. Such cliffs and promontories, with mountainous background, and the beautiful Loch winding peacefully between. There I met the returning party, and we came back together to Dunvegan. We have had a very pleasant visit every way, such a succession of cheery, agreeable people. It is such a pleasure to know that you have enjoyed yours.

Nov. 12, 1876.

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

I found all the damsels very well, and much excited at a charade in which Sally had enacted the part of a gentleman in love with Isabel, clothed in one of my frock-coats, collars, and neckcloths, with a neat black moustache. This morning the hills are thinly powdered with snow, and the air made raw with sleety showers. Not even the tip of my nose shall go out of doors to-day.

I think Lord Derby's review of past dealings with the Turkish question will have a good effect in curbing the Russian desire for war.

Nov. 21, 1876.

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

Your two letters announcing the birth of dearest Ra's No. 4<sup>1</sup>, and her continued well-doing, reached us together this morning. Give my dear love to her, and my blessing to the little Anglo-Indian. Poor old Mrs. Harcourt! Dear Ra will grieve for her kind old friend, who was so fond of her, and so cordial to her relations. I am so glad to hear that you are allowed to go to the boat-race<sup>2</sup>, although I heartily wish that Willie had nothing to do with racing; as much boating as he liked,

<sup>1</sup> Helen Vernon Harcourt; afterwards Mrs. Beach Thomas.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the Morrison Fours, a Balliol event.

but uncontroversial. I am quite sure that all this severe exercise and discipline by land and water will not only injure his health, but greatly diminish his capacity for head work ; and these are not the words of a weakling or a coddle, but of one whose youth was blest with an unusual amount of strength and activity, which he used and enjoyed but never overstrained. And it is to this I attribute my capacity for exercise in my sixty-second year.

## TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

May 8, 1877.

HOUSE OF LORDS, COMMITTEE-ROOM.

I was very glad to get your speedy letter. I got another pleasant one from Lina this morning.

May 9, 1877.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

I wrote thus far in the Committee-Room yesterday. But I was obliged to examine a witness, then to make a speech in the House of Lords (an oration which has, in consequence of the length of the Turkey Debates, been condensed in *The Times* into about fifteen lines, and thus lost to an injured posterity). I have been very busy since you left, presiding at the Artisans' Institute on Saturday, speaking at the British and Foreign School Society on Monday, dining, and attending concerts. I was present on Monday at the long and wretched wrangle of two and a half hours which preceded Gladstone's speech<sup>1</sup>, and which was quite enough to exhaust him ; but I was obliged to leave before he began his speech, which lasted from seven till half-past nine.

<sup>1</sup> In moving the resolutions on the massacres in Bulgaria, May 7, 1877.

Lords Enfield and O'Hagan, who heard it all, say that it was the finest he ever delivered, and I hear that Goschen is of the same opinion. They say that the peroration of half an hour was marvellously grand and moving. In another style, Cross made an excellent and useful speech. Last night's debate was not up to the mark, although Childers, Lord Sandon, and Lowe spoke. Forster told me that Hussey Vivian<sup>1</sup> made a capital speech. I expect the debate will last two days longer. I heard Wagner on Monday night. It is brilliant and striking, but not at all after my heart. It seems to me that it is to Beethoven and Mozart, what fine scene-painting is to Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican. The instruments, all the resources of which are brought out with wonderful skill, throw the singing, which was very good, quite into the background, oppress and overpower it. But, especially in the *Nibelungen*, it is often weird and imaginative. I don't think that this sort of music will live. It will have its 'rage,' make a great splutter, and disappear.

I dined with the Roundells yesterday, and met Mr. and Mrs. Forster, Lord O'Hagan, Sir Robert Collier, Mrs. Vaughan (Dean Stanley's sister), and the Stewart Hodgsons. I took in Mrs. Vaughan, who was very lively and agreeable, and sat next to Mrs. Roundell, who was in great force. To-night I shall hear more Wagner, and try to correct my judgement, if faulty. Give my best love to Meg and Buff.

To HIS WIFE.

May 9, 1877.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL.

I am just returned from a Committee on Aberystwyth

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Swansea.

College, which kept me from two till five. Mark Pattison<sup>1</sup> and Professor Hughes attended, and we did some good work. I had a very pleasant dinner at the Roundells yesterday. Forster confirmed what I had already heard from Goschen, O'Hagan and Enfield, that Gladstone's speech equalled, if not surpassed, the finest he had ever delivered ; they said that the long peroration of twenty minutes was the most thrilling conceivable. Is it not wonderful ? He told Wolverton that when he rose to begin his speech, after the two hours' worry, he was doubtful whether he could go on, and command the attention of the House ; but although he spoke from seven till half-past nine, not a man left his place ; he swayed the House completely, and the applause was as loud and as long as ever greeted him.

Last night did not add much ; Childers spoke well, Sandon above himself. Forster told me that Hussey Vivian made a most vigorous attack upon the Government, the best speech he has yet made. Lowe was beneath himself. The debate will last till Friday, and all our party, except some of the extreme Home Rulers, will vote for the resolutions. We shall be heavily beat, but the debate will do much good. You will see two very meagre reports in to-day's *Times* of two speeches of mine.

*June 15, 1877.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.

I sleep again to-night at Melbury Lodge<sup>2</sup>, but return to-morrow morning to go with Willie to Harrow, where a match is to be played between Harrow and the M.C.C.

<sup>1</sup> Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> The MacDougalls' house.

After winding up the present affairs of the Noxious Vapours Commission, and hearing the great Graham's evidence, I went to the Athenæum, where I had a very interesting talk with Lord Odo Russell<sup>1</sup>, on general affairs. He told me that foreign politicians were greatly exercised in their minds at our recent annexation of the Transvaal province, and that four or five of them one day asked him what it really meant. Lord Odo said that, if they would promise profound secrecy, he would tell them : 'C'est pour nous rapprocher de l'Égypte,' an explanation which was so much in accordance with their views of British ambition, that they accepted it as the most reasonable thing in the world. I then dined with Carlingford and Lady Waldegrave, and met besides the Duc d'Aumale and Lord Houghton, Gladstone, Forster, Lowe, and Hayward. It was very agreeable, and I had a good deal of talk with Gladstone and Miss Gladstone, who told me much that was interesting about their reception at Birmingham, and the general enthusiasm for Gladstone, which she says far exceeds anything she witnessed during his most palmy days of office.

To HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

July 1, 1877.

GLEN TULCHAN.

I was much interested in the account of your conversation with the collier. Cottages cost much more than formerly, £130 or £140, instead of £70. This is partly due to the higher wages paid to masons and carpenters, partly to the cottages being somewhat larger. It is an expensive property, for the owner (besides ground-rent to the landlord, probably fifteen

<sup>1</sup> British Ambassador in Berlin ; afterwards Lord Ampthill.

shillings a year) must keep the cottage in repair. I forgot to say that the exigencies of the Local Board as to drainage, pavement, &c., add to the cost. A cottage owner expects to get at least £7 10s. per cent. for his money, or about £10 or £10 10s. a year. In your informant's case, if he paid lower rent, he got lower wages in the North. The two things probably balance themselves, or nearly so. Have you come to the chapter on 'Strikes' yet? It would be interesting for you and Lina to read now that we have once more a strike in the Aberdare valley.

I was rejoiced to hear that you had such a pleasant picnic in Cwm Clydach, and that you were able to show the country to Aunt Emily and Eva.

*July 10, 1877.*

GLENDUGLIE.

I was shockingly, but I fear not strangely, oblivious in not remembering your birthday, nor the serious age at which it has landed you. Heaven bless you, my darling child! and lead you as gently through the troubles of this world as befits beings who are born to trouble, yet, God be thanked! not unmixed trouble; but many blessings, among which, to your mother and me, are loving and dutiful children, striving to take a useful part in the work of life. Lily's birthday too has come and gone without my paternal blessing, which I must bestow retrospectively.

We had a very pleasant expedition yesterday to Falkland, once a royal hunting-place of the Stuart kings, where they spent their happiest hours. A beautiful modern house, among exquisite grounds, on the slope of a woody mountain, was built by Onesiphorus Tyndall (uncle of him of 'The Fort') who married

Margaret Bruce, the heiress of Falkland. It is now tenanted by Major Murray, an old brother officer of your uncle's, a very pleasant fellow, with a nice wife and children, who are all very fond of the R. Bruces. To-morrow (weather, which is now boisterous, permitting), I take the whole party, except Janet, to the pass of Killiecrankie, the gorges of the Garry, and the falls of the Tummel. . . .

To HIS DAUGHTER LILY.

*July 12, 1877.*

GLENDUGLIE.

I am glad that you liked my little birthday present. May you live to enjoy many of them, and with them an increasing quantity of good wishes, fresh from the heart, from those who are nearest and dearest to you.

I dispatched a little scrap to Mamma yesterday morning, just as we were starting for an expedition to Killiecrankie. We drove six miles to the station, and then went thirty-four miles by railway, through Perth and Dunkeld, to Pitlochrie, our head quarters. The day was bright and fine, yet fresh, and the expedition altogether most successful. Our party consisted of Uncle Robert, Isabel, Augusta, and Amy, and their friend Miss Daunt. We spent the day 'Down by the Tummel and banks of the Garry,' but we saw no 'Lads with their bonnets and braw cockades,' but, on the other hand, many ladies with astonishing hats, mostly wearing spectacles. We also drove to a point at the end of Loch Tummel, where we got a glorious view of that fine Loch, with the mighty Schehallion at its head. I had not seen this scenery, except what could be spied from the railway, since 1841, when I visited it with my father and mother, your

aunt Sarah and uncle Robert, then first returned out of health from India. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of this combination of mountains, woods, and streams. Your cousins had never been in the Highlands before, and enjoyed the trip immensely.

I think that all the young people here will be sorry to lose me, for they see but little of their relatives, and they have very affectionate natures. Give my best love to all the dear people at Duffryn.

[In September he stayed at Granby's Hotel, Harrogate, with his daughters Sarah and Norah.]

To HIS WIFE.

Sept. 7, 1877.

HARROGATE.

I received your letter yesterday evening, and read to the girls your very touching account of poor Lydia, with the stamp of eternal peace upon her pale face. Indeed there is nothing upon earth that gives 'a grateful earnest of eternal rest' so markedly as the placid look of one who has passed away quietly and painlessly.

We took a good walk towards Knaresborough yesterday, but were caught in the rain, which fell heavily all night.

To-day, however, is lovely, and looks promising for the future, although a Scotch gentleman from Aberdeen assured me yesterday that this bad harvest weather was a punishment for our national sins. I could not help asking him whether the farmers in the north, who are the principal sufferers, had been greater sinners than those of the south, who had had an excellent harvest. This rather disturbed his theory of providential judgements.

Goldwin Smith<sup>1</sup> called here yesterday, and made himself very agreeable.

To-day I had a pleasant walk with Cardwell, and at 3 p.m. I drive with the girls to Ripley (Sir H. Ingilby's), four miles, and walk home. To-morrow we visit Knaresborough, which we lionize under Tom Collins's guidance.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Dec. 8, 1874.

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

SIR,

A paragraph which appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette* some ten days ago, referring to the alleged refusal of the Nantyglo colliers to accept a reduction of twenty per cent. in their wages, and connecting that circumstance with a recent statement made by me, as to the extreme distress prevailing in the colliery districts of Aberdare, has unfortunately had the effect I anticipated on perusing it, viz. of checking the flow of charity towards a community which much needed it. While some persons have withheld their aid, others have given it reluctantly and sparingly in consequence of the supposed unreasonable conduct of the Nantyglo colliers in particular, and of Welsh colliers in general.

Since the appearance of your paragraph the Report of the Nantyglo and Blaina Ironworks Company has been published, and contains the following reference to the alleged strike :—

‘ Statements have appeared in the newspapers during the last few days to the effect that we had attempted an abatement in colliers’ wages of twenty per cent. There

<sup>1</sup> Once Professor of Modern History in Oxford.

is not a word of truth in these statements ; we have not attempted to make any abatement whatever.'

I may add that since the creation of the Conciliation Board, which so happily followed the long strike of 1875, there has been no serious difference in this district between the colliers and their employers. Nor is the present pressure caused by the mere decline in the rate of wages. It is due to the impossibility of finding employment for the men for more than two, or at most, in some favoured collieries, three days a week. This is severely felt by the colliers, but far more by the many labourers employed about the collieries at very low wages, and most of all by the families of widows, who are more than usually numerous in districts in which fatal accidents to workmen are necessarily frequent. These last have struggled on till recently, aided by the kindness of their fellow workmen, occasional employment at washing and charing, and the credit given them by shopkeepers. All these resources have at last failed them ; and there are around me hundreds of houses, once the abode of decent abundance, where furniture and bedding have totally disappeared, where the children are in rags, and where the inmates know not where to turn for even the scantiest meal.

I have ventured beyond the correction of the false report which you unwittingly circulated, in the belief that you would be anxious to provide an antidote to the mischief which its propagation has caused, by making known the reality of the misery which is now endured by the population of this district, and which is likely to be intensified as the winter advances.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
ABERDARE.

To HIS WIFE.

Dec. 13, 1877.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . Douglas, Meg, and I went last night to the Court Theatre, and saw 'The House of Darnley,' a posthumous play by Lord Lytton, very clever and interesting, but full of his tawdry, pinchbeck sentiment. It was very fairly acted, especially by Ellen Terry, who is, they say, going into a decline, and who looks it, poor thing! and by Hare. I have been hard at work with presents, and have got everything except Willie's candlesticks and Alice's umbrella. But it has tried all my resources.

I met Rutson on Tuesday, looking very well. He is now at Rendcomb.

Jessie tells me the soup-kitchen is started, and, on the other side, that Wynne Jones is laid up with quinsy, for which I grieve. I am just going to lunch before starting for the tiresome Horticultural Council. I have secured Johnny Llewelyn on it.

Dec. 14, 1877.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I have had a very busy day. Fitzgerald in the morning, then visits to Rogers, and 1, Queen's Gate, then aurist, who reports well of progress, then six letters, then to meet Nixon and Parkinson, and then to the Duke of Richmond, who I think seemed impressed with the strength of our case.

I enclose a letter received from Mr. Harris, who has long been sinking near the Quaker's Yard in Cwmbargoed. I have told him that, with his leave, I will divide his cheque between Mountain Ash and Aberdare. I had a long talk with Nixon, Parkinson, and H. B. Carter, as to the state of the district, and told Parkinson that I should only ask for £25 *now* from Sir G. Elliot, but

that I probably shall come for a second. They seemed very well satisfied with what we were doing. . . .

*Jan. 18, 1878.*

64, CORNWALL GARDENS, S.W.

I trust that you are once more in the bosom of your family; not overdone; and undergoing more congenial fatigues. I am so glad to hear that Isabel enjoyed her first ball. . . . We had a lively debate<sup>1</sup>. Lord Beaconsfield in good rhetorical vein, with little to the purpose, Lord Granville judicious, the Duke of Argyll eloquent. But the most important statement was Northcote's<sup>2</sup>, who said that no vote would be asked for armaments until Russia had declared her terms of peace, and there seems strong reason for believing that Russia will be reasonable. I saw Bessie Arran in the gallery, but not to speak to. I think that I shall return early next week, and after spending a day or two with you, go to Bangor. Our Lords' Committee begins on February 12. . . .

*Jan. 19, 1878.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Pray turn to *The Times* of the 17th. You will see a letter from the Bishop of Manchester, recommending the formation of a central committee to distribute the subscriptions raised for the suffering districts. I had thought of this before. My only objection was the fear that a strong committee, its announcement, and the appeal thus made to public liberality might produce many evils from which the present system is free. Of course, if the present system failed to prevent misery, a better one should be adopted; but hitherto it seems

<sup>1</sup> In the House of Lords on the Address, Jan. 17.

<sup>2</sup> In the House of Commons.

to be working well. I should have to preside, which is no recommendation of the scheme, although, of course, in case of absolute necessity, I should subordinate every other work to it.

To ——.

Feb. 4, 1878.

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

SIR,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st ult., which I should have answered before this, but for the immense amount of correspondence in which I am involved. The same cause must be my excuse for not entering fully into the subject of your letter, which I should have been glad to do, if I had time at my disposal.

I have no doubt that the restrictions placed by *the Mines' Regulation Act upon the working hours* of lads between twelve and sixteen years has had some effect upon the increased cost of coal, although, taken singly, far less than the many other restrictions and subdivisions of labour introduced by the men in the days when they had the upper hand.

I am not wholly responsible for the restriction of the Mines' Regulation Act, for, when I supported Sir G. Elliot's amendment to fix the weekly hours of labour of lads under sixteen at fifty-six hours, the House of Commons by a large majority defeated me, and decided upon the present limit of fifty-four hours.

All that tends to increase cost tends also to diminish trade, and to make recovery from depression more difficult; and to this extent the above restrictions do undoubtedly affect the prosperity of the iron and coal trades, and of the many other trades which largely use coal and iron.

So far I go with you. But I think you err with many others in attributing to this cause only a depression which is due to a great variety of causes.

(1) Wages had risen immensely long before the Act of 1872 came into operation. (2) The over-production all over the world which was the result of the unparalleled prosperity of 1869-72, has much to do with the present depression. (3) So has the waste of capital in the recent great wars, and the uncertainty, so fatal to all important enterprises, which is the inevitable fruit of the Eastern war, and which, far more than the loss of our large customers in that seat of war, paralyses our trade. (4) One main cause of our temporary prosperity in 1870-2 was the Franco-German war, which almost suspended industry in those two countries. I received a letter yesterday from a friend in Belgium, who stated that during those years the wages of skilled labour rose to eleven francs a day in that country. They have now fallen to four francs a day. (5) The Americans and other countries can now make rails and iron as cheaply as we can, or very nearly so, and we are quite or almost driven from their markets; and this is not wholly due to our increased cost of labour—for they have their labour difficulties too—but arises from the natural progress of manufacturing industries in those countries, which all well-informed persons foresaw. (6) In the face of all these concurring reasons, to which I may add as regards price, the probable depreciation of the precious metals, it seems unreasonable to fix the sole responsibility of the present depression upon our laws and the action of trades' unions. My belief is that, though they have their share in it, it is small indeed as compared with the aggregate effects of the other causes referred to.

(7) As far as the iron trade of South Wales is concerned, undoubtedly it has been affected heavily by the recent inventions of Bessemer and Siemens, which have made iron rails, the chief product of South Wales ironworks, a drug in the market.

Hence the early suspension of the large Cyfarthfa iron-works, and the stoppage of many others, while those of Dowlais, whose proprietors looked ahead and prepared for the coming change, are comparatively flourishing.

I trust you will, on considering these disturbing causes, agree with me in thinking that the origin of the depressed condition of the iron and coal trade is not quite so simple and obvious as you appear to have believed.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ABERDARE.

To HIS WIFE.

Feb. 14, 1878.

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

I am glad to find that Lord Derby's reported resignation is a *canard*. But the position is excessively ticklish, and the odds seem in favour of the most absurd war ever undertaken.

Feb. 15, 1878.

64, CORNWALL GARDENS, S.W.

We had, like you, a dripping day yesterday, but that did not prevent Sally and me from walking to Eaton Place, where we lunched with the Labals<sup>1</sup>, who sent many loving messages to you all; then we called on the Arrans, and sat there about an hour, when I had a long political talk with Philip; then Sally and I went to the Grosvenor Gallery, and were immensely interested in the

<sup>1</sup> The Labalmondieres.

drawings, especially of Leonardo, M. Angelo, and Raphael, of which there is an immense number. Then I went to the House, and heard Lord Derby's humiliating story. There is a considerable section of the Conservatives who would gladly drive him from office.

I dined with the Burrs, and met there Lord and Lady Lovelace, Lord and Lady Reay, the Matthew Arnolds, Grant Duffs, and Rates. I have been all the morning on my Intemperance Committee.

*Feb. 21, 1878.*

64, CORNWALL GARDENS.

I had a pleasant dinner at Elvaston Place, met Leckys, Henderson and two daughters, Mary prettier and Maud handsomer than ever. The air is full of war and rumours of war ; although every good reason seems against it, so many wish it. Yet without Austria it is doubly insensate, and with Austria very perilous, now that Turkey is in Russia's hands, and Austria quite unprepared. Perhaps we shall hear something at the House of Lords to-day.

*Feb. 23, 1878.*

64, CORNWALL GARDENS.

. . . I am just returned from a pleasant breakfast at Pollock's, and go this afternoon to Grant Duff's till Monday morning. Yesterday I dined at Lady Waldegrave's—an immense spread, nearly forty, to meet the Duc de Chartres, a fine, frank, soldier-like man. We had Ripons, Kimberleys, Selbornes, Northbrooks, Hartington, C. Villiers, Walpole, Mrs. Goschen, &c., &c., and an evening party.

I called at five on Mrs. Maude, who was playing a curious four-hand chess with Lady Rayleigh, Lady Selwin-Ibbetson, and Mrs. Allsopp. I had promised to go there once and play, but I don't expect to like it.

*Feb. 27, 1878.*

64, CORNWALL GARDENS.

. . . I am distressed at hearing that you are still unwell; you want rest, hard as it is to get it. I wish you could take a week at the Hotel at Caswell Bay, with a daughter and many books. It would do you a world of good. Pat hoped for Malta, but does not dislike Halifax<sup>1</sup>. My dear, in spite of the talk of 'swords and spears and seven-fold shields' which fills the air, don't believe in war! It would be too horrible, too senseless. It is as clear as daylight that Lord Derby won't have it, and that is why the Conservatives are beginning to place him on a par with Gladstone. *Do* read the *Pall Mall* of yesterday.

*March 5, 1878.*

64, CORNWALL GARDENS.

. . . I agree with you that I see no danger of war in the peace terms, although the war papers declare them to be utterly inadmissible. Nothing can be more scandalous than the manner in which the said war parties have persistently exaggerated the demands of the Russians, inventing some of the most offensive altogether. It was time that the terms should be known, for the war-fever was mounting rapidly in both countries.

Philip Miles gives a most amusing account of Charley's criticisms on the school: 'Only one fault, they are not allowed to play the Rugby game of football. Living excellent and ample. Lots of veal and pork!' which Pam will hardly consider most hygienic.

*March 7, 1878.*

64, CORNWALL GARDENS.

Being headachy this morning, I have been for a two

<sup>1</sup> Colonel MacDougall, who had been created K.C.M.G. (May, 1877), was now appointed to the command in N. America, which he held till May, 1883.

hours' walk with Buff in the Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, and my headache has fled. We met Lord Granville riding with two daughters, and had a long talk on iron and coal. He anticipates an early revival of trade, and said that he was assured that one chief cause of depression was the want of confidence in peace; that restored, things would soon mend. I also had a long talk with Rathbone<sup>1</sup> on the state of affairs in South Wales. He had been asked to attack the Poor Law authorities for giving insufficient relief. I advised him not to do so.

I called yesterday on Tennyson. I was asked to do so by Locker. I rather relucted, but, giving a doubtful answer, he told me next day that he had prepared Tennyson for my visit, so I went, and was graciously received. He is at Mrs. Norwich Duff's house, 14, Eaton Square: she has lent it to him for a month. His eldest son Hallam<sup>2</sup> was there—a very striking-looking fellow, with a pleasant expression, and while I was there Mrs. Ward came. I stayed half an hour, and conversation did not flag. . . . In the evening we went to the Albert Hall, where we had the glorious *Messiah* very well done; Sims Reeves sang exquisitely. To-day I expect rather a good debate on the Treaties of 1856 and 1871.

Sept. 21, 1878.

THE PALACE, BANGOR, N. WALES.

I had a most successful trip to Birkenhead, and acquitted myself to my own satisfaction, and I believe to that of others. I got to Osborne Morgan's about seven o'clock on Thursday, in a heavy storm of wind and rain. His

<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P. for Liverpool, and later for Carnarvonshire.

<sup>2</sup> Now Lord Tennyson.

house is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Wrexham, and 800 feet above the level of the sea. It was built by Inigo Jones, and is an excellent specimen of his style. My visit was very pleasant, in spite of growing cold and hoarseness, which resisted Mrs. Osborne Morgan's currant jelly and other remedies. Sir Robert Cunliffe and Professor Sedley Taylor dined with us. Next morning we started at 8.15 for Wrexham, and went thence by train to Birkenhead. There a procession was formed, with a band, and we marched two and two to the Eisteddfod Hall, a grand wooden structure, gaily painted, and holding 7,000 people with ease. I send a paper with a report of my speech, which was very well received. I made acquaintance with Mr. Lewis Morris, author of *The Epic of Hades*, a fine, handsome, intellectual-looking man. He moved a vote of thanks extremely well, but in so low a voice that the audience grew impatient, and fairly shouted him down. This angered me, and I delivered a rebuke which was very well taken, and for which I was warmly thanked on all sides. It is fairly reported. I left at four o'clock, and in the train at Llandudno, Lady Dundonald and two daughters, one being Lady Louisa O'Neill, and Mr. O'Neill got in, coming from Lord Cochrane's wedding, and on their way to Lord O'Neill's. We were very friendly. We expect Willie to-day. He will have a beautiful day for his passage. Did you read the article in *The Glasgow Herald* on the Noxious Vapours report? It is very satisfactory. Mr. Pelham is here. I like him very much. I am going with a party to Capel Curig, so good-bye.

Oct. 3, 1878.

STUDLEY ROYAL, RIPON.

I had a pleasant day's shooting, but not a very large

bag—twelve hares, five pheasants, and seventeen brace of partridges—enough, however, for a moderate man. The day was very fine and enjoyable. On my return I found the Dents come, and soon after Lords Ripon and Carnarvon arrived. Ripon natural and joyous as ever, and radiant at having killed the finest stag got at Blair Athol for thirty years. Lord Carnarvon most amiable and agreeable. I have had long talks with him both to-day and yesterday, and very interesting ones. He, like most of us, is full of anxiety and alarm at the state of affairs abroad and at home, and I can see that he thinks very much of Dizzy and Lord Salisbury as Lord Ripon and I do. He sat by Sarah at breakfast, and talked to her all the time. To-day we give to the Abbey in the morning, and Newby in the afternoon. To-morrow we shoot. The day is very fine. . . .

Poor dear Hugh<sup>1</sup>! It is too sad to think of him, so full of life and enjoyment, doomed to so early a fate. It is a comfort that Helen is with him.

*Feb. 12, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

The Horticultural Meeting went off very quietly, the Fellows supporting the Council in everything. The new members of the Council are Lord Skelmersdale, A. Grote, and Colonel Makins, M.P.

I met Lord Cranbrook yesterday, and had a long talk about the Zulu disaster<sup>2</sup>. It seems certain that Colonel Pulleine allowed himself to be enticed out of his camp, in which all the reserves of stores, guns and ammunition were kept, and led into an ambush one and a half miles

<sup>1</sup> Commander Hugh Tyler, son of Lord Aberdare's sister, Mrs. Roper Tyler.

<sup>2</sup> Isandhlana, Feb. 22, 1879.

from the camp, and then overwhelmed with numbers. Every white man was killed, most of the natives escaping. It is clear that if Colonel Pulleine had awaited an attack with his 1,300 men, he could easily have repulsed it, for on the same day from 3,000 to 4,000 Zulus attacked a detachment of eighty men who were guarding Rorke's Drift<sup>1</sup>, i.e. the passage over the Tugela, and were repulsed with heavy loss, leaving 370 dead bodies; and Colonel Pearson, commanding another column, easily repulsed the attack upon him. But the mischief has been done. In Natal there are 16,000 whites, and about 300,000 Zulus, who have hitherto been quiet. If they rise, Heaven knows what may follow. I hear that Captain MacLeod was with our army, and he *may* have been with Pulleine's column, for hitherto we have only the names of the officers in the regular armies. Those commanding the native levies, all of whom were killed, have not yet been named. Cranbrook told me that the native troops were deserting, and that Lord Chelmsford would have little more than the English troops to rely on. Six battalions of foot, two regiments of cavalry, and some artillery are being sent out from here, and some troops will doubtless be sent from Bombay and the Mauritius. . . .

*Feb. 17, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

I left York House<sup>2</sup> this morning before nine o'clock, and did not get your Saturday's letter. I had a very pleasant visit, met John Morley, with whom I am charmed, G. O. and Mrs. Trevelyan, Sir Lewis and Lady Mallet.

<sup>1</sup> Under Lieut. Chard, R.E., and Lieut. Bromhead.

<sup>2</sup> The Grant Duffs'.

Mr. and Mrs. Thistleton Dyer (she was Miss Hooker), dined yesterday. We called at Pembroke Lodge, and saw Rollo and Lady Agatha, but Lady Russell had a bad cold. Grant Duff and I came up early to breakfast at Lord Arthur Russell's to meet Dufferin. We had a very interesting breakfast.

Dufferin will have a difficult part to play at St. Petersburg. No Russians call at the British Embassy, or come to the Ambassador's parties, nor will any Russian lady dance with an English attaché.

It seems quite clear from the papers that Frere has forced on the Zulu War, not only without the direct authority, but against the wish of the Government, and with insufficient forces. Read the printed dispatches.

*Feb. 20, 1879.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Your daughters arrived in very good case yesterday. This morning we had an hour's walk before luncheon, and I left them copying my Intemperance patchings<sup>1</sup>.

Our Mansion House meeting<sup>2</sup> went off capitally. It was very crowded, and by the right sort; Gladstone spoke admirably, and we had a really excellent speech from Prince Leopold: pray read it. I only moved a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor, with a few neat and appropriate remarks. Gladstone was astonished, and pleased, at the warmth of his reception. When he and Goschen went away to take the Metropolitan Railway, they were pursued by a large crowd of well-dressed people, cheering loudly. I fell back, as I was going to walk home by the Embankment, and the cheering crowd swept on before me. Suddenly an obvious Jingo emerged

<sup>1</sup> Report of Lords' Committee on Intemperance.

<sup>2</sup> University Extension.

from a side street, and asked whom they were cheering. 'Gladstone,' was the answer. 'Gladstone! If it had been Beaconsfield there would be something in it, but *that humbug!*' and he went off indignantly, in the firm conviction that Gladstone was the impostor, and Beaconsfield the true man. I met at Goschen's several of our University Extension Committee, and some of the lecturers, and had much interesting talk.

*Feb. 22, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

. . . I do not at all wish to prejudice the policy of the war<sup>1</sup>, which most here think to have been inevitable, and the destruction of such a monster as Cetewayo cannot but be a public benefit. But it still seems to me that Frere first sent him an *ultimatum* which *must* lead to war, without consulting the Government on its terms. Secondly, that he precipitated the war, and took the aggressive, on his own authority, with forces insufficient to take the aggressive, and only intended for defensive purposes. He may have sufficient justification for so doing. He has not yet made it appear why immediate war was necessary. I confess that since reading his advice to the Government on the Afghan policy, my confidence in him is much shaken. It prepared me to expect the same peremptory conduct on other occasions.

I have sent a map of the seat of war to the coffee-tavern. It will be worth your while to see the disposition of the several columns. It seems almost certain that there was rashness somewhere, and most probably in Colonel Pulleine, or Durnford, or whoever commanded the force in charge of the camp.

<sup>1</sup> The Zulu War.

I call this afternoon on Lady Coutts. Sarah and Isabel go with me to a small party at Lady Granville's on Monday, with the Ripons. Lady Granville gives regular small soirées, to which Lord Granville has twice invited me.

*Feb. 26, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

I sat for nearly five hours yesterday on the Intemperance Committee. My amendments were very well received, and we got through so large a part of the report, that some of the committee were sanguine enough to think that we should finish it at our next sitting. I think that we shall do so in two. I have been reading Sir A. Cunynghame's book on South Africa. It is gossipy, and not well done, but it contrives to give a good deal of information. I am reading the Blue Books, which are full of interest, but need better maps than I have got. But one gets a livelier image of people and events from the mass of daily reports and letters than from the best-arranged books. It is clear to me that the time is not far distant when the whole of Africa, south of the Zambesi, will be under English rule; and can we stop there, or where can we stop? The people, however, will be the gainers, whatever may be the result to the British taxpayer.

*Feb. 27, 1879.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Conceive my horror in seeing the ground once more covered with snow, which was falling heavily this morning. Since then it has begun to thaw, and the streets are floating in mud. We went to the *Messiah* yesterday, William coming with the Valpys. He enjoyed it much. As for me, I felt that it had this in common with *Hamlet*,

that one's wonder and admiration rise higher every time one hears it. I wrote some of my amendments, and then went to a meeting of the University Extension scheme.

*March 4, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

I sent you a scurvy letter yesterday, and must make amends to-day. You sent us an interesting budget this morning, especially Harry's, which was very cheery. We followed him on the map to Constantine. I see that you are agog about Dr. Vaughan<sup>1</sup>. It is an excellent appointment, and will help, I hope, to put a little life into our divines. I saw the Dean of Westminster yesterday, and made him promise to come and see us whenever he pays a visit to the new Dean.

Lord Chelmsford's<sup>2</sup> dispatch tells heavily against him. He blames Pulleine for not defending his camp in the Dutch fashion. But he had been with him the day before, he had only left him early in the morning of the catastrophe, and he never seems to have suggested or ordered any such measure. On his part, poor Pulleine seems to have managed very badly, but that does not excuse Lord Chelmsford. I have now read the *three* Blue Books on African affairs. I agree with Frere in thinking that the increase and attitude of the Zulu army was a standing menace, that security to our colonists could only be assured by its reduction, that it was right therefore to insist upon it. But he should not have taken a decisive step without the authority of the Home Government. There was no danger of invasion so long as Lord Chelmsford's columns were in Natal. There would, I think, have been reasonable danger when they

<sup>1</sup> Appointed Dean of Llandaff.

<sup>2</sup> Commander-in-Chief of the forces in South Africa.

were withdrawn, and therefore it would, before withdrawing them, have been necessary to do something decisive towards Cetewayo.

Sarah and I dine to-morrow at Shaw Lefevre's, and meet Gladstone. I spend Sunday at York House, but don't write there. Isabel and I go to Oxford on Wednesday morning.

*March 5, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

The objection to Dr. Vaughan on the score of not knowing Welsh is unfair. Of the four deans hitherto appointed, only one, my uncle Bruce Knight, knew Welsh. Still I agree with the malcontents in thinking that, as the Dean was to be an outsider, the Canon should, if possible, have been a native. At the same time, in the intellectual dearth of Llandaff, there is much to be said for the introduction of distinguished strangers. Dr. Vaughan will not begin to reside till July.... We walked to the Rates' yesterday, and had a lively luncheon with the young people, who walked back with S. and me. We went in the evening to a small party at Mrs. Ward's, where we met Lord Heytesbury, George Venables<sup>1</sup>, Hallam Tennyson. I cannot tell you without blushes that Tennyson told Mrs. Ward, that of all his visitors in London last year, he had preferred me. G. Venables gave Sarah and Isabel his reminiscences of Arthur Hallam and Henry Lushington<sup>2</sup>, the two men who, with Sir John Simeon, Tennyson had much loved, and who were

<sup>1</sup> Barrister, and writer for *The Times* and *The Saturday Review* (1810-88).

<sup>2</sup> Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta. Tennyson dedicated *The Princess* to him. He died in 1855.

college friends of George Venables, and remained so afterwards.

*March 6, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

... Sarah and I had a very pleasant dinner at Shaw Lefevre's. We met there Lady Ducie, Lord and Lady Belper, Gladstone and Mrs., Professor Tyndall and Mrs., Sir C. Dilke, Kinglake. I took in Lady Belper, and sat opposite Gladstone. Sir C. Dilke took in Sarah, who had Kinglake on her other side. She enjoyed much the conversation across between Dilke and Tyndall, and had much talk after dinner with Lady Ducie and Mrs. Tyndall, who is very nice. Gladstone was animated, and full of various talk—not political, except anxiety for the financial condition of India. We go to-night to see *Hamlet*, and I shall enjoy Isabel's delight. Sarah and I are old hands, especially at *Hamlet*.

I am very sorry to hear of your domestic troubles. I know what worry they must cause. Linakins has a fine day for her journey.

*March 7, 1879.*

39 D, ONSLOW SQUARE.

... You are mistaken about our dear old friend Dean Williams. He was quite ignorant of Welsh for any purpose, and I should be very sorry, in these days when the knowledge of Welsh is becoming rarer and rarer among the educated classes, to see Welsh made a qualification for a Dean. We have suffered enough from mediocrities, and want some breath of intellectual life among us. Dr. Vaughan is greatly impressed by the Bishop's clearness and businesslike ways. I am *very* glad that you remain over Easter at Duffryn. I shall *so* enjoy it after our long separation.

We enjoyed *Hamlet* prodigiously. I need not dwell

upon Irving. But Ellen Terry was simply perfect in Ophelia—always sweet, girlish and graceful, never overdone. The scenery and *mise en scène* were wonderfully good. The faithful Pollock was there, and told me that we had another war, in Burmah. Three regiments ordered to Rangoon from Calcutta. But there is nothing about it in the papers.

Adieu. I must be off to my Intemperance Committee—last meeting but one, I hope.

*March 17, 1879.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I had a full day at Oxford yesterday. I began with hearing a very fine opening Bampton Lecture by Mr. Wace. Willie came to lunch, and he and I got a good walk of ten or twelve miles, taking Cumnor in our way. The Hall has disappeared, but the site is apparent enough, and the old church is very interesting. On one of the tombstones I read the name of Lambourne; you will remember 'Mike' of that name in the opening chapter of *Kenilworth*. If accidental, it's a curious coincidence.

Willie dined with us, as did a very agreeable pair of dons, Holland<sup>1</sup> and Gell<sup>2</sup>. I left by the nine o'clock train, the 'twinkies' comforting me with the assurance that they would write to me.

*March 19, 1879.*

ONSLOW SQUARE.

Our dinner at the Roundells went off very pleasantly. We had Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish, Lord and Lady Claude Hamilton, Lord Houghton, Leckys and

<sup>1</sup> Now Canon Scott-Holland.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell, then Lecturer in History at Balliol.

her sister, Mitford, Arthur Peel<sup>1</sup>, Lady Selborne. I took in Mrs. Lecky, and Isabel was taken in by Mr. Mitford, and sat between him and Lecky, both of whom talked to her a good deal. Lord Houghton chatted with her in the evening, and she had much pleasant talk with Mrs. Lecky's Dutch sister. She enjoyed herself much. I take her this evening to Devonshire House. I lunch with Tennyson to-day, and dine with Mr. Bass to-morrow. . . . We are going on Sunday into the City to hear Jowett<sup>2</sup>, and lunch with Lady Ripon on our way home.

I see very favourable notices of our Intemperance Report in *The Daily News* and *Standard*, although the latter growls at our condemnation of the Act of 1874. I shall turn with interest to *The Morning Advertiser*, the organ of the publicans, and to *The Daily Telegraph*, their humble servant.

March 20, 1879.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I had a very pleasant lunch at Tennyson's. Present, Mrs. Tennyson, Hallam, and Mrs. Ritchie (A. Thackeray). Mrs. Tennyson is a most interesting person, very delicate. Tennyson read me a very beautiful poem on the Princess Alice<sup>3</sup>, written at the Queen's request: you will see it in *The Nineteenth Century*. He is working at a drama on Thomas à Becket. I called on the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is very anxious that you should join the ladies' committee<sup>4</sup>. She said two or three attendances yearly would suffice. It is a very good committee, reasonably constituted, and doing much good.

<sup>1</sup> Now Lord Peel.

<sup>2</sup> He used to preach for his friend Mr. Walron, at St. Lawrence Jewry.

<sup>3</sup> The Princess Alice died December, 1878.

<sup>4</sup> Of the R.S.P.C.A.

She lamented the injury which the anti-vivisection societies were doing to our society.

I then went to the Welsh branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where we had a hearty and interesting meeting. I have my meeting of Welsh M.P.'s to attend this afternoon as to the action to be taken about the Welsh College. Then the Medical Bill in the House of Lords, and finally a dinner at Bass's.

*June 5, 1879.*

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

. . . Your weather seems as bad as ours, which, however, is mending. Yesterday was very fine, but the river too flooded for fishing, and will only just be in order to-day in a few places. Lawn tennis was the order of the day, and Lina and Isabel engaged Chetwode for several hours. I am just starting for the boundary post, three miles off, in a dog-cart. When Chetwode goes to Carron, I have the river all to myself, which has inspired the following stanza, not entirely original :—

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
And for sax bonnie miles of the Spey,  
I am laird of the salmon and trout.

And so adieu.

*August 26, 1879.*

ABINGTON, SCOTLAND.

We left Tulchan in a heavy shower at 6.20 yesterday, but the weather cleared when we turned the watershed and shot down the beautiful valley of the Garry. We had two hours at Perth, which we utilized by visiting the grand bridge over the Tay, whence we saw their park, the North Inch, the scene of the fight between the champions of the Clan Chattan and Clan Quhele in *The*

*Fair Maid of Perth*, and one of the loveliest views which any town in Europe could show. Thence here through continual rain. This is a very pretty place in a fine country. The young Clyde is as near to us as was the Spey at Tulchan, but not a quarter the size, nor does it fill the air with that 'sweet inland murmur' which is the charm of the Highland river. The mountains too are close at hand, but smaller and tamer than our old Morayshire friends. We have a very pleasant party—Lord Moncrieff, Hamilton, formerly M.P. for Lanarkshire, Romilly and his wife Lady Arabella, Rollo Russell, Agnew (whom we met at Dunvegan and Pembroke Lodge), Colonels Richardson and Lillie Scott, and the eldest son of Sir Edward. Lady Colebrooke is charming, full of delightful pleasantries, and Lina seems very happy among them all. I have had a long letter from Harry, who comes here to-morrow. General W. Napier and Georgy left yesterday, to my great sorrow.

Harper<sup>1</sup> cannot come. I don't remember who comes to us, except J. C. Bangor and Arthur, and Hyde Beadon.

August 27, 1879.

ABINGTON, SCOTLAND.

This is a very pleasant place, and the society very varied and agreeable—nice young people, nice middle-aged, and we flatter ourselves not wholly disagreeable elderly people, although the best of these last, Lord Moncrieff, has just left us on his way to Tulchan. I am sorry to say that Harry has telegraphed to postpone his visit till to-morrow, so that we shall just miss him. He

<sup>1</sup> Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

seems to have enjoyed his visit to the Shuttleworths' shooting-box very much. . . .

*Oct. 31, 1879.*

COWLEY GRANGE.

. . . Life passes very pleasantly here. The children are a never-ending delight, and it is more than delightful to see Rachel teaching the twins their multiplication table and other lessons amidst bursts of laughter from them, which do not prevent their making rapid progress.

Ra and I and our two girls<sup>1</sup> went yesterday to Somerville Hall; found Miss Lefevre<sup>2</sup> at home, and inspected all the rooms, and made acquaintance with several of the inmates, some very nice girls, none apparently otherwise. We left the girls at their lecture, and then walked to the river, where Willie and a strong band of Balliol men were running with the Balliol four-oared, which is one of the three best on the river. He has quite recovered his looks. I breakfasted with him this morning, and met Toynbee<sup>3</sup> and Ritchie<sup>4</sup>, a new Fellow of Jesus, a very able Scotchman from Balliol, with whom I had much interesting talk about Harper and the college. I am going to see Willie engaged in a football match with New College, in which Charlie will probably take a part.

TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

*Nov. 6, 1879.*

DUFFRYN.

I had a delightful visit to Oxford. I found Willie in great force, breakfasted with him; witnessed, with pangs,

<sup>1</sup> Isabel and Lily.

<sup>2</sup> The Principal.

<sup>3</sup> Arnold Toynbee.

<sup>4</sup> Now Professor at St. Andrews.

his and Balliol's defeat at football by New College; saw him running with the Balliol four-oar, whose triumph is expected; and left him about to entertain Randegger at a dinner to which his friend Wickens had invited the Miss Robertsons. Isabel and Lily were deeply interested in their work, and Ra and I surveyed every room in Somerville Hall, making acquaintance with several of their inmates, under the guidance of Miss Lefevre. Rachel is uncommonly well and strong, and the chicks more delightful than ever. My greatest pleasure was to hear the twins saying their lessons to Ra. All was jovially conducted, but multiplication, instead of being a vexation, was the signal for roars of laughter,  $3 \times 5 = 15$  being considered especially humorous, while all combinations of figures resulting in eighteen were considered to be the special property of Mildred. This lively method of learning is as successful as it is novel. Altogether the party was a bright, happy one, and the house and garden were a fit setting for them.

I was very much interested in my visit to Bath; your aunts Mary and Gertrude very cosily settled in Park Street on the outer edge of the City. Mary already planning a trip to Switzerland, in which Gertrude acquiesces with a gentle sigh. Poor Ellen much as usual in appearance, but I fear really weaker, and in an anxious condition. She bears up, however, with her old spirit and courage. I saw too the Dacres and the Foxcrofts, who are living in a delightful suburb surrounded by hills richly clothed with fine trees, and in a house built by Inigo Jones, in which Pope and his friends not unfrequently met. All at home are very well. On Monday they will be reduced to their lowest pitch of solitude. We are having wonderful weather, always

dry, and yesterday bright and sunny. I have been making the round of the schools. With best love to Harry and Lina, and kindest regards to the Bunburys and Mimi, &c.

## TO HIS WIFE.

*Nov. 19, 1879.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.

. . . We went yesterday to hear the *Zauberflöte*, and were much delighted. By-the-by, Sotheran told me that the day before starting for Cyprus, Sir G. Wolseley sent for a copy of Sir C. Napier's *Administration of Scinde*, which he was able to get, but with great difficulty.

You will see in vol. iv, p. 70, of Sir Charles Napier's *Life* some interesting speculations about invading Central Asia from India, and the best way of meeting Russia, which Sir Charles holds is by awaiting them at the Indus.

*Dec. 17, 1879.*FALCONDALE<sup>1</sup>, LAMPETER.

I really have little to say except that we are quite well and in good spirits, and like our hosts and their friends very much. . . . Mr. Jayne<sup>2</sup> dined here yesterday, and we had much good talk on Welsh education. His opinion of the Dean of Bangor and the Rector of Merthyr coincides exactly with mine. He has much sympathy for the Welsh, with no illusions about them. He has certainly infused new life into Lampeter. There is much music and singing of an irregular kind, which amuses while it scandalizes Norah, brought up in a severe school. She is endeavouring to teach them Farmer's

<sup>1</sup> The Battersby-Harfords' house.

<sup>2</sup> Principal of Lampeter College; now Bishop of Chester.

hunting quadrilles, but with moderate success, as they are too much given to laughter.

*Feb. 22, 1880.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . The debate last night was rather flat. The Duke of Argyll went over the whole subject, including the long-debated question, which Government was most responsible for the Afghan war. The House was tired of it, and although he argued ably, and spoke admirably, he was unable to rouse interest. Northbrook's was a very moderate, wise speech, but badly delivered. Ripon spoke well, Cairns vigorously, Cranbrook rather confused. However, Norah sat aloft till twelve, and so did the Princess of Wales. All the Royalties were there—four Princes, two of their wives, Princess Beatrice, and Tecks, and the galleries were crammed with ladies.

*March 10, 1880.*

4, ONSLOW HOUSES<sup>1</sup>, S.W.

I attended meetings at the Horticultural and Athenæum yesterday, and then went to the Lords, where I made a short speech on the admission of reporters at executions. Then dined at the Burrs. Met there Major<sup>2</sup> and Mrs. Butler, Grant Duffs, Lady C. Clive, Spottiswoodes, and Mr. Hall (nephew and heir of General Hall, of shooting celebrity), who under his then name of Bullock, did such good work among the French after Sedan. We had much very interesting talk about the Zulu War with Major Butler, who is just returned from the Cape. We are all very indignant with Dizzy's letter to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Douglas Richmond was living here.

<sup>2</sup> Now Sir Wm. Butler, who had been A. A. and Q. M. G. in the Zulu War, 1878-9.

the Duke of Marlborough<sup>1</sup>: the imputations against the Liberals that they favour Home Rule as a step to get rid of the Colonies is so ludicrously unjust, that I should hope it would recoil upon him. Cross's failure to deal with the Metropolitan Water Bill is damaging the Government.

*March 11, 1880.*

4, ONSLOW HOUSES, S.W.

We had a full meeting at Devonshire House yesterday; all but Forster there. Mind to read Hartington's address. It is masterly, and a striking contrast to Dizzy's flashy, and Northcote's flabby performances. I believe that St. John Brodrick<sup>2</sup> will not be opposed for Surrey.

*March 14, 1880.*

COWLEY GRANGE.

. . . I had a very pleasant dinner at Matthew Arnold's. We had there Browning and Kinglake, and a great deal of good talk. There is not much political news. We expect to win several seats in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and a few in England. I think it, however, very doubtful whether we shall get a majority. I have just been reading in *The Observer* Hartington's speech at Accrington. It is excellent, especially his chaff of Dizzy's letter, and his scornful reply to his charge that the Liberals are bent on dismembering the Empire.

Lord Derby's letter to Lord Sefton, declaring his adhesion to the Liberal party, is in *The Observer*.

<sup>1</sup> Published in the newspapers of March 9, 1880. It was a political manifesto, appealing to 'men of light and leading' to prevent the severance of the constitutional tie between Great Britain and Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Now Secretary for War.

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*March 15, 1880.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Lady Garvoe's letter amused me much. How many ladies there are who cannot distinguish between personal and political opposition. Alas! how many Liberals of the highest personal qualities have their seats assailed by Conservatives, and very properly, if they have faith in their opinions.

Willie and I and Hyde Beadon and Lily took a good long walk yesterday, returning in time for the five o'clock service at New College, which was admirably done. Mozart's 'Plead thou my cause,' from the 12th Mass, exquisite in itself, and beautifully executed.

It is very remarkable what an effect Hartington's address and speech at Accrington have produced. The Tory papers cannot but praise, but say that he represents but a small section of the Liberal party. He does, however, represent the opinions of any possible Liberal Cabinet, which is the main matter.

*March 17, 1880.*

4, ONSLOW HOUSES, S.W.

Ra has just arrived, in high feather. She lunches with the C. Thomas's, calls for me at the Athenæum at five p.m., when we drink tea with Mrs. Grant Duff. She dines out to-day. To-morrow she and I go to see *Money*, at the Haymarket. On Friday, athletic sports, and then to see *Forget-me-not*, to which we have invited Ally. Douglas and I went last night to hear Bach's choir. We had Brahms's *Requiem*—very grand, but very difficult to follow: rich, complicated harmonies rather than the easier melodies which my soul loves; Palestrina's *Gloria*, 300 years old, very simple and impressive; and Bach's *Magnificat*, full of his beautiful strains and fugues, 'in linked sweetness long drawn out.'

Henschel sang magnificently; I prefer him to any bass singer of sacred music I ever heard.

*April 8, 1880.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I was greatly pleased with Renan and his wife. We had at dinner Madame de Peyronnet and daughter, Lord Houghton, Matthew Arnold, John Morley, Lady Stanley of Alderley, and Leighton. Lord and Lady Derby came in the evening, and Henry Smith. Adieu. I am battling with my speech! You know how that afflicts me.

*April 20, 1880.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . I called this morning at the Horticultural and met Johnny Llewellyn, and had a long talk on the affairs of the Society. I have seen Childers, Grant Duff, Morley, Hayward, who had just been with Gladstone, Shaw Lefevre, &c.; but not a gleaning of political news can be got, except that the expenses of the Afghan War are proving enormously greater than were expected, and that Lytton<sup>1</sup> is returning with great loss of reputation in every respect.

Renan returns to France to-morrow, delighted with his reception in England, and with Oxford. He heard a Bampton sermon at Oxford, which he said he could have adopted as his own.

The house is still in the hands of the cleansers. Sophy insisted upon taking me downstairs to see the oranges, which she had unpacked and wiped and arranged. I ate one of them, which was, as Lord Campbell said of Henry Thomas's flattery, 'truly delectious.' . . .

<sup>1</sup> Viceroy of India, 1876-80.

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Tell Norina to bring up the 1st and 3rd vols. Michelet's *History of France*.

*April 23, 1880.*

COWLEY GRANGE, OXFORD.

I have been idling away my time most pleasantly between the bairns, the bairnikins, and the Oxford sights, which I have been revisiting, especially the Bodleian Library. Willie has been here playing lawn tennis with the girls and Augustus and Mr. Vincent, a first cousin of Will Wynne Jones's, while Rachel and I have been drinking tea at Trinity with Dr. Percival and talking over the affairs of Somerville Hall. I am going to breakfast with Willie to-morrow and meet some of the political characters of Oxford. I see that some apology is made in *The Daily News*, for no carriage being sent to meet Hartington at Windsor. *The Standard* was very indignant at it, all Conservative as it is. I expect to hear that he has asked the Queen to send for Gladstone.

To SIR PATRICK MACDOUGALL.

*April 29, 1880.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.

Your letter has reached me just as the finishing touches were being put to the Ministry—of which I highly approve, barring one or two substitutions I should make, one of them being precisely the War Office. Cardwell has returned from Cannes, much altered for the worse—weak in body, and not his former self in mind. In fact his friends apprehend paralysis. It has been, therefore, to Gladstone's great regret, impossible to offer him any post in the Ministry, and he, with Lord Ripon, Halifax, Carlingford, Lowe, Stansfeld, and myself, make way,

most (but not all) of us very cheerfully for the new blood required by the lapse of six years and the demands of public opinion. Childers is an able man and a good administrator, but he did not get on well with the sailors, and I am afraid will fare no better with the soldiers. Lord Morley, the Under-Secretary, is very clever and industrious, and Campbell-Bannerman is an able man, thoroughly impregnated with Cardwell's views. I look upon the present Ministers therefore as likely to be favourable to Cardwell's system, although I should have preferred seeing either Hartington or Northbrook in Childers's place.

I heartily wish you were in Parliament—a sensible soldier is a great desideratum; and the members wanting sense who have from time to time spoken on military affairs have not served to raise civilians' estimates of military intellect or capacity.

Ripon's acceptance of the Vice-Royalty of India was much pressed upon him by Gladstone and Hartington. He did not wish to go, and was quite secure of a seat in the Cabinet. But he thought he had no right to refuse a request so strongly urged. It is understood that if he can settle the frontier question and put the finances in good order, he need not remain the full five years. I hear from the best authority that the expenses of the Afghan War have far exceeded expectation, and that Lord Lytton's flourishing account of Indian finances is utterly delusive. Whether Strachey has misled him, or he the Home Government, remains to be proved. Probably the latter will turn out to be the fact. There seems to have been a great deal of sharp fighting in Afghanistan, and much bloodshed; whether enough to dispose those fiery mountaineers to peaceful arrange-

ments remains to be seen. Stewart was evidently in great danger at one time.

I don't expect that much will be done in this session, which will only set to work after Whitsuntide, but perhaps Childers may be forced to give some opinion before the session is over.

I am very well content to be out of office, although I don't pretend to say that I should have refused the Presidency of the Council, had I been asked, but the asking of me would have made others, of equal or higher pretensions to office, sore, and I very cheerfully acquiesce in my exclusion.

The inclusion of their three ablest men in the Government (Chamberlain, Dilke, and Fawcett) will greatly weaken the advanced Liberal party in the House, without affecting the general policy of the Cabinet, the composition of which ought to reassure the most timid. I was asked quite seriously last night by the daughter of a late Cabinet Minister, whether it was true that Russia had subscribed £150,000 to the cost of the Liberal contests at the election. She evidently believed it; and it was said, not in jest but in sad earnest, by another desponding Conservative that Gladstone intended to let the new Barracks in Hyde Park (Knightsbridge) for an hotel. The present Parliament is fully 30 per cent. higher in intellect than the last, and the great majority of the Liberals are men of moderate views. We shall hope to see you in June. All send you much love.

To HIS WIFE.

May 14, 1880.

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

My journey as far as Perth was uneventful. I had a comfortable couch, and slept like a top, only waking

for a cup of tea at Carlisle at four a.m. At Perth I found myself sitting at breakfast between Lords Rosebery and Lovat. The former had dined with Gladstone on the preceding evening, and told me that Gladstone was loud in his praises of my 'admirable' behaviour during the late political crisis, contrasting it especially with that of —, who is, however, hardly responsible for his impatience, and —, to whom he offered not only the Embassy at Constantinople, but the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. He wanted, however, a seat in the Cabinet. Well, I can understand men, who believe that they have strong claims for office, feeling hurt and disappointed at the preference given to others, whose services have been shorter and less conspicuous. But there seems to me to be a want of personal dignity and self-respect in showing discontent, as well as a want of consideration for those who have borne the brunt of the battle, and whose only object in selecting men for office can be the good of the party which, for a time, is to govern the country, and I am simply astonished at finding myself alone in taking so obvious a view of one's duty.

I travelled with Lord Lovat as far as Grantown. He is very good and amiable, with plenty of sense. He invited me to his place near Beulah, but of course I could not go. . . .

May 16, 1880.

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

. . . I didn't like Gladstone's letter to Count Karolyi. He might have made the *amende* in a less gushing style. But the amount of his retraction is enormously exaggerated. He did *not* withdraw one word of his condemnation of the *past* policy of Austria. He only accepted Karolyi's assurance that Austria had no further

views of extension towards the Aegean, and I daresay that his effusiveness was partly politic, in order to bind Austria to this assurance. But, considering the actual character of the rule of Austria in Bosnia, I wish he had limited his concessions, and conveyed them in calmer language, especially as every word which seems to lower the tone of England in dealing with foreign powers will be seized upon, exaggerated and distorted. This letter came as a godsend to the mortified and vindictive Tories. I am delighted that you had so pleasant a dinner at Mrs. Buxton's. I agree about John Morley. It is a pity that his fine literary talent should be frittered away in ephemeral writing—although perhaps, if *The Pall Mall Gazette* becomes a paper of influence, his actual usefulness may be greater as its editor than as a literary man.

Your account of our supposed discontent is the best comment on Gladstone's appreciation of my cheerful acquiescence with my fate, and it will be curious to watch the comments and conduct of the disappointed. I remember, in a debate on the Washington Treaty, that six of this sort rose one after the other to attack Gladstone's Government. Bouverie, Horsman, B. Osborne, Otway, some other, and, last of all, Lord Bury, on whose appearance the House could no longer contain itself, but burst into a roar of laughter. No doubt the number of Gladstone's candid friends will be considerable.

I am very glad that you had an opportunity of talking to Mrs. Gladstone, and showing her how unaltered were your feelings towards him. . . .

*May 17, 1880.*

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

. . . My dear, you shall not puff me up on the score of public virtue. It is so easy to be virtuous, when you feel

that you have already received more than your due, and when one has everything about one to make one happy and contented with one's lot. I don't think that man can improve mine, and any change—and changes in this life are inevitable—must be for the worse.

We had a long day yesterday. I rambled alone along the hill-sides, revelling in the warm sun and pure sweet air, and listening to the deep murmurs of the Spey. . . .

*June 4, 1880.*

COWLEY GRANGE.

I found all here quite well. Rachel looking wonderfully better. Not fat, certainly, but alert and lively, and never showing any symptoms of languor. We went to Balliol Hall at eight. It was crammed, and among the guests were Browning, Dr. Butler, and A. Lang. H. Smith sat near me, and was rather desponding about the success of the play, as he had been present at some rehearsals, and Cassandra (after all, Mr. Lawrence) was said to be weak. However, it went off admirably beyond all hope. Browning, Butler, Jowett, H. Smith, were all in ecstasies, and I was quite astonished to find how I was carried away by it. The part of Agamemnon is (like that of Julius Caesar in Shakespeare's play) quite secondary. But Willie looked the part, and recited his speeches very well; and his two cries of agony from behind the scene, when he received the two blows of the hatchet, were thrilling. But the brunt fell on Clytemnestra and Cassandra, both of whom did their part admirably, and were tremendously applauded. The chorus was very effective, and chanted much of their part to music composed here, simple and solemn, and perfectly suited to the rhythm of the lyrics.

We adjourned to Jowett's for tea. Nothing could

exceed the delight of those best qualified to judge. Many heads of colleges, who pronounced it impracticable, have applied for tickets for to-day's performance. There were 480 tickets issued yesterday, and 500 to-day, and many refused for want of room.

Willie has had the labouring oar, and enjoys the credit of having made it go off so well, but he says he derived immense help from Abbott and Bradley of his College, and they all say that but for Rachel they could never have got their dresses right.

I am going to a concert at Queen's, and a ball at New College to-night. I have not seen Clara Thomas. The girls have been doing 'Collections' this morning, and seem none the worse.

I enclose a programme of the play. The first part is by Willie, the sketch of the play by Mr. Bradley.

You will see an account of the play by A. Lang in *The Daily News*.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

June 22, 1880.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

Mr. Green's letter is very complimentary to Willie, to whom I thought it right to show it. But I am not anxious to see him in Parliament until he has got through the first drudgery of his legal education. And the last place I should wish to see him contest or represent is Oxford, always an insecure seat, depending upon local, not political, questions and interests. Willie entirely agrees with me on both points. I will write at once to Mr. Green.

Your offer is far more tempting than Mr. Green's. Engagements are very thick just now, and escape from London is impossible, but they dwindle away as July

advances, and then I shall hope to pay you a visit. You know, my darling, or ought to know, how happy I am with you and Augustus and your delightful bairnikins, wherever you may be, but I admit that the Isle of Wight and St. Clare add to the attractions.

I spent yesterday at Lord's, and saw some fine play. A. G. Steel was the only Cantab who could make anything of Shaw's bowling. All the rest were half-paralysed, and made no attempt to hit. The few they made were off Morley's swift ball. But Steel was very fine. I don't think that the success of Oxford is at all hopeless.

To HIS WIFE.

*August 2, 1880.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.

It is a comfort to think of you all at Duffryn. London gets drearier and more dreary every day. There was something awful in the solitude and silence of Belgrave Square yesterday. . . . You will be glad to hear that Dicky Doyle has returned to London much improved in health. Lord Pembroke has bought his 'Frogs and Fairies,' and he was much pleased at the purchase by Poynter, for the National Collection, of several of the pictures which had remained on his hands.

Gladstone is ill of a feverish attack, following on cold and slight congestion of the lungs. It is evident that he cannot exert himself any more this session, and this will probably lead to the shortening of the session, and the dropping of some of the Bills. I don't believe it to be serious. . . .

*August 11, 1880.*

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

We arrived here an hour and a half after time on just such a day as we left behind us at Duffryn. The air was

delicious. We travelled down with MacLeod, the Cawdors, and General Crealock, though not in the same carriage, as we had a sleeping compartment to ourselves, and slept very well. . . . I have been reading Guizot's *Private Life*, by his daughter, a very touching and interesting little book. The natural tenderness of his character comes out in strong contrast to the rigidity of his public career.

Aug. 18, 1880.

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

After I had dispatched my letter yesterday, I remembered that it was the twenty-sixth anniversary of our wedding-day. . . . If I had foreseen what a vagrant I should have been at this time of year, I should have insisted on an earlier wedding-day. . . . I did not shoot, but sat at home and wrote letters. In the afternoon, I commenced my career as a lawn tennis player, and developed, by general consent, a very pretty talent for it. Chetwode and I engaged Lina and Mrs. Eykyn, and beat them hollow.

August 20, 1880.

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

J. C. Bangor was my authority for Gibson's<sup>1</sup> parentage, and I have written to him for further information. After all, there is nothing in Adfyfr's letter to disprove me, except his assertion that Gibson had in his face 'Cymric peculiarities,' which is untrue, and that his parents spoke pure Welsh, which is highly improbable. That *he* did so, having been born in a county where nothing but Welsh was spoken, is quite natural. But who ever heard of a Welshman with such a name as Gibson?

<sup>1</sup> J. Gibson, the sculptor, born at Gyffin, near Conway, 1790.

I rested yesterday, and made much progress at lawn tennis.

*August 21, 1880.*

GLEN TULCHAN, ADVIE, N.B.

. . . I have taken note of your list of engagements. I have none, except public ones, viz. (1) the possibility, I fear the certainty, of being dragged to town to vote on some of the Government Bills ; and (2) the Welsh Commission on Education, which will, I suppose, begin work towards the end of September, and will take a good deal of my time, partly in London, and partly in Wales. . . .

*Sept. 29, 1880.*

ST. OMER.

I am just come in, 9.45 a.m., from a two hours' ramble over St. Omer. We had a perfectly smooth passage, as warm as summer, with just enough air not to be oppressive, but the tide was against us, and we lost by five minutes the train which would have brought us here by four o'clock, so were obliged to ramble about Calais till six, and got here at 7.30 in the dark. After a good dinner we sallied out, and dark as it was, I had not the slightest difficulty in finding my way to our old house, (now occupied as a public office by a *Receveur des Finances*), to the cathedral, to the old Abbey of St. Bertin, nor to the site of the school under its ruins, where I spent four years. In all minor points, too, my memory served me accurately. There have been some changes due largely to the railway, the plots of open ground have been sometimes turned into flower-beds, the *enclos de St. Bertin*, where I played football and cricket, has been converted into a public garden, and the house where I was at school pulled down and replaced

by a large, fine house. The town seems brighter and better kept than of yore, but the back streets and portions of the ramparts as dirty as ever. Altogether it was very interesting, as you may suppose—fifty-three years ago! Mary, Ellen, and Robert were born in that old house in the *enclos* Notre Dame. I remembered walking with my father out of the town on the very day, and when I went into the Grande Place—a really fine square—I could see my father chaffering and joking with the old stall-keepers and sellers of vegetables in their clean white bonnets.

Good-bye. We are summoned to breakfast, ten o'clock. Willie looks uncommonly well, and enjoys himself.

Oct. 1, 1880.

PARIS.

... Yesterday we went to the Louvre, and in one of the galleries whom should I see but the Duc d'Aumale, walking with an elderly lady! He introduced me to her, saying that I had met her at Woodnorton, and that she was his mother-in-law. Has he married again? I have never heard of it. I introduced Willie to him. He was very cordial, and asked us to come and spend Sunday with him at Chantilly—which, as you know, is one of the finest châteaux in France, and his private property. I told him of our engagements, and he then asked us to breakfast with him on Tuesday next, which we agreed to do. We shall go by the ten o'clock train, and get there in an hour. I am very glad of this, as not only do I like him much, but I have long desired to see Chantilly.... We called at the British Embassy. Lord Lyons was in London, no doubt to consult with Lord Granville; but Mr. Edwards (Lord Kensington's brother) saw us and was very polite. I commended Willie to his

good offices, and shall call again, as Lord Lyons returns to-day.

In the evening we went to the Comédie Française and saw a very clever piece of Emile Augier, called *L'Aventurière*, extremely well acted; two of the leading parts were acted by Mademoiselle Croisette and Coquelin, but all were admirably fitted. We start at eleven for Fontainebleau, so good-bye. The weather is magnificent, and looks as if it would last.

Oct. 3, 1880.

#### FONTAINEBLEAU.

Yesterday we went to a very quaint little town called Moret, on the borders of the forest. It has the stamp of antiquity upon it—old castle, old church, and old walls, with fine old towered gateways, beneath which flows a beautiful broad and swift river, the Loing; on our way we visited Thomery, a charming bright village of gardens and vineyards, where the Fontainebleau golden grapes are grown to perfection. We visited one of the best gardens, and had some interesting talk with the gardener. We returned home by the most beautiful part of the forest I have yet seen, the Gorge des Loups, a steep rocky ridge covered with grand old gnarled oaks. We walked a good part of the time....

Oct. 4, 1880.

#### HÔTEL ST. ROMAIN, PARIS.

. . . We had another dry, but hardly fine day yesterday, for it was cloudy and very cold. But we walked most of the day, so it didn't matter. We extended our knowledge of the forest, and visited some strangely wild scenes, as well as some pretty villages, the resorts of artists, and even of Oxford reading-parties, on the outskirts. This morning the weather had changed. It was cold and

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wet. We devoted it to visiting the château, the favourite holiday-residence of so many French kings, and bearing marks of them all. Francis I, Henry II, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Madame de Maintenon, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III—all had passed there, all had left traces of their taste and splendour. We saw the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication in 1814, the rooms in which he worked and slept and bathed, and we stood on the staircase whence he made his adieu to his guards. I know few places which read such a lesson of the flight of time, its wrecks and ruins. It is still kept up as a 'Monument Historique.' Will it ever again be inhabited by a sovereign of France? He would be a bold man who would deny the possibility of such an event. At Fontainebleau most of the people are Buonapartists. They regret the Court, its life and expenditure. But I am inclined to think that if ever France has another monarch, it will be a successful adventurer like the first Napoleon. They pine for a great man, and can't believe that France is anything without a great man at its head. . . . Monsieur Chédieu has just been here. He has a fine honest face, and is evidently a very superior man. He is an advocate, and a man of learning as well as a man of the world. Willie goes to him on Thursday evening, when his house will be ready for him.

Oct. 6, 1880.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . Willie and I had a most delightful visit to Chantilly. It was a warm lovely day (yesterday). The Duc was very kind and very agreeable, talking alternately in French and English, as there were two Frenchmen present who did not understand English. Besides them

was Monsieur Langel, who is his librarian and a most accomplished man, whose articles I have often read in the *Revue*. After breakfast the Duc took us all over the château, which he is restoring on a splendid scale. It belonged once to the great family of the Montmorencys, and when the last of them died on the scaffold, the domain, one of the largest and most valuable in France, was given to the Condés, and is full of memorials of the great Condé—his pistols, the banners he took from the Spaniards at Rocroy, and pictures of his principal battles. The Duc's library is one of the choicest in Europe, and he has an admirable picture-gallery, both of ancient and modern masters; among the latter is a beautiful Sir Joshua; left him by Lady Waldegrave, and, he tells me, immensely admired, artists coming from Paris to see it. Among all these were great numbers of the highest historical interest, and they could not have had a better or more sprightly showman than the Duc. He then took us to see his stables—the finest probably in the world, ten times too big for him—and his kennel of English stag-hounds. Langel took very much to Willie, and questioned him much about Oxford, &c. . . .

Nov. 9, 1880.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . I went at eight to the Geographical, but the proceedings did not begin till 8.30, so I spent the time in chatting with the Miss Freres, who were awaiting their father's arrival. He soon came, looking stouter, browner, and stronger than I had ever seen him. We had a large and brilliant audience, and my little allocution went off very well—at least, so Bates informed me this morning, declaring that everybody was delighted with my speech,

whereat I marvel greatly. Thomson's paper was most interesting, and we had a good discussion after it. . . .

*Nov. 19, 1880.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.

. . . I got a comfortable dinner, and went to Albemarle Street, where the annual meeting of the Historical Society was held. My bust was duly presented me, and then the business began. At first a hot wrangle, which I rebuked severely. But as they saw that I was acting with strict impartiality, the meeting went with me, and I was able at once to suppress all disturbers of the peace. It was well that I was there, for Dr. Rogers's enemies mustered strong, and would have swept all before them. As it was, after awhile it proceeded most amicably, and all were profuse in their thanks to me for getting them out of a great difficulty. . . .

*Nov. 22, 1880.*

. . . I am sitting at the Welsh Committee, but I have a Geographical Committee at three, dine with the Geographical Club at 6.30, and preside at the meeting afterwards, where Bartle Frere lectures.

*Nov. 30, 1880.*

[*Powis Castle.*]

I had a prosperous journey, and met most of my colleagues at Shrewsbury. We got to Welshpool about seven o'clock, and soon got to Powis Castle, where we found a good many gentlemen of the county. It is a magnificent place—an old castle from time to time adapted to modern requirements. In my bedroom the walls were fully ten feet thick. This morning Canon Robinson and I walked in the park, which is very hilly, and full of magnificent trees, mostly oaks, far larger than

those at Gregynog, while the views are magnificent. I really can hardly think of any place so beautiful, certainly none more so. Lord Powis is a most kind and courteous host, and our visit promises to be a very pleasant one.

Jan. 6, 1881.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I found my rooms very comfortable, and my uniform ready, so I went to Lord Granville's, where of course I met many friends. I sat next to Lord Kimberley, who is of course very anxious about the Transvaal and South Africa in general. He evidently despairs of being able to get up reinforcements in time to save the garrisons; not a whisper of the intended rebellion had reached him, and the troops, who were attacked, were marching in complete security. They had two minutes given them to determine whether they would surrender: on their refusal about 100 of them were shot like cattle in a corral. He is very doubtful whether the Orange Free State will not be compelled by public feeling to support the Boers, which would of course add much to the magnitude of the war.

I went with Wolverton to Gladstone's. He is looking very well. I had much talk with Forster. The Government is going to ask for very strong coercion measures, including suspension of *Habeas Corpus*. I think that he would have preferred acting sooner, but then the case for demanding large powers would not have been so great. Very many of your friends asked after you, including Lady Wolverton, Mrs. Forster, Mrs. Roundell, Lady E. Romilly.

Jan. 7, 1881.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I am just returned from Andrew Clark, and have

every reason to be satisfied. . . . He says that I am decidedly better and stronger than I was two years ago. Altogether that I am a hearty old cock (his sentiment, but not his words), and that there are few men at sixty-five so strong and well. . . . Tell Willie that I sent Chédieu the books by post this day. The *Hellenica* from him, the *C. J. Fox* from me. Also that Alfred Lyttelton, whom I met at Gladstone's, was delighted with *Agamemnon*, and that the sceptical Sir F. Pollock was quite enthusiastic. It had far exceeded his expectations, and quite satisfied him. He told me that he had seen 'George Eliot' there, for the last time. Grant Duff could not go, as he was due for a speech to his constituents at Elgin.

I heard Lords Beaconsfield and Granville, Northcote and Gladstone, yesterday. I am not quite satisfied that the coercion measures ought not to have been applied sooner, or that the remedial measures will be quite large enough for a final settlement of the land question. But I hear that these last are not finally settled. . . .

Jan. 18, 1881.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . Why are the balls held in January? It is a relic of the times when all the county people lived and assembled in the county towns, but now we choose the very coldest and most stormy month of the year for these trying festivities.

I had a pleasant dinner at the Geographical Club, and a very interesting paper on Arctic Exploration at the evening meeting. . . . Read Gladstone's short speech of last night. All say it was magnificent.

*Jan. 21, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

The overthrow of the chimneys involved consequences far more disastrous than I had expected, but regret for them is lost in thankfulness for preservation from what might have been a very frightful catastrophe. What an escape, and how well you all seem to have behaved, and how fortunate that Willie had not left! I suppose that by this time the Great Western Railway is open. . . . You bear very bravely your prospect of short commons in coal and meat. I should communicate with Martin about the former; as to the latter, you have your sheep, pigs, and a large supply of ham and bacon! . . . Montagu Bernard tells me that he spent Tuesday night (fifteen hours) in a wretched little station between Swindon and Didcot with a lot of South Wales travellers.

I enclose Douglas's letter about Repton. After receiving it, I wrote at once to Worsley, asking him to write to Mr. Forman. I should prefer as schools Haileybury or Sherborne; but if we can secure the personal interest of such a man as Forman is described to be, that will more than compensate for any general inferiority. . . . I lunched here with Goschen, and had a long and interesting talk about Turkey. His account of the Sultan exactly corresponds with Layard's. He returns in a fortnight to Constantinople for two months, leaving Mrs. Goschen and family at Seacox. So the Address debates are at last over, and Forster brings in his Coercion Bill on Monday. Very cold here this morning, but no snow since Wednesday.

Remember that I go to York House to-morrow, but return on Monday.

*Jan. 24, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I am just returned from a very pleasant visit to York House. Mrs. Grant Duff had not been at all injured by her upset, and was looking very well and strong, for her. We had there Maskelyne, Rendel, and Mr. Webster, M.P. for Aberdeen, a delightful old Scotchman, and a great friend of Grant Duff's. We went on Sunday to Richmond, and called on a Mr. Cook, who has a magnificent collection of Italian and Dutch and English pictures, many of the highest merit. He lives four months of every year at Cintra, in the house once belonging to Beckford, and is Vicomte de Monserrat in Portugal. In England he is the enormously rich proprietor of one of those huge warehouses round St. Paul's.

I have undertaken to speak to-day on a motion of the Duke of Richmond's on a Scotch endowment. . . .

*Jan. 26, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I go to-day to the Children's Hospital. I hope that we shall dispose of the Welsh evidence to-morrow.

You would be amused to see our breakfast company at the Athenæum. It is pretty nearly the same every morning: Grant Duff, Maskelyne, Lord Monck, Lake (Dean of Durham), Perowne (Dean of Peterborough), Dasent, sometimes Jex-Blake and Henry Smith, and always Augustus Hare, who, like me, spends his whole time here.

I was here writing yesterday from 10.30 to 3.30, without intermission.

*Jan. 28, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

We finished our evidence yesterday, and I must now

set about the report, a tough task. Our best witness yesterday was Mr. — —, an Inspector under the London School Board, who told me that he had worked for a year as a collier at Aberdare, where he was born. He then became a pupil-teacher at the Hirwain Common school, and so rose. He is very intelligent, and speaks excellent English, without accent or provincialisms. . . . Make a point of reading Bright's speech last night. It is in many respects admirable. Gladstone did not sit through Tuesday night. He went away at one o'clock, which was much too late. A round robin is being signed by his party, entreating him to spare himself. . . .

*Jan. 31, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

The Transvaal disaster is in everybody's mouth. All felt the risk incurred by the advance of so small a force into so difficult a country, and against such superior numbers. It always seemed to me rash. Yet nobody blames Colley, as the feeling is that much should have been risked to relieve the beleaguered garrisons. I am glad to see that Colley speaks quite confidently of being able to hold his ground until reinforcements arrive. Lord Monck is relieved about his son, who was reported as 'missing,' but is now only said to have had a very narrow escape. . . .

*Feb. 1, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . We had a very interesting evening at the Geographical last night, Mr. Delmar Morgan's journey to Kuldja, which is near Kashgar. It is the latest acquisition of Russia on the borders of China. He and Ashton Dilke are the only Englishmen who have ever been

there. A. Lang dined as my guest at the Geographical Club, and Nora Lang came in the evening.

This evening Willie and I go to hear Whymper describe his ascent of Chimborazo, &c.

*Feb. 3, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . I have just refused an offer to be made Ecclesiastical Commissioner. It would add too much to my work, which already is quite enough for me.

*Feb. 10, 1881.*

CHARITY COMMISSION, WHITEHALL.

. . . I am very sorry that the second reading of the Noxious Gas Bill has been fixed for Tuesday next, so I cannot come till Wednesday.

I have written to decline serving on the Highways Committee in the Lords, on the ground of being too much occupied elsewhere.

I saw J. C. Bangor yesterday. He gave a good account of Arthur, who is now in New Zealand.

Only think, I am going this evening with Lord Shand, the ablest of the Scotch judges, to the Haymarket to see *Masks and Faces*.

*Feb. 23, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

We had a capital debate in the House of Lords. Dunraven's speech<sup>1</sup> was one of the best of its sort that I ever heard. Of course we were beat, and shall be for many a day. But it is very hard on those who desire to make a reasonable use of the museums.

At three to-day we have our University Extension Meeting at the Mansion House, and I have to make the

<sup>1</sup> In favour of the opening of National Museums and Galleries on Sundays.

opening speech, explaining our position. We have the Bishop of Peterborough, but Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Rosebery are rather doubtful.

*Feb. 24, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I wrote to you yesterday in the throes of a coming speech at the Mansion House. The meeting went off capitally, spite of sun and slush. I opened the business to my satisfaction, and Northcote, the Bishop of Peterborough and Albert Grey made most interesting speeches. Lord Rosebery could not come, but sent us £50. I then went to the Children's Hospital, through heavy snow, where we settled most of the preliminaries for the anniversary dinner on March 16, when the Duke of Connaught presides. Then dined with the Midletons, who were cordial as usual. Lady Midleton very proud and happy about her son's marriage. She said that we had kept George alive during his electioneering campaign. She had been at the Baroness's marriage, and we had some of the bridecake. Then our dear Lady Holland was there, and asked much and affectionately of you and Lina. The Hoggs and Arthur Peel, and the Eustace Cecils completed our list of acquaintance.

*March 1, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I went to the House of Commons yesterday, but only to see the Irish party behave like ruffians, howling and making noises utterly strange to my ears. All night long they raised absurd debates on going into Committee of Supply to prevent Childers from bringing on the Army Estimates, although the immense majority of the House were very anxious to hear his proposals for the modifica-

tion of Cardwell's scheme. I then dined with the Geographers. We had a very interesting address afterwards from Sir Richard Temple on Sikkim and Eastern Thibet, beautifully illustrated by pictures from his own coloured sketches. This morning, after two hours' letter-writing, I went to Colam, and sat an hour with him. He wants me to bring two Bills into Parliament, and I have promised consideration.

Kimberley told me yesterday that Colley was always asserting that generals took too many men into the field, and that a small compact force against undisciplined troops was best. But the principle can be carried too far. I see the French papers are already announcing that we must retreat, because we have lost 300 men—for such appears to be the number!

My darling! there is hardly anything under earth so sad—although sometimes 'sweet and sad'—as reading old letters from, or about, departed friends. Thank God! we have had many, and good and dear ones.

March 7, 1881.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I am come in to write you a line after such a long day. After scribbling here for an hour, I went off to Young Street, and with Willie to Holland House, where we were joined by Nora Lang and a friend. We spent an hour and a half there most delightfully, among the portraits, mementoes, and interesting and beautiful things of all sorts. I had read so much of Holland House, that I seemed quite at home there. Willie was delighted. Thence to the City, where I had a 'George Smith<sup>1</sup> Fund' meeting, and then went on to Markby, and

<sup>1</sup> George Smith of Coalville, who did much for the children on canal-boats.





DUFFRYN, ABERDARE, FROM THE WEST

discussed my Fforchaman dispute, and the case. By this time it was five o'clock, and I am writing away for my life. I have my Noxious Vapours Committee to-morrow, but I know nothing to prevent my coming on Wednesday.

## FROM HIS WIFE.

*March 18, 1881.*

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

We are shocked and horrified this morning to see the attempt at blowing up the Mansion House<sup>1</sup>, which the papers show to have taken place. As far as I can make out, it seems to have been a real plot and not only a scare. It is strange that great crimes like the one in Russia seem to be epidemic. Let me know all you hear, for the papers always make the worst of things. I went into the cemetery and sat a long time (as I often do) on the hill-side ; our darling's grave looked beautiful with its clusters of white and gold crocuses, reminding one of her own lovely spring-like face. That hill-side often gives me strength when I feel weary and toil-worn with the cares and petty trials of daily life, and I like to think of the time when I shall be quietly resting there myself. This life over and the other life, whatever it may be, begun, surely it must be pleasant even in death to have such a resting-place for the worn-out body. How difficult it is to separate the body and the spirit ; one knows it will not be *oneself* in the earth, and yet one cannot but attribute the same thoughts to that poor frame that *was oneself*, that one has now while the spirit is in it. It seems so strange to think how little it will be to me then where I lie, when it is so much to me now to look forward to.

<sup>1</sup> March 16.

I don't know why these beautiful spring days always turn my thoughts to death, or rather to the life beyond death, but they always do, and always have. Forgive me, my darling, for giving you the benefit of some of my dreamy thoughts, and believe me always in life or death, your very loving and devoted wife.

To HIS WIFE.

*March 19, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Another beautiful day! I took two long walks yesterday, and feel all the better for them. Another such fortnight will be worth many kings' ransoms! Willie called yesterday morning, delighted with his visit to Oxford, where he ran better than ever—a dead heat with the fleet-footed Grouse, who last year beat him easily. He had found reading, too, easy at Cowley Grange. He is looking remarkably well; he dines to-day at Lubbock's, and goes to-morrow to Pembroke Lodge. . . . Nothing is known about the Mansion House affair. The Lord Mayor is an Irishman and a Liberal, and a most worthy man, whom I have known these twenty years past. He is M.P. for Finsbury, and had voted for the Coercion Bills, in spite of menaces from his Irish constituents. I have no doubt that this is an Irish affair. . . . Your thoughts on death interest me greatly. Would that the veil were a little lifted! I believe in the immortality of the soul, but that naked belief is no more consolatory than the merest materialism, without a further belief in a future state of continuous consciousness, embracing the past. For *that* I can only dimly and fearfully hope, and trust in God's goodness. But His thoughts are not as our thoughts, and His

schemes for His creatures may be utterly different from our fond imaginings.

*March 21, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . Yesterday I saw Mrs. Goschen at her dining-room window, with Sir Garnet and Lady Wolseley, 'making the air breezy with affectionate gestures.' I had intended to call there, so I went over the street, and the door was opened to me by my dear 'Robinetta,' now grown into a very pretty sweet girl of fifteen. I had a very pleasant visit there, Sir W. Gregory<sup>1</sup> coming in. Many questions about you. Thence to Lady Goldsmid's. She was alone, but the Henleys were staying with her, and she asked me to dine with her and them, which I did. She charged me with many affectionate messages to you.

*March 22, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . Yesterday I went to lunch at the Rates', on a sudden inspiration. I found that Mr. and Mrs. Rate and Francie were in Paris; but Margie insisted upon my staying to lunch, which I enjoyed very much, with Ida and Enid—the latter is a very beautiful child, I have seldom seen lovelier eyes. We were very merry. Margie is staying at Lambeth Palace. She told me that it was the practice of the Archbishop every Sunday after dinner to call upon his guests to recite a hymn or sacred poem. I gave her the names of several, especially Shirley's 'The glories of our blood and state,' and some of Vaughan's, and it ended in my sending her *The Golden Treasury*, which she had not. She is a very nice, good girl. Afterwards I went to see the new 'Leonardo da Vinci'<sup>2</sup>, at the

<sup>1</sup> Governor of Ceylon, 1871–7.

<sup>2</sup> The *Vierge aux Rochers*, bought from the Earl of Suffolk, 1880.

National Gallery, a glorious picture, well worthy of him, and to my taste the best I have ever seen. There I met Watts, then Nora Alleyne<sup>1</sup> and a female friend, then Sir F. Pollock; and we had a pleasant ramble through the gallery.

*March 24, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

... All the world is discussing the terms of peace with the Boers. We have simply given them what we always intended to give them; and to have prolonged the contest for the sake of avenging Colley's rashness and defeats would have been indefensible. More than this, a prolonged war would undoubtedly have aroused a hostile spirit among the Dutch throughout the Cape Colony. . . .

*March 27, 1881.*

RANGEMORE, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

Charlie arrived here this morning at half-past ten, having missed his train from Repton to Burton. However, he swallowed a good breakfast, and went to church with us. After lunch we went over stables, barn-buildings, kitchen-gardens—all on a most magnificent scale—and then the gentlemen, i. e. Arthur Bass, Col. Milligan, Charlie, and I, walked over to the Hamar Bass's, about two miles off. I have come back at 5.30, after a delightful walk, greatly refreshed. I don't think that there is in the world a better, worthier man than Arthur Bass, and withal a very sensible one. Mr. Bass is wonderfully bright and cheery. He declared that Charlie was the living image of Lina, which is the shortest and surest way to his heart! I enclose a *private* letter from

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Andrew Lang.

Lyulph Stanley<sup>1</sup>, to which I have of course answered by declining nomination.

March 29, 1881.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I am sorry that my news about Repton were so meagre. Repton is a nice old village on rising ground about half a mile from the Trent. It was once called Repandunum, and was the capital of the ancient Saxon kingdom of Mercia. The Master's house, and some other buildings, stand on the site of a monastery, of which a very beautiful arch remains, leading to the said house. The masters' houses, of which there are seven or eight, are scattered about the village. I saw nothing very special in the appearance of the boys. Charlie says that he finds no difference between them and the Harrovians. I enclose a very pleasant letter from the American Minister, on my sending him A. Lang's translation of *Theocritus*. His first letter had miscarried. Please return it to me at once, as I should like to show it to the Langs on Friday, when I dine with them. I enclose another from L. Stanley. U. Shuttleworth had also told me that the desire was strong and general that I should be asked. I have returned a decided refusal. It would make the gout inexpugnable. Layard came to me at the Athenæum yesterday, very cordial as ever. He pressed me to come to him at Venice for the International Geographical Congress. John Ball made me promise to come to him afterwards; he lives not very far from Venice. We had an interesting discussion at the Geographical Society last night, 'Bolivia,' a marvellous country in the very heart of South America,

<sup>1</sup> A letter sounding him as to the Chairmanship of the London School Board.

of which I knew next to nothing, and now fancy I know a good deal.

I am proud of the enterprise of my daughters, even when it superabounds, as in the intention of marching to Abergavenny....

FROM MR. J. R. LOWELL.

March 28, 1881.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
LONDON.

DEAR LORD ABERDARE,

Were I not afraid that my former note would turn up to give me the lie, I should tell you that it was oh, so clever as to be incapable of being done again. But I have that fear, and so, as Grumio says, I must e'en let you 'return unexperienced to your grave.'

But so agreeable a gift as yours may well claim two acknowledgements. It has given me very great pleasure, and not the least of it was the Preface; though, as I told you last night, I have a doubt whether Fauriel's *Chants populaires de la Grèce* be trustworthy evidence. But I am quite willing to accept Theocritus as artificial, only wishing that all naturalistic poetry were as charming. I shan't give up Gray because people tell me his *Elegy* is a *cento*, but should be glad if somebody else would be good enough to make some more in the same kind. I am writing at the Legation and have not the book at hand, but I object to the use of the word *tiresome* for *provoking*. It is new to me, and seems a translation of *ennuyeux*.

A prose translation straps down the wings of Pegasus under the saddle-girth, but I have not for long had so delightful an amble as this which I owe to you. Sicily came back to me as I saw it twenty-five years ago,

which to me is as far away as the age of Theocritus ; but now in that strange dreamland of memory which is half fact and half fancy, I seemed to have heard the music of the reeds which in truth I only saw growing. But this is running into a dispatch, such is the tyranny of the place where I am writing. And so I will but add,

How faithfully I am yours,  
J. R. LOWELL.

TO HIS WIFE.

March 30, 1881.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . Willie and I went to Collier's, where we met innumerable friends. I sat by Venables, Lady Holland, Justin McCarthy, and Selwin-Ibbetson. The Forsters were there, and I had some talk with them. There were two pieces. Far the best was the second, written by Walter Pollock and Besant. It ridiculed the aesthetical enthusiasts with great spirit and cleverness. Mrs. J. Collier (Huxley's daughter) was quite admirable, and Mrs. W. Pollock very good. Venables and I laughed like boys. Mr. Collier has painted a picture<sup>1</sup> for the Exhibition, about which Layard and Mrs. Burr are enthusiastic.

I have just been taking a walk round Green Park with Grant Duff. We are much disturbed about this taking of Potschefstrom<sup>2</sup>, which is an unhappy *contretemps*. You will see that Lord Beaconsfield is seriously ill—a complication of bronchitis, gout, and asthma. He is 75, and I fear it will go hard with him. We are all

<sup>1</sup> *The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson*; afterwards bought for the Chantry Bequest.

<sup>2</sup> During the armistice between the English and the Boers, Potschefstrom surrendered to the Boer Commandant Cronje.

sorry, for everybody likes him, although we vary in our degrees of respect.

*April 2, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I called yesterday on Mrs. Beckett, and saw Harry and Constance. All were very cheery. Harry walked with me to the Antrobus's, but did not go in. I spent a very pleasant hour with the young people and the guests, among whom was Mrs. Matthew Arnold. I told her of Julia Arnold's<sup>1</sup> proposed visit. She spoke very highly of her and her sister in every way. I made acquaintance with Miss Lewis, a niece of Sir G. C. Lewis, and a very clever woman, much devoted to educational matters. I dined yesterday with the Andrew Langs. Small and pleasant. I quite think with you about Lord Beaconsfield, but not quite about myself. I have a certain *succès d'estime*, not much more, but many kind friends, old and young. I hardly know which I like best, or whose society I most enjoy. Certainly I am very happy among young people. I have written to Morgan. I am going to a Saturday Pop., and dine to-morrow at Lady Goldsmid's, to hear Madame Schumann.

*April 4, 1881.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . On Saturday I went to see some of Herkomer's pictures, and met the Freres there. Then called to inquire after Lord Beaconsfield. Then drank tea with the Roundells, who were very flourishing. In the meantime I had been to the Saturday Pop., and heard Madame Schumann play some exquisite pieces of Beethoven. I dined at Lady Goldsmid's, and took

<sup>1</sup> Now Mrs. Leonard Huxley.

Madame Schumann in to dinner. Her daughter too was there, and Piatti, and Miss Zimmermann, and Mr. Heathcote Long, and Mr. Carmichael. Madame Schumann is a dear old lady. She was too tired to play, but the party was very pleasant. I go to-day to hear Gladstone's budget speech.

## TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

April 17, 1881.

DUFFRYN.

Your and Sally's letters were very grateful to my feelings. One likes to be remembered, even although the anniversary which commemorates the departure of another year is, at sixty-five, not an exhilarating event. This period of life, when one enjoys tolerable health, domestic happiness, with ample occupation for vacant hours, is agreeable enough, as agreeable, I think, as any other period of life. In this I agree with the sage Gibbon, and also with his qualifications, 'but I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.' Aye, there's the rub. But I am well disposed to make the best of it, and the effort is much facilitated by the many loving daughters who do their best to chase any dark thoughts, and replace them by bright ones. And it would be ungrateful to forget the contributions of the granddaughters, which are very effective. I enjoyed my birthday much, especially a three hours' ride I took with Lina, Alice, and W. Benson, meeting Willie and Grahame<sup>1</sup> on the summits above Cwm Rhondda. The weather is simply delightful.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. A. J. Grahame, a Balliol man (1877-81) of great promise, who died young of fever caught in Italy.

*August 5, 1881.*

HOUSE OF LORDS.

A few moments must be snatched from the delights of the Irish Land Debate to greet you on the morning of your birthday, and to wish you many happy returns of it. It comes to you at a pleasant season of the year, and you must sometimes wish that time would cease to fly, and that you might for some years more enjoy the happy childhood of your numerous and merry little flock. I have no doubt that they will never cease to be sweet and charming, but there is a peculiar grace in their present age which nothing can surpass. However, there is no use in wishing. We must make the best of the many blessings which surround us, and you are doing it, I think, very wisely. . . .

[Lord Aberdare was appointed one of the British Commissioners for the Geographical Congress at Venice.]

TO HIS WIFE.

*Sept. 1, 1881.*

BASLE.

Here we are within an hour of starting, much refreshed by a quiet and very beautiful day, and ten hours' sleep. This Basle is a charming town. I have never seen a prettier, with its trees, gardens, natty houses, and public buildings, the grand old Rhine winding among them all, with a loud continuous murmur which reminded us of the Spey at Tulchan. Yesterday morning, after an early breakfast, we 'did' the cathedral and museum with praiseworthy diligence, and were rewarded by seeing some beautiful and many more curious things. Basle is very rich in pictures and drawings by Holbein, who was a native. We bowed with reverence at the tomb of Erasmus, and sat in the very

room in which, somewhere about 1450, the Council condemned the heresies of the first Reformers, John Huss and Jerome of Prague. We lunched at one o'clock, and then drove through a beautiful valley to the Castle of Ardesheim, about five miles off. We passed some delightful Swiss villages, full of comfort and intelligent industry, and then climbed by paths winding through a wood to the height on which the castle stood, a grand old building from which we saw, within a circuit of three or four miles, three similar castles perched on inaccessible rocks, and on hills very like Doyle's early impressions of the Rhine. The view was glorious—rich grassy plains, studded with fruit-trees, slopes covered with vineyards, above them rich hanging woods, and above them again fine bold hills, not however snow-peaked. The air was delicious. We found there a lot of young Swiss damsels from the neighbouring village, who were doing the honours to a friend from Strasbourg, who spoke French well. I urged Lina and Sarah to talk to the girls in German, which they did to the satisfaction of all parties. They were very nice and friendly, and communicative. I also instigated the damsels to ask incessant questions of the coachman, who rather puzzled them with his Swiss patois. Our hotel (*Les trois Rois*) is delightful, the Rhine rushing headlong under our windows. We start at 9.30 for Constance, then steam for two hours over the lake to Lindau, where we sleep, and go by an early train to Munich, which we hope to reach in good time on Friday. We leave for Salzburg on Sunday morning.

*Sept. 9, 1881.*

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO (within three miles  
of the Italian frontier).

I fully intended writing to you yesterday morning

from Innsbruck (oh, this Tyrolese ink !) but it so happened that the day was a fête, the Ascension of the Virgin, and therefore a holiday, and I was obliged to run about the town to find the banker at his private residence, and to drag him to his bank and get the necessary supplies. I have observed that in Germany and Austria everything goes slowly, except the rivers and money, and these flow apace. So I set Willie to write to you in my place, and I doubt not that he has done justice to our tour. We met the Magdalen giant<sup>1</sup> at Zell am See. He is 6 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches, and towered above everybody, exciting great astonishment and amusement. Fortunately he is good-looking, and not at all nervous. We had a delightful journey over the Brenner Pass, 4,900 feet high. The day was bright and fresh. Lina and I travelled in a carriage with some pleasant Greeks from Trieste, who spoke French, German, Italian, and English, so we rattled away till we got to Franzensfeste, where we got on to a new line, and after about forty miles of beautiful scenery got to Toblach, in the midst of grand Dolomite scenery, i. e. mountains of the wildest and most fantastic forms, rising above rich valleys and wooded slopes. Here the first object which met our eyes was the papa Sichel, and four Sichelles, with whom we exchanged much friendly converse. They were travelling home-wards. We set off before dinner, and wandered up a beautiful pass, until we arrived at a small lake, where three or four boats were being rowed about, on one of which a band was playing excellent music, which sounded beautifully in this grand and wild scenery, with hills towering 6,000 feet above us. We started this

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lascelles.

morning from Toblach at 8.30, and at ten arrived at the small village of Schluderbach, where we stayed two hours, in which time we made a brilliant excursion. Willie left us, and mounted a grand hill on one side of the valley; Lina and I did the same on the other, while Sarah sketched below. It is impossible to convey an idea of the grand and wild scenery of this strange region. Swiss mountains are higher and bigger, and have larger glaciers, the highest here only reaching 11,000 feet, but nowhere in Switzerland have I seen such a combination of fantastic forms and outlines, with such accompaniments of lovely scenery. When we returned to our inn, we met an Englishman and wife, who had walked by a circuitous mountain-path from Cortina, and who so smit Willie and me with desire to see it, that we engaged their guide, and got a magnificent walk of four hours over a high pass, among a wilderness of jagged precipitous mountains, and arrived here at five o'clock, an hour and a half after the girls, who arrived in the carriage. These will be our head quarters till Monday morning. We propose a two days' expedition to-morrow, if the weather looks settled. On Monday we go through Pieve di Cadore, Titian's birthplace, to Longarone, where we sleep, and on Tuesday the 13th get to Venice. We got an ample supply of letters and home news at Innsbruck on Thursday morning, and hope to receive some here to-morrow. Since our arrival here there has been a tremendous thunderstorm, and torrents of rain, but it has cleared. If the weather is doubtful, I shall give up the excursion and remain here, where there is no end of beautiful walks and views. We met here at dinner Madame Pertz and two daughters, with whom we have had some chat. She has a strong family resem-

blance to her sisters<sup>1</sup>. The girls and Willie have thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and so have I. I got through my six hours' walking to-day with very little fatigue.

I am so glad you went to Ewell, is it or Hewell? and that the accounts of C. Napier<sup>2</sup>, bad as they are, are not so bad as you expected. Those of Philip Miles are very anxious, for they prove how weak he is, and what long months, at the very best, poor Pam has to endure. We have had very cheery letters, in other respects, from Mimi and our Pamela.

Sept. 13, 1881.

VITTORIO.

Station on the road from Trieste to Venice, waiting for 6.20 p.m. train. We received your and Lily's letters on our return to Cortina from a most delightful expedition of two days. I need not say how distressed we all were at the most anxious account of that good, kind, excellent Philip, who has been so true a friend to us all. God grant that with rest and care his health may return! But it must be a work of time, and it must too be a time of sore anxiety. Sarah had written to Pam before these last news reached us. I am very glad that you are with her, and so will you be in spite of many reasons for wishing to be at home.

The girls are extremely well, and have done, with benefit to themselves, more than either they or I thought possible. Our first day to Caprile included an ascent of 2,000 feet between towering rocks (Tofana 10,650 high) on one side, and grand fir-covered slopes on the other. The girls had horses, but Sarah walked nearly half the

<sup>1</sup> The Miss Horners.

<sup>2</sup> Eldest son of Captain Henry Napier.

way. Then a descent of about 3,000 feet through the most enchanting scenery imaginable. Beautiful green slopes; picturesque villages, in places apparently inaccessible; a model old castle, which Mrs. Ratcliff must, somehow or other, have seen; brooks transparently clear, leaping, dancing, rushing, foaming on all sides of us; lofty peaks, at the foot of which lay glaciers, high above all these pastoral scenes; all this, and much more than I can describe, we enjoyed in ever-increasing loveliness, during the four hours of our descent, the girls walking three-fourths of the way. We all arrived at our comfortable old-fashioned inn, quite untired, and then set off to see a lovely little lake, formed 110 years ago by a landslip, but now as blue as the sky, and reflecting the peaks and huge boulders of the Civetta, the second highest of the Dolomites. It rained fearfully all night, but cleared about seven o'clock, when Willie set off with our guide to visit some grand scenery, and did in two hours what the guide declared had never before been done under three. It was ludicrous to see him describe, and attempt to imitate, Willie's long strides and bounds as he came down the hill. We all started about 9.30, and had a repetition of the scenery of the day before, with two differences. There was rather less of pastoral beauty, and still more of mountain grandeur, for we climbed over 4,000 feet above Caprile, reaching at the pass a height of over 7,500 feet, the girls walking all but the first 1,000 feet and descending about 3,000. As for Willie, he climbed up the neighbouring peak of Nuvolau, about 8,800 feet, at a pace which literally made our guide (Venanzio Zardini) gasp, and overtook us lower down with a series of bounds such as I doubt were ever before executed at the Dolomites. At least our guide, who

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was forty years old, had ascended nearly every peak, and had accompanied several famous Alpine climbers, declared he had never seen the like, and his wonder was too palpable to be assumed. As for me, I astonished myself: I walked all the way, and barring that I mounted the steep places very leisurely, knowing the weak points of a veteran's heart, I got along at an excellent pace, and although certainly tired and rather foot-sore the second day, was by no means exhausted. We had, besides the guide, a charming youth to take care of the horses. Both men spoke Italian and German, and both girls prattled with them the whole way. The air was delicious, exhilarating almost to intoxication. Such rich and varied beauty I do not remember to have seen anywhere. Yesterday we had a most delightful drive among lofty hills and valleys and rushing torrents to Longarone. On the way we visited the Pieve di Cadore, Titian's birthplace, saw the house and room in which he was born, and some early and later works of his. He was always attached to Cadore, where his family held a leading position. In one picture at Cadore he has introduced himself, his daughter, his brother, and nephew. The situation is grand, and wild as the strongest imagination can picture. We afterwards travelled for twenty miles and more along the great mountain torrent, the Piave, slept at Longarone, and got here at 1.30, the train leaving at 6.20, and we are due in Venice at 9.20.

I heard from Layard at Cortina. He is, as you know, joint Commissioner with me and Ball, and I was only too glad to find that he had eaten the dinner and made the speech which, had I been at Venice, would have fallen to me, and was keeping my place warm at the Geographical Council.

The King and Queen of Italy arrived at Venice yesterday, and all sorts of rejoicing take place tomorrow and Thursday. They leave on Friday. But the Congress, I believe, continues till the 22nd. I suppose that we shall leave the Layards on the 23rd, and go to John Ball's on the same day, so you must write accordingly, and I will send you further directions as soon as I can.

I think that Willie and the girls have enjoyed themselves as much as any young people could. Lina and Willie have made great progress with Italian. We are as much delighted with the Dolomite people as with the scenery. We hope to find more letters from you tonight, and our trunks, about which we are naturally nervous. We find it rather hot here, being some 3,500 feet lower than at Cortina. Give our best love to dear Pamela, and tell her how we all feel for her.

*Sept. 14, 1881.*                    CA' CAPELLO, SAN POLO, VENEZIA.

We arrived at Venice about 9.30 p.m. As we crossed the Lagune, the moon and stars were shining brilliantly, and sending into the water long deep pillars of trembling light. Layard met us at the station with his gondola, and took us along the Grand Canal—a most delightful route—to his house, where Lady Layard received us most kindly. We are deliciously lodged in rooms opening upon the Grand Canal, and see the gondolas gliding by our windows every moment. Just opposite our windows is the Mocenigo Palace; a little further on, but close by, that of the Foscari; and next to us that of the great Barbarigo family, all of which supplied several Doges to Venice. This palace is lovely. It belonged to the Capello family, has their arms, and

all the decorations of the period, with English cleanliness. The house is one rich museum of beautiful paintings and curiosities from Italy and Spain, collected by Layard. The only other guests are the Burrs : the squire laid up with gout, and Mrs. Burr looking very infirm. Our clothes are in Venice, but have not yet reached us, the 'Dogana' difficulties being great. I am due at the 'Giunta,' a select committee, at three o'clock, and to-morrow all the representatives of the European countries make speeches in their own languages—I, of course, in English, which is a great relief to me, although I have not as yet thought what to say. We are all quite well, and prepared to enjoy everything. I am afraid that England's contribution to the exhibition is not striking ; that of British India much better.

Layard is busy writing an account of his Embassy at Constantinople, not for present publication, but as memoirs, which will be highly interesting. He has a large number of important letters from Lord Beaconsfield.

Sarah is with Lady Layard, who is modelling a Venetian girl's head in clay ; Lina and Willie reading.

*Sept. 16, 1881.*                    CA' CAPELLO, SAN POLO, VENEZIA.

I have received your letter from King's Weston, with its sad, anxious news. I wrote to you there from Vittorio on the 13th, and from here on the 14th, the last, however, directed to Duffryn. I am glad that you have been able to get to Duffryn.

We are having a delightful time here, although the warm 'sirocco' (S.E.) has been rather against us, and upset Willie yesterday. To-day, however, he is himself again. I have attended two meetings of the 'Giunta,'

or Committee, and was of some use to the Prince of Teano, by proposing to cut off eleven speeches which the Presidents of Geographical Societies were expected to make in their own languages. It would have been another Tower of Babel affair, and very ridiculous. As it was, the opening ceremony passed off very well. The King and Queen and the Duke of Aosta, once King of Spain, were there. De Lesseps, as President of the last Congress, delivered an address, and then Teano, in the absence of the Duke of Genoa (brother to the Queen), delivered his opening address extremely well. Then a vigorous speech from Alighieri the 'Sindaco'—a Lord Mayor of Venice—of the family of Dante. After that we were presented to the King—a very commonplace sort of person—and some of us to the Queen. I missed her, which I am sorry for, as she is very charming and clever. I heard her talking French, English, and German with perfect ease. She is very fond of the Layards, and grieved much that he was not appointed to the Italian Embassy. She talked to Lady Layard the other day for nearly an hour on English literature with great zest. Mrs. Burr took the girls to some churches and pictures yesterday, and delighted them with her talents as a cicerone. In the afternoon Layard took us about, and we saw some beautiful things. Last night the Piazza of St. Mark was illuminated, and the beautiful Duomo was transfigured, and made exquisitely lovely by electric light thrown on it from high piles at some distance. General Cockburn is here, the Rd. Wards, Mr. and Mrs. Jeune (late Mrs. John Stanley). . . .

I am so glad to hear of the temporary improvement in Philip. God grant it may continue!

We are to have to-night a grand 'Serenata,' viz. singers

and a band on a large barge, followed by hundreds of gondolas. We shall see and hear as much as we care to do from the windows of this house. We are just undergoing a thunderstorm with torrents of rain, which have greatly cooled the air. We shall probably go to 'Cusinate, Bassano,' on this day week, the 23rd, taking Padua on our way. John Ball is now in Venice.

Life at Venice is very singular, and very charming, for a while at least. It is unlike anything else; but the want of walks would not suit me for very long.

Nothing can be kinder or more agreeable than our hosts.

*Sept. 19, 1881.*

CA' CAPELLO, SAN POLO, VENEZIA.

. . . I am much better to-day, but rather languid. I think my attack of illness came from the hot sun of yesterday, after dining the day before with the King, followed up by a crowded house at the opera. We have been very busy, now and then visiting a church, or a picture-gallery, or the Doge's Palace, with Layard for cicerone, to whose opinion everybody here defers. We had one delightful row to the Lido, where we got out, and walked where Byron used to ride. On Friday we showed the King and Queen over our portion of the Geographical Exhibition, and I had some talk with both. She is very lively and intelligent, with great sweetness of expression, and an immense favourite with all classes. We then went to the opening of the Horticultural Exhibition, which was a poor affair. In the evening I dined at the Palace. I sat between the Prefect of the Palace (Lord Chamberlain), who had served in the Crimean War, and was a very sensible fellow, and Count Souvaz, one of the King's aides de camp. I talked

a little to King and Queen. He is not clever, but honest and straightforward, and does his ceremonial and other duties very conscientiously. The dinner was very brilliant. The opera was a gala night, everybody in full dress, and the *compt d'œil* when the King and Queen came in was very fine. They were enthusiastically received. The John Balls are here, and the Henry Doyles. He is Dicky's brother, and she John Ball's sister.

Yesterday, after a morning at St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, we had gondola races, and a gorgeous procession of public and private boats of six, eight, and ten oars, many dressed in the old Venetian style very quaintly and richly. The scene was quite unique, and marvellously fine. The King and Queen in their gondola, escorted by hundreds of gaily-furnished boats, and all the best people of Venice.

FROM LADY ABERDARE TO HER SON WILLIAM.

Sept. 20, 1881.

MARINE HOTEL, SOUTHERNDOWN.

I got your delicious, long and amusing letter, also your father's, yesterday before coming here, and scribbled him a few lines, but must really give you a nice letter if I can, though naturally not so full of events as yours! What a delightful time you must have been having, and I hope are so still. We managed to get here with *great* speed and most satisfactorily, leaving Mountain Ash at 3.15, catching the 4.28 at Neath, where we saw Constance and Jessie for a few minutes—we had not many to spare—and getting to Bridgend at 5.5; so we had time to rush down and have a good sniff of the sea before dinner at seven. We are in the same hotel, and the same rooms, and with the same landlady as when I was here exactly

this time twenty-five years ago! Everything looks so exactly the same that the intervening years seem very much like a dream, though a dream peopled with a good many large realities, since Sarah was then a very puritanical-looking long-clothes babe, and Lina the most weird of mortals, who used to go trundling about on the sand till she fairly fell down with fatigue and giddiness. How well I remember, too, Harry's firm conviction that the waves were alive, and his distress lest his father should hurt them by throwing stones at them. Pray forgive my garrulity, but I feel as if I should see all the little ones coming in upon me, the impression is so strong. And the one who can never come, and who was the happiest of them all, though somewhat timid too.

Lily and Alice are in the seventh heaven of delight, and we have been out for a long ramble on the rocks, then to the side nearest the Ogmore, Jenkins with us. The girls paddled to their heart's content, and I sat and watched the waves; since then we have been to the reading-room, skimmed over the papers, saw, alas! that the poor President<sup>1</sup> is sinking—there can be no rally this time, I fear. Also, will you tell your father that Lord Bute has given £1,200 to the House of Mercy at Llandaff, which will please him, and that other subscriptions are coming in well?

The accounts from King's Weston of your dear Uncle Philip are decidedly cheering. . . . I was much edified by all the accounts of your doings on the mountains related by 'Papa.'

To HIS WIFE.

Sept. 21, 1881.

VENICE.

No letters to-day or yesterday, which we note for

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Garfield, President of the United States.

information, and by no means querulously, having a lively consciousness of the difficulty of writing at all times. I am much better, and indeed may pronounce myself quite well, except that I am obliged to be vigilant about diet. Weather still hot, but with pleasant sea breezes, especially at eventide. We are, as you imagine, very busy. I have not seen a quarter of the things desirable to be seen. The children have done more, and indeed quite as much as the body can endure, and the mind take in. We have had a delightful addition to our party in Signor Morelli, the first art connoisseur in Italy, and in all things a vigorous man, full of pleasantry and knowledge, and who has fought well for Italy. I have learned many things from him both as to the past and present. We went to a grand party last night at Prince Giovanelli's, the richest of the Venetian nobles. It is said he has £80,000 a year. His house was very fine and rich, and we met there most of the people whom we knew.

The Congress ends on Thursday the 22nd, and on Saturday the 24th we go to Ball's, where we shall spend three days, and then start homewards, via Brescia, Verona, and the Simplon. So your next address should be Poste Restante, Genève, Switzerland.

The poor President! We heard of his death yesterday. It is hard after so long a struggle. I shall write by this post to Lowell. I am going this afternoon to hear Massari describe his journey across Africa. You can well imagine how fortunate we have been in our cicerones, and in the opportunity of seeing Venetian life, and so many eminent persons. Yet I shall not be sorry to be once more among the mountains, and making my way homewards. We have a dinner-party to-night,

and then a grand serenade on barges, floating along the Grand Canal, and an evening-party. Prince de Teano is very affectionate, and everybody kind.

Sept. 24, 1881.

VENICE.

This is our last day at Venice; and by way of lessening our regret at leaving it, it is a decidedly wet day, favourable for packing, and other windings-up. We shall leave this to-morrow at 9 a.m., spend three hours at Padua, and then on to Cusinate, where Ball goes to-day. Our last two days have been delightful. On Wednesday we had in the evening what is called the 'Serenata': a band is towed along the canal on a gay platform; the houses are illuminated; hundreds, perhaps thousands, of gondolas, before and after the music; brilliant coloured lights are thrown upon the houses, bringing out the beautiful palaces in marvellous relief. Nothing can exceed the brilliancy and gaiety of the scene. The crowd lively but always good-humoured, and the gondolas threading the vast mass without the slightest shock in a truly wonderful manner. We were among the crowd enjoying this unique scene for about two hours. In the evening Lady Layard gave a party to which the *élite* of the Venetians and foreigners came. Next day (Thursday) the Congress closed. I made my little speech in moving a vote of thanks to Teano; we lunched at twelve, and at one we started in a small steam-launch and three gondolas for the Islands of Murano, Burano, and Torcello, where we visited (1) the coloured glass works, (2) the lace works, and (3) at Torcello, the oldest station on the Lagune of the Venetians, where the grand old church and baptistery are of the tenth century, and full of mosaic figures of

that age. We had several charming Venetian ladies with us, including the girls' very pretty and clever friend Teresa Marcello, Prince Teano, &c., &c. We got back about 7.30, after a delightful expedition in beautiful weather. The 'sirocco' is over, the weather much cooler, and I am much the better for it. We have a delightful Italian in the house, who keeps us all alive with his fun and knowledge. He is one of the ablest men I ever met, and we are all of us, girls included, great friends with him. His name is Morelli. We drink tea to-night with the Countess Mocenigo, the young and very beautiful widow of one of the greatest Venetian nobles; she was one of our party yesterday. It has been a great pleasure seeing so many leading Italian families, with whom the Layards are intimate. The Prince of Teano dined here yesterday, with the Marcello and Madame Mocenigo. Lina played, so did Teano, and we sang 'Jean Baptiste,' &c., and divers other diverting strains. We are busy packing. Our heavy goods will go back straight to London. I read your letter to Willie with moist eyes, thinking of the days that are no more.

*Sept. 26, 1881.*

CUSINATE.

I received your letter of the 23rd yesterday. It was so full of your enjoyment of Southerndown, its sands and rocks and waves, that it cheered us greatly. It found me stretched on the sofa of convalescence; the continual 'sirocco' had demoralized me. The weather here is bright and sunny, and the air light and crisp; and the change of climate is very refreshing. We had a very pleasant evening at Countess Mocenigo's on Friday, meeting there several friends—Sir Charles

Bowen, the Brownings, Serpa Pinto, &c. Next day we parted from our kind hosts with very great regret, for they were kindness itself, and had made our visit as pleasant and interesting as it was possible to be.

We travelled as far as Padua with our old friend Azeglio. Then spent 3½ hours visiting the principal sights, the most interesting of which was the Arena Chapel painted entirely by Giotto in 1306, and still full of grandeur and beauty.

We got here about 3.30, in the middle of a furious shower. It is an old-fashioned villa of considerable size, and not wanting in necessary comforts. Mrs. Ball is clever, well-informed, original, and very kind. John Ball (Giovanni Ballino, as I call him) is most effusively kind. He won't listen to our leaving before Friday the 30th, and as I think it would be more prudent to rest here in this fine, healthy air for a few days, I have consented. But this necessitates some change in our plans. We give up Brescia, Bergamo, and return home by the shortest route, i.e. via Lake of Como, the Splügen, Zurich and Basle. . . .

FROM HIS WIFE.

Sept. 26, 1881.

MARINE HOTEL, SOUTHERNDOWN.

. . . The weather has been most kind, only one wet day the whole time. Yesterday we had a charming time on the rocks, the tide rolling in with a fresh breeze, causing the rollers from the Atlantic to be grand. The party from Merthyr Mawr<sup>1</sup> and the Bookers from Sea Lawn all met on the Black rocks, and we were a very merry party. We are presently going down there again for a last meeting and bathe.

<sup>1</sup> The John Nichols'.

I have been living in the past with all its sadness and sweetness, and have gone down into the very depths of the old life in a way one does not often do in the rush and hurry of the world as it presses round us through the glare and heat of middle life. And the great feeling I have brought up from thence is an inexpressible thankfulness for all the great and many mercies which have been granted to us; the many shoals through which we have been steered, the blessings which have been showered upon us, the many trials which *might* have been, and from which we have been spared. True, the space has been marked off by many wide and deep chasms which can never be filled up. In many places the old landmarks have been quite swept away, so entirely have the faces changed around us. Yet how many links still remain. And surely on the ladder from earth to heaven, the faces of the angels are not of strangers, but familiar loving ones who look fondly and beckon us to come to them.

The sea always says much to me, and it has been surging a great deal, even more than usual, this time.

Your letters are most entrancing. What a delightful tour you are having, what a world of interest you will bring away with you! We feel as if Lina and Sarah would be like quite new people, to be made fresh acquaintance with, after all the new life they have been living. We shall regard them with awe, but hope they will be affable. It seems a long time to the 10th, but it will be a great pity to shorten your trip. Your programme is delightful. . . .

Your French speech is noted in the English papers as being a *great success*.

TO HIS WIFE.

Sept. 29, 1881.

CUSINATE, BASSANO.

We have had three most delightful days here, and spent them in pleasant trips to places on the fringe of the high mountains, all full of the best and most characteristic Italian beauty. The first was to Romano, where 'stood the far-famed hold' of Eccelino di Romano, tyrant of Padua, one of the ablest and cruellest of the Italian despots. Here Sordello, sung by Dante and Browning, spent many a day, for these horrid villains liked to surround themselves with the most gifted men in art and literature, and were generous to them. Next day was still more delightfully spent at Asolo, where Caterina Cornaro, the Venetian Queen of Cyprus, kept court some three centuries later, and where Cardinal Bembo wrote his once famous *Letteere Asolane* on love and its refinements. Such were the cardinals of those days! Here, too, Browning laid the scene of 'Pippa passes.' He often goes there, and no wonder; for it is difficult to conceive a spot of richer or more varied beauty. It is a little town of 3,500 souls, with its old castle, palace, churches and villas, crowning a steep little hill, the sides of which are a wondrous maze of chestnut woods, acacias, vineyards and olive gardens. Behind it, close at hand, tower the Rhetian Alps; before it is an immense plain, with innumerable towns and villages, among which can be seen Venice, Treviso, Padua, Vicenza, and many others of less note, the Euganean hills rising out of the plain as the Malvern hills do out of Worcestershire. The drive there and back, about twenty-five miles, was lovely. On this day Ball's brother and sister-in-law, the Agostinellis, with son and daughter, dined with us, people of old family and good property,

eminently Italian, the mother being the flower of the flock, but all most good-natured and obliging. Culture, however, is at a low ebb among these rural magnates, and the lack of physical energy is very striking.

Yesterday we took a lovely drive into the valley of the Brenta, a beautiful mountain river, as large as the Spey and as blue and clear as the Italian sky. Here we spent the day at a charming country-house of the Agostinellis, and visited some beautiful caverns, full of stalactites, through which flows a good-sized river, issuing out under a rock 1,500 feet high. It is very like Petrarch's river of the Sorgues at Vaucluse, which flows full-grown from under a similar rock. We had a pleasant lunch, and then, to the astonishment of the lazy Bassanese, who cannot understand how any one can walk for pleasure, we four and Albert Ball took a good climb up the mountain, breathed some delicious air, and got some glorious views. This entirely set us up; and we walked as briskly as we had done in the Dolomites. We followed the rest of the party to Bassano, and then went home by ourselves, Willie flinging all the intervening villages into an ecstasy of astonishment by running before our carriage the whole of the five miles, although the coachman, who seemed to think the rivalry of a biped a reflection on his horses, urged them to unusual speed. Ball says that our walk and Willie's run will confirm the natives in the opinion that all the English are more or less 'matti' (cracked), and that our feats will afford subjects of conversation for years to come. He says that the only chance of upholding Willie's sanity will be to affirm that he ran for a wager.

It is so pleasant to read of your Southerndown doings,

of your enjoyment of it, and your activity. It is so fortunate that your weather has been so fine. Good-bye! It seems almost incredible that by this day week we shall be in London.

*Oct. 1, 1881.*

VERONA.

We left Cusinate yesterday morning after a very pleasant visit, which gave us an insight into ordinary Italian life, such as we could hardly have got elsewhere. It was not very attractive to English folk, and doubtless the Italians would return the compliment. I am sure the Balls were very sorry to part with us. Mrs. Ball was evidently much taken by both the girls, and the maid who waited on them fairly wept when they left.

*Oct. 14, 1881.*

DUFFRYN.

I am writing in the midst of a furious gale from the west. No real damage has been done. The chimneys and roof have hitherto been quite firm, only our old friend the bear, who used to carry the vane over our bedroom, was swept away last night, but fell on the grass without apparently touching the roof. . . . We had a very good journey yesterday; the machinery for raising luggage was not quite completed at the Passage, but will, I think, be so by the time you cross. Rain began to fall at Cardiff, and fell heavier as we approached home. To my dismay I found that Willie had started afoot, with Lily and Pamela on Gruffy and Pippin, to ride to the foot of the Beacons, and then climb them. They started at 10.15, two hours too late for so long an expedition, and got home at 7.45, tolerably drenched. The weather had changed as they were climbing the Beacons. They, however, persisted, and got to the top,

but saw nothing. They came back looking moist and rosy, and not over-tired, though Willie must have walked thirty-five miles.

*Oct. 15, 1881.*

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

No further misadventure from the wind, although for some hours its violence seemed to increase. The larch weathered the storm, but it is rotting, and I have reluctantly sentenced it to destruction.

I parted with Willie with a pang, for with him went the autumn holiday of 1881, and winter and work seem setting in again. . . . Your letters from Bergamo came to-day, including a very beautiful and touching one from Southerndown. How strange the near past appears, gradually mingling with the distant past, and becoming undecipherable. 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' said Burke, and it is true of most we do. . . .

*Oct. 17, 1881.*

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

Lily, Pamela, and I got a good mountain walk on Gelliddu on Saturday, and yesterday Miss Graf, Pamela, and Alice walked with me over the Abercwmboi mountain. The contrast between the absolute stillness of the air on Sunday and the preceding gales was very striking. This morning has been foggy, but is clearing, and as yet there is no sign of the rain which the weather forecast promises.

The royal party get out at Pyle, taking afternoon tea at Margam at 3.30. I venture to prophesy that they will not reach Swansea at the hour fixed, viz. 5.30. Had I gone to the ball, I find that I should have required my uniform. They go to no ball to-night.

I see that the Government is striking hard in Ireland, and has imprisoned at least three additional M.P.'s. They are quite right to strike high, and strike hard, while they are about it. It is the only chance of producing any effect. But no one can venture to prophesy what may happen in Ireland. The Land League cannot be proceeded against, and declared illegal, I think, without an Act of Parliament, and the refusal to pay rents until the prisoners are released will involve very serious, if not insurmountable difficulties. However, the question had to be grappled with, and the sooner the better, when once the action of the League against the Land Act was clear, as it is now. I am so sorry to hear of Napier's<sup>1</sup> bronchitis ; I hope that it is not going to be a bad and long attack.

Oct. 24, 1881.

DUFFRYN, ABERDARE.

I enclose a small budget of letters, &c. C. Wilkins's will amuse you. He is about to start a Welsh magazine, and wishes to announce me as a contributor, which I decline. He also angles—not skilfully, as he shows his bait too openly—for Willie, and for the girls, who suggest that you should contribute to it your tale of *Abbey Lands*, &c., which they assure me is admirable, far exceeding Miss Yonge's. Lay the scene in Glamorganshire, or in some Welsh county, call the personages Merediths, Llewelyns, Gwyns, &c.; give a few dashes of *couleur locale*, and the tale would have a *succès fou*.

I enclose another from Clara Thomas. I have told her that I cannot go between the 5th and 11th, but that if she is minded to receive me on the 17th, I could go to Llwyn Madoc from Penllergaer. I should like to revisit

<sup>1</sup> Napier Miles.

those valleys and hill-sides while I am still able to clamber.

But altogether I foresee that November will be a very locomotive month for me. . . .

FROM LORD GRANVILLE.

Oct. 29, 1881.

WALMER CASTLE, DEAL.

MY DEAR ABERDARE,

I have been on my back ever since the luncheon given to Gladstone in the city. It is my excuse for not having answered your excellent and interesting letter.

There is only one matter on which I differ from you. I do not see why you should not send a report. It is believed in England that we cut out everybody at Venice. The truth ought to be known. It is a question whether either Government or private associations should be called upon to supply sufficient funds for these numerous exhibitions, but the public ought not to be left in ignorance of the real state of the case.

What is the reason that private enterprise does so little here for map-making, compared with the trade of other countries?

To HIS WIFE.

Nov. 11, 1881.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . I shall try to be off by an early train to-morrow. I could not get away to-day, as I must take copious notes from various books, reviews, and reports, in order to collect materials for my report to Lord Granville.

I am just returned from the Home Office, where we had a very satisfactory report, at which Lord Rosebery and Lushington were present. We got all we wanted,

and the lower and thinner veins are safe for the present.

Feb. 7, 1882.

I, QUEEN'S GATE.

... I got to my dinner in good time, and found my old colleagues very cordial. I sat between Kimberley and Sudeley. The Queen's Speech has a paragraph about Welsh Education, which will gratify the Cymri. I afterwards went to Gladstone's, and met heaps of friends. I thought Gladstone, Bright and Forster looking sensibly older, although all very cheery. You will read in to-day's *Times* an attempt to injure Forster by means of an explosive letter. While I was talking to Forster I saw a middle-aged, stout, clever-looking woman eyeing me as if she knew me, so I bowed. When I moved on she spoke to me with a foreign accent, and asked me whether I remembered meeting a Madame de Golovine at Rome. I did perfectly. She and her husband often dined with the Michel Galitzins, with whom I dined regularly twice a week. This was in 1844-5. 'Well,' she said, 'she is now in London to consult an oculist about her son, and has a daughter with her, and she doubted whether you would remember her, and would much like to see you.' Of course I said I would call. Then came Bylandt, the Netherlands Minister, with a similar message. I heard from him that my old chum at Rome, Prince Vladimir Bariatinski, who brought over the Duchess of Edinburgh, was dead. He introduced me to the Galitzins. Madame Golovine was a bright, pretty woman, 'so she tells me,' said my lady questioner, whom I soon discovered to be Madame de Novikoff, who writes under the name of O. K., and who is sometimes, very foolishly, called 'the Russian Spy.'

because she fights her country's battles in society and in the Press. She asked me to call upon her.

I had also some talk with Lowell, who meets us at Tortworth. The other guests are Fred. Leveson-Gower, the Tom Hughes's, Froude and daughter, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, and some others, whom Lord Ducie mentioned to me, but whom I forget. Lord Selborne looks very much better than at the end of the session.

*Feb. 8, 1882.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

. . . I met at the Athenæum lots of friends and acquaintances—Cardinal Manning, Layard, Rawlinson, &c.—with whom I had talks; went to Westminster and heard part of Bradlaugh's speech<sup>1</sup>—vigorous, but loud and declamatory. You will see that his admission was rejected by fifty-eight votes. Then to the Lords. Lord Fingall spoke sensibly, but ineffectively; Lord Wenlock (Lawley) a very good maiden speech, full of promise, Lord Salisbury was slashing, as usual, and very unfair, as usual. I have heard Lord Granville in better form. The Duke of Somerset bitter and narrow, as usual. I fled from Lord Waterford, and went home to dinner, where Willie came, but not H. Whately, as I had hoped. We dined sumptuously, much to Sophy's credit. . . . I attend a Geographical Committee at three, and then shall call on Madame de Golovine, and shall see and enable her to see the effects of thirty-eight years on the human countenance.

<sup>1</sup> Parliament was much occupied with the question of Mr. Bradlaugh's admission. He was finally admitted by the Speaker, Mr. Peel, in January, 1886.

*Feb. 9, 1882.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

After attending an interesting Committee of the Geographical Society on the means of improving the scientific education of the mercantile marine officers, so as to enable them to contribute to accurate geographical research, I called upon my old Russian friend Madame de Golovine. When I left her in Italy, I had thought her a pretty, pleasant, lively little person, without much ballast. She had a husband who spoiled her, and let her do nothing for herself. He died twenty years ago, leaving her the sole charge of three sons and a daughter, and she seems to have developed a real practical genius for business, and to have devoted herself to the children and their interests. The eldest son, who is the invalid, and about forty years old, was the best man of his year at the University, and then entered public life, and was making rapid way, when he was stricken with some disease she did not particularize, and she is here, after trying Paris in vain, to see a Swedish doctor, a specialist, with whom he seems to be going through a course of gymnastics of some sort. Her daughter also is here, but I saw neither son nor daughter. She speaks no English, but says that both her children speak it fluently. It was very interesting to go over those old days. She recalled to me many expeditions which had entirely escaped my memory, or lain mysteriously *perdu* there. I promised that Willie and the girls should call upon her. She seemed mainly anxious for some society for them. . . .

*Feb. 11, 1882.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . We had a very good meeting of the Teachers' College yesterday. I was in the chair. Goldwin Smith

and Huxley spoke very well. The College is doing excellent work in training teachers for the Higher Schools. Dined at home. H. Whately there—pleasant little party.

I have an 'awfully' busy day. Ten o'clock, breakfast at Grillion's. Twelve, meet Lewis Morris and committee about a memorial to Sir Hugh Owen. I am to take chair at meeting. 1.30, to Home Office to discuss Royal Commission<sup>1</sup> with Harcourt. 2.15, University Extension meeting in Albemarle Street. Afterwards to join Lina at Albert Hall, and then take her to call on Madame Golovine. The day is lovely. I sat at Grillion's by Lord Derby, Sherbrooke, and Sydney, and had much pleasant talk.

Your speculations on another world, your convictions on religious questions, are to me always most interesting, and I deeply rejoice to see how fixed and how consolatory they are to you. Nothing would give me greater happiness than to think that you had conveyed them to our children, so as to make them, as they are with you, part of their lives. I don't think that my mental constitution will admit of my assimilating them. I hope and trust that the 'good God, who made and loveth all,' will shape my future destiny so as to restore to me in another world the society of the dear ones we have lost in this. But His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as ours, and I can feel no confidence that my cherished schemes for a future life will be such as His will destines for me.

*Feb. 22, 1882.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

The 'Girls' School' meeting went off very well, though it lasted two hours, there being much animated

<sup>1</sup> On Reformatory and Industrial Schools.

discussion on several points—Lady Stanley, Lady Arthur Russell, Mrs. H. Grenfell, Stone and Roundell being the chief persons present.

My dinner at Madame Golovine's was pleasant. Count de Bylandt and Prince Dolgorouki, an attaché to the Russian Embassy, the guests. Madame Golovine's son, the invalid, very clever and well informed. I had a very interesting conversation with Cardinal Manning yesterday. À propos to Ireland, he spoke of the deep alienation felt towards Roman Catholics. He says that he became one at forty-two—thirty years ago; that he was immediately made to feel that he was ostracized, and that nothing but a determined effort on his part to keep up friendly relations with Protestants prevented his being practically excluded from their society. I could not say that the feeling was stronger against him as he had been a clergyman. He often comes to me, and talks over affairs in a very friendly manner, and with a just sense of the difficulties of the times.

I don't feel quite sure of Gladstone's move<sup>1</sup>. But the provocation was great, and the Lords deserved a severe lesson.

Farmer<sup>2</sup> dines with us to-day, and Pat too, I am happy to say. We had a delightful play at the Colliers' last night. I laughed till I cried, and Norah's voice rang clear above every one's. The acting was excellent.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Donoughmore had carried a motion in the House of Lords for inquiry into the working of the Irish Land Act of 1881. Mr. Gladstone gave notice, February 22, of a motion, that such inquiry would defeat the operation of the Act—a direct criticism of the action of the Lords.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. John Farmer, organist at Harrow, and afterwards at Balliol.

## FROM HIS WIFE.

*Feb. 26, 1882.*

DUFFRYN.

I am deep in Caroline Fox<sup>1</sup>. It is very pleasant reading, and I am now beginning to get into the spirit of it. At first I was too much imbued with Thirlwall<sup>2</sup> quite to get hold of it. It seemed too much like turning to a beautiful kaleidoscope after looking through a grand telescope. Now I am getting deeper into it. What a vivid picture of Carlyle, and the view of J. S. Mill is most interesting, quite a new one to me. And it seems difficult to understand how he sank again into absolute unbelief after he had gained such a standpoint as he had in that letter to Barclay Fox. I suppose it was his wife's influence, but it is strange. The episode of Henry Mill's illness and death is very touching and beautiful. No time for more.

## TO HIS WIFE.

*March 1, 1882.*

ALTRINCHAM, MANCHESTER.

Here I am at Dr. Roberts's country place, about eight miles from Manchester, where I arrived last night at 7.30; came out here by train, and dined at 8.30, Professor Roscoe<sup>3</sup> joining us.

I go to Manchester at twelve o'clock, visit Owens College and some other objects of interest, and then rest at the doctor's town house. We dine at six. Heaven knows when we shall finish. I propose the memory of St. David, and am expected to be at once learned and

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Old Friends, from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox*, 1882.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters of Bishop Thirlwall*, published 1881.

<sup>3</sup> Professor of Chemistry at Owens College; now Sir Henry Roscoe.

facetious on the subject, and afterwards return thanks on behalf of the University College of Wales. I lunch with the mayor, if he has returned from London. I leave to-morrow at 11.10, and shall be in London by four o'clock.

The Musical Meeting<sup>1</sup>. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh read their speeches, which was a blessing. Both were very good. The Archbishop and Gladstone spoke excellently. The meeting was wonderfully representative. I sat between Farmer and Layard, and very near Jowett and Dr. Butler.

*March 3, 1882.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I was so engaged before leaving Manchester yesterday that I could not find time to write to you. I spent the day on Wednesday in going over Owens College—a noble building—with its Principal, Greenwood, and then visiting some ‘advanced’ elementary schools, with which I was greatly delighted. I shall have much to tell you about these bright, vigorous Lancashire children, who throw themselves into their work with surprising energy, and with corresponding success. We dined at 6.30. About 100 guests, eighty of whom were Welsh, full of friendly enthusiasm, delighted with my visit, and receiving my speeches with great warmth. I had intended sending you a local paper, but I left it at Queen’s Gate: you shall have it to-morrow. It gives about half of what I said. My host is quite the leading physician in Manchester, and was most kind and hospitable. Yesterday morning I went over the new Town

<sup>1</sup> A meeting at St. James’s Palace in support of the Royal College of Music.

Hall, far the finest in England. It was built by Waterhouse, and cost £1,000,000! It houses, however, all the departments, police, gas, water, public health, finance, &c., besides the mayor and corporation. Altogether I was greatly pleased with my visit.

*March 13, 1882.*

Your two letters were very acceptable. First, as giving quite as good an account of yourself as I could reasonably expect. Second, because of their contents, so full of interesting matter.

I have just got for you the third volume of Brown's *Horae Subsecivae*, with some delightful papers; one on Leech, contains an extract from Thackeray contrasting the purity and manliness of Leech's drawings with the habitual immorality of his French rivals, admirably written. I excused myself from dining with the Lord Mayor on Saturday, and took the girls at 9.30 to Tennyson's. We found Gladstone already there; he had been at the Tunnel, and I had some talk with him about it. He ridicules the apprehended dangers. We met lots of friends, among them the two younger Miss Brodricks, and Rollo and Agatha Russell, the Ralph Leyesters, Joachim, with whom I had some talk and who played divinely, &c., &c. I also made Miss Swanwick's acquaintance. She spoke enthusiastically of Willie. Lady Simeon was there, with a very charming daughter.

*April 22, 1882.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I found Norah blooming and most cheerful. We had a quiet, cheery evening together, arranging books, not without music. I am just come here from my breakfast

at Lord Arthur Russell's; our party was rather small, but very lively—Pollock, Erskine May, Henry Cowper, with our two new members, George Trevelyan and Carlingford, who are very acceptable acquaintances. The day is very wet and rather chilly, such a contrast to the last two. I enclose Grant Duff's<sup>1</sup> cheery letter, the letter of a man who likes his work, and feels that he is doing it well. The Duke of Buckingham is responsible for the bad feeling between Madras and Calcutta, which if Adam<sup>2</sup> had lived, would soon have been terminated. . . .

*April 24, 1882.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

I am in a tempest of hurry this morning, having had Mr. Bourne, secretary to the British and Foreign School Society, here for *two* hours, discussing proceedings and my speech to-morrow; and to-day is an unusually busy one at the Geographical Society—council meeting, dinner, and evening meeting, which the Duke of Edinburgh attends, as the reader of the paper is a Russian. Yesterday we called on Mrs. Beckett, and sat for an hour with her and Harry and Constance. . . . I have been invited as President of the Geographical Society to attend Darwin's funeral at Westminster Abbey, which I shall do. . . .

*May 14, 1882.*

COWLEY GRANGE.

I travelled to Oxford pleasantly with the Jerseys and Cotes. Did you read Saturday's *Times*? There is a beautiful passage from a letter of Lady F. Cavendish

<sup>1</sup> Governor of Madras.

<sup>2</sup> Sir W. Adam, Liberal Whip; afterwards Governor of Madras.

to Lord Spencer, which he quoted in a speech to the Corporation of Dublin, and a very interesting and manly speech of Forster's to his constituents at Bradford, full of warm admiration for Gladstone. I found chicks looking very well, and in great beauty. The twins and Bernard have especially gained, while the others have not fallen off. The Somerville Hall meeting was a very good one, and the report very cheering. G. S. Lefevre spoke; in fact he and I did the principal speaking. We then adjourned in large numbers to Somerville Hall itself, where Miss Lefevre gave us a sumptuous tea. We met numbers of leading Oxonians there, and all the Somervillians, among them Richenda Buxton. The additions are done in excellent taste, and will be ready for use next October. Then we went in force, including the five elder children and Miss Brodie, to the boat races, and saw Corpus bump New, and Exeter bump Hertford. Magdalen leads now, but is in much terror of Exeter.

*May 28, 1882.*

HOLMBURY<sup>1</sup>, DORKING.

This is a most lovely place. How I wish you were here, enjoying the terrace with its view over twenty miles of rolling wooded plains, its background of hills and woods, and the incessant song of larks and thrushes! It is truly delectious. We found here Lord and Lady Granville and their three elder children, and George Leveson-Gower. We had a very pleasant dinner and evening. F. L.-G. is devoted to music, and Norah played him piece after piece to his great enjoyment. Lord Granville is also fond of music. He is much

<sup>1</sup> The house of the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower.

engrossed with Egyptian affairs<sup>1</sup>, which are very anxious, although hitherto all has gone well. But it is impossible, dealing with such materials, to feel safe, and the French Government has been very slippery and troublesome. He, Lord Granville, drove off early this morning to see Gladstone, who is staying at Lord Rosebery's, sixteen miles off. We expect him back to dinner.

We are just returned from church, a beautiful new one, built by Street, in memory of his wife. He had a house near here. Close on either side of Holmbury are the houses of Wells and Bowman, both beautifully situated. Lord and Lady Arthur Russell came to afternoon tea, with the Malets. I wish I could settle you here for a fortnight. It is so soothing and resting. Norah seems very happy. Both Lady Marian and Lord Granville are very kind to her.

*July 30, 1882.*

ST. CLARE, RYDE.

. . . I am enjoying myself here immensely. I found here on my arrival the Walsinghams just going, and crack matches of lawn tennis going on. Yesterday morning I witnessed the bathing, and heard Janet's pathetic appeal to Annie to come in and rescue her from her father, who was carrying her out to sea. In the afternoon Rachel and I drove to the foot of Ashey Down, a high breezy ridge about four miles off, in the centre of the island, then sent the carriage away, climbed the hill, and sat there at different points for about an hour ; then walked home, Rachel not feeling

<sup>1</sup> This was the beginning of the disturbances which led to the bombardment of Alexandria (July 11), and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir (Sept. 12-13).

the walk any more than I did, but both of us enjoying it immensely.

The chicks are delightful. There has been a new series of photographs, which you will appreciate. How I wish I could transport you here! Its cheerful quiet and beauty, and flowers, would be the very best medicine for you. I shall be with you about three o'clock, if not earlier.

*Oct. 4, 1882.*

TULCHAN.

. . . I do not wonder at the impression made upon you by Carlyle's *Life*<sup>1</sup>. Somehow his harsh and unjust references to others do not affect one's estimate of him as they would of another man. I see no reason why you should not read the *Reminiscences*. They are still more tragic, and mostly written when his mind was quite unhinged, and his excited sensibilities bring into even stronger relief than the *Life* the defects of his nature. But I don't think that they will alter your general estimate of his character.

I am glad that Pam and Napier spent their first sad anniversary of poor Philip's loss with the Walkers. He was all you say of him, one of the most genuine men I have ever known, and one of the truest-hearted. . . .

*Oct. 15, 1882.*

BALMORAL HOTEL, EDINBURGH.

. . . We<sup>2</sup> visited five institutions yesterday, and were greatly pleased with them. The intelligence, gentleness, and sweetness of some of the female superintendents were very striking. They said they had no difficulty in

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life of Carlyle* appeared in 1882.

<sup>2</sup> The Commission on Reformatory and Industrial Schools.

winning the children's hearts, and it was obvious from the manner in which they were smiled at by the girls that they spoke truly. Alas! these girls, the very scum of all that is lowest and most vicious in Edinburgh and Leith, read with an expression which would have put Mrs. Hodges'<sup>1</sup> girls to shame. Certainly the teaching in Scotland is more intelligent and effective than elsewhere. The male superintendents are mostly, I think, inferior to the women, but we have met a few splendid exceptions, men of force and firmness yet full of sympathy and love. We begin our examination of witnesses to-morrow. Alas! this day, to which I had looked forward for a breezy walk on Salisbury Crags, is the wettest we have yet had, and seems hopeless. I am vigorously sweeping away arrears of correspondence.

*Oct. 18, 1882.*

EDINBURGH.

We all went to the Theatre this evening to see Booth in *Richelieu*. It is a tawdry play, full of melodramatic scenes, and was fairly acted. On my return I found your letter. . . . We have had a long day of examination of witnesses, some interesting ones, and I got before breakfast a short but delightful walk on Calton Hill, with *such* a view over this beautiful town, and over the Forth and into the German Ocean. I really think that it beats all the cities I have ever seen, even in Italy.

We hope to escape to-morrow at five p.m. Lord Rosebery has asked me to Dalmeny Park, but of course it is out of the question. I am very well, but shall be glad when this bustling work is over.

*Oct. 18, 1882 (a sad anniversary).*

GLASGOW.

We arrived here at 6.30, after a very interesting day

<sup>1</sup> The schoolmistress at Mountain Ash.

at Edinburgh. At nine o'clock we visited a middle-class girls' school for 1,400 children, which when Home Secretary I was instrumental in founding, i.e. I authorized the application of endowments, educating and maintaining 440 children, in such a way that they now maintain 5,400 boys and girls, giving them an admirable education. You never saw together such rooms full of bright, intelligent, often beautiful children, full of eagerness and sprightliness. They have native French and German masters, teach music, and give a solid instruction in all the usual subjects for £3 a year. It is no wonder that though primarily intended for tradesmen's daughters, it is largely frequented by those of officers, advocates, clergy, &c. Then I visited one of the boys' schools, equally good.

[Lord Aberdare had been staying with Lord Stair at Lochinch, Castle Kennedy, Wigtonshire.]

*Oct. 25, 1882.*

ATHENÆUM.

I like Lord Stair very much. He is so pleasant, sensible, and unaffected, puts everybody at their ease, and his sister Lady Elizabeth has many points in common. His only grave fault is that he makes too much of his daughters, walking about with them with their hands in his, often with his arm round their waists, and of an evening seems to enjoy their company and conversation; all of which is very weak and deplorable. Miss Gertrude Liddell rules her father, who is on sanitary régime, with a rod of iron, therein closely resembling Sally.

By-the-by, both on Monday and Tuesday morning I saw the comet beautifully, between four and five a.m. It closely resembled the instrument of punishment

familiar to the youth of my generation. I found Harry looking pale and pulled down. . . . The C. B.<sup>1</sup> is again prodigiously grown, with overhanging eyebrows like mine and Lord Lyndhurst's. If he goes on at his present rate, he will at twelve overtop his father. . . .

*Nov. 19, 1882.*

LLWYN MADOC.

. . . I cannot tell you how vividly this place brings Henry Thomas before me. I seem to see him, and hear him talking, and all our old walks and chats come back to me as I walk along the hill-sides and have the country before me. He would, if alive now, have been seventy-three years old. The farmer who, in those old days, acted as a sort of keeper, came out with us yesterday. He is seventy-six, and a hale man. Charles Thomas is only sixty-five years old. Were two brothers ever so different from each other, both having so much to like and admire?

*Nov. 22, 1882.*

LLWYN MADOC.

. . . Lewis Morris's letter very clever, but I look upon his scheme as impracticable. One principal, two sets of professors, or nearly so, and the Government grant divided between the colleges. It is doomed to certain failure. On Tuesday at 11.30, a certain number of Welshmen meet at Queen's Gate in order to determine 'what next?' In my opinion the only immediate subject is the choice of sites for two colleges. The other points mentioned by Marchant Williams are under Government consideration.

Lily, Lilian Lee, and I had a delightful ride up the Yrfon, which was full of wild grandeur—grey rocks, red

<sup>1</sup> 'Chief Baron,' a name for his grandson, H. L. Bruce.

fern, brooks flashing in countless waterfalls down 600 or 700 feet of mountain-side, the river below one succession of fine rapids, or collecting in pools of transparent water. All these things make the Upper Yrfon an ideal Welsh valley. We must have ridden sixteen miles by the time we got home. . . .

[The next two letters refer to a visit to Ireland for the Reformatory and Industrial Schools' Commission.]

*Jan. 30, 1883.*

DUBLIN.

Your letters have all duly reached me, and I have succeeded in tackling the enclosures. We had a very enjoyable day yesterday. It was sunny and fine till three o'clock. We began by visiting Ardtane Industrial School, with 700 children : I wish you could have seen it. It is entirely managed by a brotherhood, the head of whom, Father Hoope, was originally a Quaker ; and the work they do, and the influence they gain over the children, are wonderful. They taught a vast variety of industries, and all of them admirably. What specially interested me was the musical education, which is carried much further than in any school I ever visited. They have a band of stringed and other instruments, which played a symphony of Mozart and another of Beethoven admirably. The singing was delightful. One boy, who accompanied himself on the piano, had the finest boy's voice I ever heard, and the choruses were entirely free from the harshness so common in boys' singing. These musical boys are drafted into regimental bands, of which several of them have become masters. The boy who sang so beautifully is to be sent to the Royal Academy of Music. The kindness, geniality, and practical spirit

of these brethren were delightful. Thence we went to a Reformatory School and Penitentiary, kept by Sisters of Charity, rather an aristocratic sisterhood. In five minutes we were all chatting, laughing, joking together, almost flirting with the holy sisters. The mother was especially lively. But they did their work thoroughly and admirably. The most hardened spirits yield rapidly to their gentle and loving ways. They know so well how to take the poor erring creatures.

We got home about five o'clock. Soon after Mr. Gibson called on us, and invited me and Hicks-Beach to dinner.

Among the guests were D. Plunket, always charming; and Lady Athlumney, whom I had not met for very many years, but remembered at once. We had a dinner-party of about twenty, and an evening party of fifty more—nice-looking people—and some very fair singing.

To-day, alas! we dine with the Lord Mayor—a great ass, and a mischievous one, but we dine with the office-holder, not with the man.

The raid upon the assassins seems going on prosperously.

. . . I have been all day from 10.30 to 6 p.m. visiting institutions, some most interesting ones, and at seven we dine with the Lord Mayor. So I must finish.

*Feb. 8, 1883.*

CORK.

Breakfast, packing, bill-paying, &c., being over, and 'bus not arrived, I sit down to write a few lines from Cork. I am greatly in hopes that my next may be from Holyhead, for the wind has fallen, and the day promises

well, and it would be a tempting of Providence in this 'roaring moon' not to seize the opportunity of pushing across the Channel to-night, if the weather continues fine. I shall have Hicks-Beach for a companion. We have had a very pleasant and instructive tour, and a very amusing one too, for whatever changes for the worse may have overtaken the Irish character, they are still a lively, humorous people, and among the better ones there is a great charm of manner. But this especially and chiefly applies to my beloved nuns, who are sweet and taking beyond description. I did so wish for you yesterday when I was visiting the Good Shepherd Sisters. I went with Dalhousie yesterday morning to see the Protestant cathedral, a very fine church by Burgess, which cost over £100,000. Here, as at Dublin, the great work of church building and restoration has been done by brewers and distillers—almost the only trades, except the linen, which seem to flourish. Dalhousie<sup>1</sup> told me that each day when he went with Trevelyan<sup>2</sup> to the Castle, they each carried a loaded revolver, and whenever he drove in Trevelyan's carriage, he was armed in like manner. But they seem really to be getting to the bottom of the assassination society, and I hope that those who are not hanged will leave Ireland. I see there is a fresh 'approver' to-day about some murder, and this, once begun, will go on. I have been very well during my whole visit.

<sup>1</sup> The eighteenth Earl of Dalhousie, then on a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of Ireland. He died in 1887 at the age of forty.

<sup>2</sup> Now Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart., then Secretary for Ireland.

FROM LORD GRANVILLE.

(Private and personal.)

April 10, 1882.

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.

MY DEAR ABERDARE,

On parting this afternoon, I said a few words to my wife about you, which would explain why I write you this note, which I should be afraid of sending to most men in your position, lest they should think it an affront.

I have a post to fill which is nil in rank and dignity, although it is of greater public importance and available for doing more good than any I am likely to have to dispose of. Malet<sup>1</sup> wishes for a change, he deserves it, and our representative in Egypt should not be a mere diplomatist. Disguise it as we like, for some time he will be Prime Minister at a critical time.

Under ordinary circumstances, it would be easy to create a special and prominent rank for the person selected. But Turkey, France, and Europe, not to mention a certain amount of public opinion at home, make it desirable that the post should be nominally that held by Malet. It is a hundred to one that you would not consent to undertake this work, in which case nobody but you and I need know that there has been any question of it.

If by any chance you agreed, Carlton House Terrace would not be big enough to hold

Yours sincerely,

GRANVILLE.

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. B. Malet. Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, was appointed Agent and Consul-General in Egypt in 1883.

To HIS WIFE.

July 22, 1883.

TISBURY.

Bryce's proposition<sup>1</sup> and your insidious support of it have quite taken away my breath, and power of decision. I see many things in favour of it, and four weighty ones against it: (1) Sea-voyages and—nausea; (2) Land-journeys and—indigestion; (3) Public dinners and speeches and—nausea; (4) Sixty-eight years and—consequences! I don't know how I could stand these accumulated and inevitable concomitants of the journey, so I have asked time to deliberate, and I really think that I must call in Tayloe to the consultation.

We have had a delightful little trip, although it began in rain. We saw some of Salisbury Cathedral, which has been beautifully restored, and attended morning service. We got here by twelve, and to Fonthill<sup>2</sup>, two miles off, by one o'clock. We lunched there. Buff in great force and high health. I liked all the people much, and there is a charming married daughter, Mrs. Turner, who presides. Mr. Radcliffe spoke highly of Buff's abilities and character, and thinks he will win a scholarship for any public school. As to his cricket, he spoke enthusiastically. He is the best player of his age they have ever had. An experienced cricketer lately pronounced him the best he had ever seen of his age. And it was really astonishing to see with what strength he hit, and with what style he played. He is never ill, and the ladies gave him an excellent character for manners and conduct. After his innings was over, he took us over the beautiful grounds of Fonthill—that is, over a small

<sup>1</sup> Of a visit to America.

<sup>2</sup> Bruce Richmond was at Mr. Radcliffe's school at Fonthill.

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part of them, for there are miles of walks through glorious woods, and lovely scenery of all sorts. . . .

Aug. 21, 1883.

LAMPETER VELFREY<sup>1</sup>.

You will see the result of my visit to Cardiff in *The Western Mail*, which gives my note on my impressions after visiting the sites. I say nothing, however, about the permanent site. The Corporation is behaving imperiously and foolishly in a matter on which they know very little. I see that the Dean came down very heavily upon them. I shall be curious to see how Mr. Duncan takes it in *The South Wales Daily News*. His son, the actual editor, agrees with me. Mr. Viriamu Jones, the principal, will come to us on Saturday. I met Isabel at Neath, the two Harrys, Constance and Norah, accompanying her. We had a prosperous journey. Will met us at Whitland with a very comfortable wagonette and pair of serviceable nags—a three miles' drive, with one very long hill. We found Jessie looking remarkably well. This place is singularly placed in steep rolling ground, full of sudden picturesque hollows. The church, a pretty one, overhangs the rectory garden. The house seems good and comfortable. Its outside at present is rather rawly new, and wants creepers. Too many trees about the house, with the usual difficulties about thinning.

The village pretty and picturesque, more English than Welsh in character. We start in half an hour, and hope to be at St. David's about six. It rained a little in the night, but promises well for the day.

Please direct to-morrow's and Thursday's letters *here*,

<sup>1</sup> Where his son-in-law, the Rev. W. Wynne Jones, was Rector, 1883-4.

and if the revises of my report arrive, send one of them here.

Aug. 22, 1884.

ST. DAVID'S.

We had a most delightful drive here yesterday, staying two hours at Haverfordwest to bait the horses. The hills were so many and so steep that we must have walked wellnigh one-third of the way. Halfway between Haverfordwest and this we came on the sea, at St. Bride's Bay, and lovely and enjoyable it was to see the long breakers rolling in and shattering on the sandy beach. We got here at six, and at once went over the cathedral, which far exceeded my expectations, especially in the interior, both in size and beauty, and variety of decorations. The Dean is an admirable cicerone. Adjoining the cathedral is the vast palace, built by Bishop Gower about 1300, said to be the finest residence which has come to us from the Middle Ages. Everything here has an air of venerable antiquity, even the houses and gardens.

This morning we went to 8.30 service. After breakfast the Dean took us again to the cathedral, and showed us minutely over it. At twelve the organist came, and he played and Jessie sang for more than an hour. She sang 'Angels ever bright,' 'And He shall lead His flock,' 'Oh, rest in the Lord,' and 'Jerusalem.' Her voice sounded deliciously in the vast vaulted building. I returned just in time to send you this. We shall leave Lampeter Velfrey on Friday by the six o'clock train, reaching Aberdare at 9.25, when please send wagonette to meet us.

CHESTERS, HUMSHAUGH-ON-TYNE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

Sept. 14, 1883.

This house, as its name implies (*castra*) is inside the lines of the Roman wall, and close to one of the large stations or castles. Our pleasant visit to Wallington<sup>1</sup> has come to an end, and here we are with our new host. We visited yesterday a beautiful old Peel-house, or rather small castle, at Belasy, Sir Arthur Middleton's. Willie astonished them much by running the last three miles of the way home. We left a little before ten this morning. The railway took us over the watershed into Redesdale, which we descended till we reached the North Tyne, which is here a fine broad river with richly wooded banks. We arrived about 11.30, and found Mr. Clayton a charming old gentleman of ninety-two, full of interest in everything, and especially in his immense collections of Roman antiquities, which he insisted upon showing us, and describing. Although very blind, and partially deaf, he is most cheerful, and quick at seizing every point in conversation. He has a sister of about eighty living, and some nieces staying with him. The country round is very beautiful. We expect Dr. Bruce<sup>2</sup> a little after one o'clock, and then I believe we shall drive to some of the best of the ruins. The weather is most beautiful, and the air very invigorating. I found your budget here. It is very good of Lina to go to Ellen. I am glad that she has done so, both on Ellen's account and the aunts'. I am glad too that you are having a little rest. Monty MacKenzie will be a cheerful addition. Tell him how I regret being away during his visit, and losing his music and talk.

<sup>1</sup> The house of Sir C. Trevelyan, Bart.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce (1805-1892), author of a book on *The Roman Wall*.

Sept. 16, 1883.

BRANXHOLME PARK<sup>1</sup>, HAWICK.

I am so glad to hear that you were able to ramble among the Aberffrwd plantations. This shows a great advance in strength.

We had a most delightful visit at Chesters. Mr. Clayton, although ninety-two years old, and blind, is a most intelligent host. He has done more than any man to lay bare and preserve the best parts of the Roman works, especially the great stations at Chesters and *Burcovicus*. This latter we went to with Dr. Bruce on Friday, eight miles. We drove along the very line of the old Roman road, which was enclosed in their works, the wall being constantly visible. *Burcovicus* is on the top of a steep hill about 800 feet above the sea. Its walls, and a vast number of its gates, guard-rooms, and other details, with innumerable inscriptions, have been cleared. It was, during more than two centuries, garrisoned by a legion of Tungri (Dutch). The view from the fortress was wild and mountainous. They must have had a dreary time of it. *Chesters* was garrisoned during the same time by a body of Asturian horse, who had pleasant quarters in the beautiful valley of the Tyne, near Hexham. This too has been laid open by Mr. Clayton, whose house and grounds are full of the most interesting relics and inscriptions, which together throw a vivid light on those distant times. Coins have been found in thousands, all sorts of articles of daily use have been dug up, including leather *soles of shoes*, with nails, just like ours, only rather more artistic. I shall have much to tell you all.

<sup>1</sup> The house of Mr. Grieve who married Lord Aberdare's niece, Miss Alleyne.

We were out at eight yesterday morning, and saw the ruins at Chesters, and the *tête du pont* of the bridge over the Tyne, a really magnificent work. We parted with regret from our kind host, and that prince of cicerones, Dr. Bruce, and steamed here through a pass in the Cheviots, arriving at Hawick at 2.45.

Grieve and Betha and Janie Bruce, with two boys and two girls, were in Hawick, at an agricultural show, where we saw the usual horse-jumping, &c. Betha, Willie, and I and some of the children walked out here, three miles, along the banks of the beautiful Teviot. This is a charming house, on a steep declivity over-hanging the Teviot, with well-wooded hills and hanging fields opposite, the grassy mountains rising above—altogether a very pretty situation, which looks particularly well in this bright morning sun. Betha is very bright and cheery, and I like her ten children much. They are very lively, and well-mannered. Willie is on the most intimate terms with them all. We had much dancing yesterday evening, and then I introduced 'Jacobi,' which gave great satisfaction. . . .

*Sept. 19, 1883.*

EDINBURGH.

We had a lovely day for our expedition to Melrose: first we saw the Abbey, which, although not of the very first rank, is more beautiful than I thought it to be. The tracery, of which there is great abundance, is far the most delicate and graceful I ever saw. Then we walked to Abbotsford, three miles, and saw the house and memorials. Both were better than my recollection of them. The stream of visitors seems as great as ever. While waiting for the butler, I counted the names in the

visitors' book for August. It was 2,160, of whom nearly one-fourth were Americans, very few foreigners, but a good many from the Colonies. The woods have grown immensely since my visit in 1841, when I went there with my father and mother, Sarah and Robert. How few have revisited it after the lapse of forty-two years! I would have given much to have had time to examine his library, which is very large, and especially strong in books illustrative of his subjects. The course of the Tweed hereabouts is very lovely. We took the train at four for Edinburgh, which we found enveloped in a thick mist, which prevented our seeing anything. And this morning it rained heavily, somewhat dispersing the mist. It does not rain now, and the sky is somewhat lighter, though still murky. However, we shall soon start for Holyrood and Salisbury Crags.

I was glad to hear of your proposed expeditions to Gnoll and Lampeter Velfrey. Hirst is not altogether wrong about Menelaus<sup>1</sup>. He first of all got Clark to declare neutrality in the contest<sup>2</sup>, and then himself exerted every nerve to get Fothergill returned, not as against me, whom he would doubtless have preferred to Richard, but he did nothing whatever for me. In fact, although he liked me personally, he disliked my politics, and thought that one of the representatives of Merthyr ought to be an ironmaster, and he certainly discouraged all demonstrations in my favour.

... Willie returns to England on Wednesday the 26th, in order to be present at the christening of his boy, before the MacMurdos leave.

<sup>1</sup> Manager of the Dowlais Works.

<sup>2</sup> In 1868 election.

TO HIS DAUGHTER CAROLINE.

Sept. 27, 1883.

HADDO HOUSE<sup>1</sup>, ABERDEEN.

I was very glad to get your letter with your full account of Aunt Ellen. I am sure that you will be of the utmost use to her, in getting her out of the groove of gloomy thoughts, and insinuating more cheerful subjects of thought and conversation.

Time has gone very pleasantly here. We arrived on Thursday last with the Childers's, finding Goschen here, which was a great pleasure to me. There arrived the same day Major and Mrs. Bourke—he, a brother of Lord Mayo (last); she, an exquisite musician, singing and playing divinely, and very pretty and agreeable besides. We found here a charming Miss Hogg, a cousin of Lady Aberdeen, and there has been a stream of visitors since—Lord and Lady Lovelace, Sir John and Miss Lubbock, Professor Donaldson of Aberdeen (a delightful old boy, who has been giving Willie lessons in modern Greek), a very able Scotch lawyer, Sheriff Thomson, Waterhouse the architect, and several others unknown to you by fame. Willie's voice and singing are highly appreciated, and he is very popular with young and old of both sexes. The park, which is undulating, beautifully wooded and laid out, with lakes which do not in the least betray their artificial origin, covers 1,200 acres, and there are six miles of drives, mostly over grass, besides endless walks. Miss Childers asked me for some verses for her album, in which I tried to describe the life here, and which I therefore send you for your and Aunt Ellen's delectation. The 'siren' is of course Mrs. Bourke. 'Flying Childers' was a famous racer more

<sup>1</sup> Lord Aberdeen's.

than 100 years ago. To-day most of us go: Willie returns to London, where it just occurs to me you will meet him, and I go to Brechin Castle in Forfarshire to the Dalhousies, where I shall meet Mr. and Lady Fanny Marjoribanks. He is a son of Lord Tweedmouth; she, a sister of Lady Wimborne, and very 'nice,' I hear. I start homewards on Friday, and hope to be there on Saturday. Alas! I have to prepare an address for the opening of the South Wales College at Cardiff, which already fills me with anxiety and anguish. I read M. Mackenzie's letter, with all the fine things he said about his accomplished accompanist. I grieve over what I have lost, but I have enjoyed my tour immensely. Every part of it was good, and perhaps I enjoyed my visit to Branxholme as much as anything. Betha is charming, so are her children generally, with whom Willie made immense friends.

It is now raining heavily. We leave at two o'clock, having, I flatter myself, 'maintained the honour of the family.' I am so relieved at getting a decidedly better account of the poor infant at Cowley Grange. There never were kinder, more lovable, or better people than the Aberdeens.

Lines written in Miss Childers's album :—

'Six autumn days passed happily together ;  
Kind hosts, choice company, and lovely weather ;  
Bright hours of lively or of cordial talk ;  
The lake-side ramble and the woodland walk ;  
Drives on smooth turf and gallops o'er the plains ;  
Schumann's rich song, a siren's witching strains ;  
Friends, old and new ; thoughts which make parting sad,  
oh !  
How sad ! when leaving hospitable Haddo ;  
With such sweet memories, and 'mid such adieux,

Oh! how can I find courage to refuse  
 To spur my Pegasus, invoke my muse,  
 When, though the task my hard-bound brain bewilders,  
 I do the bidding of the "Flying Childers" ?'

## To HIS WIFE.

Oct. 19, 1883.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I have had a very busy morning : first, Douglas, with whom I talked over the Dolomite country and much besides ; second, Willie, who helped me much in converting the chaos of my room into cosmos ; third, Norah, who was looking fairly well ; fourth, Lord Carlingford, who came to announce that he was coming to Cardiff, and would stay with us. He comes from Chewton on the 23rd ; fifth, Mr. Wilson, with whom I went over the house, and inspected his operations ; sixth, Sotheran's man to pack up and carry Parliamentary Papers ; seventh, a large correspondence, only part of which is finished. I dine with the MacDougalls to-day, and meet Pam. Yesterday was bright and breezy, to-day is steady rain. I have just been reading of the behaviour of the Severn at the Tunnel. What a marvellous escape of the fifty workmen !

I remembered and thought over all the anniversaries of yesterday, with many thoughts which they suggested. Well, we have had some sore losses, but how many blessings and what great ones ! and how many around us are standing in lonely misery, reft of all they loved best, with no hope of supplying their places ! God be thanked for ourselves.

Nov. 1, 1883.

DUFFRYN.

' November's sky is chill and drear,  
 November's leaf is red and sere ; '

and yet a little sun would make it very lovely hereabouts.

For want of it the air is chill and misty. I went with Lina yesterday to the Penrhiwceiber Schools, and was much impressed with the energy of the master, who seems a really able man. We visited the church too, which filled me with envy. Its perspectives are excellent, and there are many pretty architectural details, in which St. Margaret's is deficient.

I enclose a long scrawl from Ellen, who sent me a very long and pleasant letter from Nina Foxcroft, full of details of her Scotch and Irish visits, and including an account of a ball at Oban, where reels appear to have been danced with furious vigour, to the astonishment of a Frenchman, M. de Goutant, who assured Nina that he had seen just such another among the savages in Africa. 'Aussi j'ai vu les sauvages Américains,' as the Belgian lady described a regiment of kilted Highlanders.

Nov. 2, 1883.

DUFFRYN.

. . . This day forty-one years ago my beloved mother died—the tender, loving, guileless soul! It was the first great grief of my life, and a bitter one it was. She was only fifty-four, and this made the loss more hard to bear. I have had other griefs since. There is no balance to weigh them against each other, but they have been among the sorest the heart can know.

FROM HIS WIFE.

Nov. 3, 1883.

14, CAMPDEN HOUSE ROAD<sup>1</sup>.

. . . I had not forgotten yesterday's anniversary; it is a day also full of tender memories to me, being my mother's birthday. Strange that the same day should

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. H. Whately's house.

belong to both. I always class them in my mind as each in their way ideal mothers and wives. And they are always joined in my thoughts. How many a vain longing have I felt to have known and been loved by your mother, whom I have so often pictured to myself. Yes, my darling, you have had very heavy griefs in your life, griefs which leave deep scars. How foolish, how false it is to suppose that because the overwhelming effects of sorrow pass, the grief is overcome. Grief is as real and as lasting as life. Once there, it changes, but never *passes away*. I know as well as I know anything that your sorrows have never passed away from your heart, nor from your character, though they have been buried from sight. I know it also with myself. Sorrow is eternal, because it leaves its indelible impress upon the soul and mind. Good-bye now, my darling husband, and always believe in my fullest and deepest sympathy. I often fail to show it, but I do not think I ever fail to *feel* it, in whatever affects you, my second self.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Nov. 5, 1883.

DUFFRYN.

No, my dearest Rachel, your defence of the unhappy Nereid won't do! The lines in which Virgil mentions that saline goddess may be thus translated :—

‘Grant me, Arethusa, to sing in honour of Gallus my last pastoral song ; so may the sea-brine not mingle with thy pure wave<sup>1</sup> !’

What ! shall my granddaughter be briny ? Shall her impurity be contrasted with the purity of Arethusa ? There is but one thing to be done—when she is confirmed,

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Ecl.* x. 5 ‘Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.’

get 'Doris' changed for 'Arethusa,' who was a very charming and estimable goddess, to whom the Cherwell might be appropriately dedicated. I have no doubt that the Bishop of Oxford would readily sanction this rechristening.

We have just parted with the Principal and two professors of the South Wales College. But alas! the very handsome and agreeable Mrs. Viriamu was laid up with a cold, as was Mrs. Templeton, of whom much good is spoken. He, Templeton, is a favourite pupil of Farmer, and is a thorough gentleman and a cultivated man. Andrew Seth, our logician, metaphysician, and moral philosopher, is simply a first-rate man. He is very simple and unassuming, not loquacious, but enjoys a joke. 'And many a joke had he' from your irrepressible parent. There are now 107 students entered, of whom twenty-seven are S. G. G.,<sup>1</sup> seventeen of whom, however, are specially musical. The students come from all parts, and are otherwise well compounded. I hear that young Roberts<sup>2</sup> (of St. John's, Oxford), Professor of Greek, has a class of sixty, and keeps them in admirable order. I shall have him and Ker<sup>3</sup> here when I next come home.

I have accepted an invite to Balliol for December 8, for *self and daughter*. If I do not import a daughter I must depend upon Isabel, who appears to be on flirting terms with the V. C. Thank that dear damsel for her welcome note, and embrace the infants for me, *tutti quanti*, and Augustus.

<sup>1</sup> 'Sweet girl graduates.'

<sup>2</sup> Now Principal of University College, Aberystwyth.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. W. P. Ker, now Professor of English Literature at University College, London.

TO HIS WIFE.

Nov. 16, 1883.

BATH.

I met Gladstone yesterday in the street. He shook me warmly by the hand, and said, 'Well! I see that you are always working for the public good.' I also had talks with W. E. Forster and with Thring. . . .

Dec. 12, 1883.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Another birthday for my beloved wife! a thousand blessings on her for all that she has been to me and mine, or rather, ours. Alas! it was on that day that our poor Dicky<sup>1</sup> died. You will have seen all about it in the papers. *The Daily News* has a more appreciative article than *The Times*. How many recollections of lost friends his death conjures up, especially all the little Holland House party, where I learned to know him. I should like to attend poor Doyle's funeral, but I do not know when it will be. . . .

FROM HIS WIFE.

Dec. 12, 1883.

DUFFRYN.

My birthday and the arrangements for Christmas combined have produced such a pile of letters to-day that I hardly know which way to turn. Your news with the sad termination told us by *The Pall Mall* this morning has indeed saddened us. One of the rare ones of the earth is gone, for he was indeed unique. When shall we or any one see again such a combination of childlike simplicity and warmth of heart, joined with such sparkling genial humour, such high honour and *instinctive* good sense and judgement? No, we may indeed say

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Richard Doyle.

with truth, 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.' It is another dear friend gone, but for him I can hardly grieve. I have always dreaded for him a long, suffering illness, when he would feel lonely, and his best friends perhaps away, so that his spirits would have gone down, and he would have passed away in gloom and sorrow. Now there was, I hope, no suffering, he was taken whilst life was still enjoyable to him, and he enjoyed it to the last. I have never forgotten how much he suffered during that illness just after the Ripons went away, and what he said to me then, when I was sitting with him. His poor sister! what will she do? I do indeed feel for her.

To HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

April 16, 1884.

DUFFRYN.

The post brought me an avalanche of charming little letters from St. Clare, three in French—with here and there a good Saxon ring in them, which proclaimed the originality of the composition. Cecil asks for an answer *en poésie*. Alas! my inspiration is waning, 'the line labours, and the words move slow'; ditto the thoughts. Many thanks for your dear letter, and the queer little guillotine, the contemplation of which gives me a 'fearful joy.' Shall I ever succeed in removing the bristles without abrading the skin? Time alone will show. It seems at present incredible, but faith moves mountains and may perhaps remove a beard. As you are to be absent from Cowley Grange, I am glad to think that those dear old Brasen noses<sup>1</sup> will occupy it, and enjoy your garden and flowers, and perhaps eat your strawberries. But, my dear, what is to become of

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Cradock, Principal of Brasenose, and Mrs. Cradock.

me when the Australians<sup>1</sup> visit Oxford? Must I suggest an invitation to the Warden<sup>2</sup>?

Certainly, I will pay you a visit, perhaps an unduly long one, at St. Clare, when the need of stoves and fires ceases, by which time also I hope that you will have discovered some charming female acquaintances.

We have had a large party. Our three youngest, John Nicholl, Rees Williams, and Charlie, left us this morning for Cowbridge Races! Charlie sleeps at Miskin, and attends thence to-morrow a ball at Cottrell. We have two very nice Adam girls here. On Saturday I expect three Professors from Cardiff, including Ker.

*June 4, 1884.*

DUFFRYN.

Your letter, strongly reinforced by Lily's cheery note of yesterday, has greatly relieved me. The news are fully as good as I had any right to expect—indeed, far better than I had hoped for. But we must, I fear, be prepared for many 'downs' as well as 'ups' before we shall feel quite secure and happy about our dear little woman<sup>3</sup>.

Thank my P. S.<sup>4</sup> for her pleasant note. I wish I had been with her to see Isabel act the wicked sister, and to hear the criticisms thereon by the audience. I should like to be rambling on the sands with Lina, and engaging in wit-combats with her nieces, but, above all, I should like to transport you all here to see the woods in their fresh, delicate hues, to see the many-coloured shrubs, the

<sup>1</sup> The Australian cricketers.

<sup>2</sup> The Warden of Merton.

<sup>3</sup> His daughter, Norah Whately.

<sup>4</sup> Private Secretary, his daughter Lily.

flowers in field and wood, and to hear the cuckoo, which is hardly ever silent. I saw two again yesterday in the Gelliddu fields. . . .

TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

BARBON MANOR, KIRKBY LONSDALE<sup>1</sup>.

Aug. 17, 1884 (my thirtieth wedding-day).

The enclosed letter reached me only this morning. Forster's<sup>2</sup> letters had fully prepared me for the sad news<sup>3</sup> it contains. My dear Fanny! what a good, pure, noble creature she was, and how modestly she concealed her great superiority as well as her good acts. Many hearts are now bleeding for her. I have written to Aunt Catty to ask her to receive me on Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Isabel and I have enjoyed our visit here very much. It is a most lovely place, under the shade of hills 2,000 feet high, and looking down into a beautiful wooded ravine, through which a brook, clear as crystal, flows with continual falls, and into perfect pools.

I have had three days' grouse shooting, and walked and shot to my own satisfaction. Never did I more keenly enjoy the light fragrant air of the mountains. Our hosts are kindness itself, and the two little girls very winning. Isabel and I go to-morrow to Settle, to see Malham Cove and Gordale Scar. On Thursday to Chester, where we dine with the Tom Hughes's, and Isabel will see the walls and the cathedral. We shall separate on Wednesday at Hereford, as I shall go to Clifton, while she goes home.

<sup>1</sup> The Kay Shuttleworths' house.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Forster Alleyne.

<sup>3</sup> The death of Miss Frances Alleyne.

Mamma enjoyed her visits immensely, as she will doubtless have told you, and was in excellent health and spirits. The Duke and Duchess<sup>1</sup>, although thoroughly ducal, were kind and attentive hosts, and Lady Percy was very sweet. G. T. C.<sup>2</sup> was a tower of strength.

## TO HIS WIFE.

*Aug. 17, 1884.*

BARBON MANOR.

We got your letter on returning from church; such a primitive little place, just such as Wordsworth saw among his mountains! We walked home through this most lovely glen; the brook, a large one, full of transparent pools and waterfalls, overshadowed by woody cliffs. How you would have enjoyed it!

I have thought much of you on this blessed anniversary, and of the happiness which the day it commemorates brought to me, and for me, through the thirty years which have elapsed! God bless you, my own darling! I don't think that you ever were so dear to me as now, but so I shall be saying during each succeeding year which God may allow us.

## FROM HIS WIFE.

*Aug. 19, 1884.*

DUFFRYN.

. . . I shall meet you at Clifton to-morrow; I felt I must if possible follow dear Fanny to the grave. . . . She is gone where all the yearnings of her nature will be fully satisfied, and the higher life which she has longed for is now hers. I have been thinking so these last few days of your dear father's letter, 'The day of one's death is the true birthday.' He had said that to

<sup>1</sup> Of Northumberland.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. George Clark, the archaeologist.

me when my Nigel died, and I never forgot it, and it came back to me with such a touching depth when I read it again in the train written so soon before he was himself called to the new life beyond the grave. Thanks for all your words to me. How can any one doubt that love is *eternal*, when it is the thing that deepens as life goes on, whatever else may fail? Surely our love for each other can never end even with life itself.

To HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL<sup>1</sup>.

Sept. 1, 1884.

DURFRYN.

Although I believe that you are fairly fed with bulletins of the aviary, I must add my report. They arrived here somewhat pale and small of appetite, owing to the excessive heat at Oxford, but the mountain air and rambles, and the arrival of cooler weather, have worked a wonderful change. Appetites are brilliant, ditto complexions, and spirits unflagging. They are all as good as possible—very loving, obedient, and harmonious—and the air is alive with incessant chirpings and mirth. It was a sight to see the five elder ones clustered round their grandmother yesterday in every conceivable attitude, listening to a thrilling story of Norman MacLeod's. At one crisis, when the young Prince was unjustly thrown into prison, Bernard exclaimed in a husky voice, 'It is too sad!' and wished to retire, but he was calmed by the assurance of the Prince's speedy evasion by the aid of a devoted swineherd, and the proper hour for bed was exceeded in order that the story might be finished. I see four of them now

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Harcourt were attending the British Association meeting in Canada.

skipping about the garden, making up for yesterday's incessant rain. We had had occasional showers before, but this was the first day of downpour, which will soak much outlying corn, but give much-needed refreshment to our springs.

Your letters have given immense satisfaction to great and small; and the regrets, which were somewhat appeased by your account of your bad passage, have been revived by the names of Sagonay, Montmorency, and Ottawa, and the speedy prospect of Niagara. The papers have given pretty full reports of your proceedings. I wish that you had sent me a paper containing the report of Augustus's interviewing. I fear that the reporter improved upon it by weaving in many passages adapted to Canadian beliefs on Oxford and England. My holidays have, however, been enjoyable; the week at Alnwick with mamma and G. T. C. and his wife, was specially delightful. Salubrious also was the week with Isabel at Barbon, a lovely defile in the Westmoreland hills, where we looked down a wooded ravine some 300 or 400 feet on the sweetest beck that ever gladdened human eye. (N.B.—The St. Lawrence and Ottawa nothing to it.) I walked and shot very fairly well. Then our visits to Chester and the T. Hughes's, and to Ludlow, were very exhilarating. Alas! we needed all to bear the sorrow of dear Fanny Alleyne's loss. One of those true, good souls on whom we leaned with love and confidence, and who cannot be replaced.

Bruce is looking very well, and bears his honours modestly, although very full of Winchester. He and I and Douglas mounted the Beacons on Friday last (August 29); a perfect day, the views were grand and

glorious, covering everything between Plynlimmon and Dunkerry Ridge, including a long expanse of glittering Channel. To-day we go to Raglan Castle, thence to Brynderwen, whence we visit Llanthony Abbey tomorrow, and drive on Wednesday (September 4) through the Vale of Usk and Brecon to Llandovery, possibly on to the Venables' on the Wye. Douglas and Bruce part with us on Saturday for Lampeter Velfrey, whence they will make their way to St. David's, returning here for a few days before they turn eastwards. Well! I must be off to my packing, so adieu! with much love to Augustus.

To HIS WIFE.

Sept. 4, 1884.

ANGEL HOTEL, ABERGAVENNY.

. . . We had a delightful day for our expedition to Llanthony, which fully realized my expectations. We had one heavy shower, and then the sun came out brilliantly, and so continued. The valley is deep and narrow, well wooded, with high hills nearly covered with heather in full flower, and a lovely 'beck' flowing through it, which excited both Douglas's and William's desire for a closer acquaintance with its trout. The Abbey looks very solemn and solitary. Enough of it remains to enable one to imagine the rest. It is a severe but beautiful specimen of the Norman passing into early English, earlier than Llandaff, not so early as St. David's. Not a trace remains of Landor's occupation, except the trees, many of them being Spanish chestnuts; the cedars were an utter failure. The estate belongs to his second son 'Walter Savage,' who lives in Italy, and has only twice been to Llanthony. A farmer lives in a house within the Abbey, part of which, one of the towers, is

arranged into bedrooms. We got back at 4.30, in time to try, vainly, for a salmon.

Sept. 5, 1884.

LLANDOVERY.

Yesterday was the *bonne bouche* of our tour, viz. a twelve miles' drive from here to the Falls of the Towy in the heart of the mountains. Our drive there was the finest thing I have seen in South Wales. At the end of it are the Falls of the Towy, rapids extending over a quarter of a mile, which I saw thirty years ago, and used to compare with Lodore. In my opinion, the scene is incomparably superior to Lodore, the long succession of falls, rapids, and deep pools under high hanging woods on one side, and a bold, craggy mountain on the other, far exceeding the rocky bed of Lodore and its surrounding scenery. We spent three delightful hours in rambling about. We were so sorry that Douglas should have missed it; William was in raptures over it, and Buff enjoyed it much. We got back at four, and after some repose, rambled down the valley, meeting returning fishermen, and questioning them. Our inn here is delightful—food, lodging, waiting, everything good. I must bring my womankind here some day, you among them, old lady.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Oct. 7, 1884.

DUFFRYN.

Your budget, extending over wellnigh three weeks, was devoured at breakfast this morning to the neglect of kedjaree, cockyolly, and other delicacies; and the loss of our correspondent in America almost made us regret your return to England. Indeed your copious letters have enabled us to live your life, and make acquaintance

with your friends in America, and I have needed your description of the heat at New York and Philadelphia and of the horrors—keenly realized by me—of the outward and homeward passages, to reconcile me to the loss of all I might have seen of American life and scenery. But I feel that I acted prudently, although perhaps not chivalrously. The only failure in your expedition was missing O. W. Holmes, but surely Bancroft must have left his grave on purpose to welcome you. We have heard of you directly from the Viriamu Jones's, and indirectly from the Whartons, and through Miss Lefevre's friends, and it was delightful to read of your cordial reception everywhere.

We had a very nice Miss Wharton here, and a quaint, very American, yet clever and likeable Aunt, 'Nancy Bispham.' (Where do Americans get so many quaint names? Who ever heard of Bispham before the arrival of this Nancy?)

We made a delightful 'exertion' to Tintern Abbey and Raglan Castle, on a perfect September day, in which Miss Wharton, Lewis Morris, and Joe Ollivant took part. The Bispham was weakly, and abstained. The Francis Gores have just left us, leaving good memories, and having greatly enjoyed their walks and rides and the unexpected beauty of this place, which never looked so beautiful. We are now a small party, Lina and Pamela being at King's Weston, singing and playing, and Isabel with Connie Gore at Ynisygerwn; and now we must part with the second quartett of your bairnies, the first having converted Duffryn, by their departure, into an Oxford college during Vacation. Bernard is all on fire to get home and see you; Janet, I grieve to say, would prefer staying here. I have not

ascertained the opinions of Simon and Doris. It has been a great happiness having them so long. Give my best love to Augustus, and many kisses to my beloved Tormentillas.

To HIS WIFE.

Oct. 19, 1884.

THE PALACE, BANGOR.

Thank Heaven! our work here is over<sup>1</sup>. It was very well done. Bangor was perfectly crammed with people from all parts of North Wales, in the highest good humour. Lord Powis's address was very learned, too learned, and only towards the end approached the subject of the day; but it was much liked, and very well received. There was then a huge procession, in which I had the honour of walking side by side with the first Mayor of Bangor, Mr. Platt of Oldham. However, I bolted after a while, and rested here for an hour; then went to the college, which is not quite finished, but will be admirably suited to its work. Then a great luncheon, which lasted from one to four. Some good speeches, notably one from Mundella<sup>2</sup>. I spoke for Aberystwyth and Cardiff, and Viriamu for the latter. At four to a public meeting, over which I presided; made a long and, I fear, a dull speech. Mundella spoke again, and Professor Rhys made, as I was assured by Will, a very good speech, mostly written in Welsh. Lord Powis, Mundella, Sir Robert and Lady Cunliffe, and Lewis Morris are staying at Verney's, who asked us to dinner, but I was too tired and stayed at home, while Will and Jessie went to the concert.

<sup>1</sup> The opening of the University College of North Wales.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P. for Sheffield; Vice-President of the Council, 1881-5.

I found Will and Jessie here, looking very well and very cheery. . . . I think people here were glad to have me, and pleased at my coming. . . . I thought much of our sad anniversaries of yesterday; not all the turmoil could drive them out of my head.

## FROM HIS WIFE.

Oct. 20, 1884.

I, QUEEN'S GATE.

. . . On Saturday I took the boys to luncheon at the Health Exhibition, after which Mary Gore came. In the evening we went to the Savoy, very amusing indeed, quite killing to see Grossmith in *The Sorcerer*. The whole play well got up, and every character well acted. *Trial by Jury*, too, made us laugh much. To-day I am going out to do some shopping, and give Norah a drive at the same time.

My darling, our thoughts were in unison on Saturday. Strange that the *one* day should contain so many memories to us. Two of them once so joyful, now so sad. And yet there is some joy left in what has once been happiness; it is true, indeed, that

‘Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.’

We would not either of us lose the memory of what was such happiness to be spared the pain of knowing it is past. The memory of those two innocent lives must always remain a possession. It would be difficult to say *which* was the most innocent and pure, though one numbered only a few months and the other had years to reckon by<sup>1</sup>. Well, they are together with God. And with the dear old man, whose long life on earth ended

<sup>1</sup> Nigel and Margaret.

on the same anniversary. The heat and toil of life is still for us, but where *they* are cannot be quite strange ground to us.

To HIS WIFE.

Oct. 21, 1884.

ABERYSTWYTH.

I had rather an adventurous day yesterday. I left Bangor at 10.50, reached Carnarvon in about forty minutes, but then found that there was no train for Barmouth till 2.45. So I took the train for Llanberis. The day was bright and lovely, and I enjoyed two delightful hours' walk in the magnificent Pass of Llanberis, right under Snowdon, and a dozen other towering peaks, thrusting their huge shoulders into the valley, and clothed for many hundred feet above me with beautiful woods in their richest autumn tints. It was glorious. I then started for Barmouth, going through much lovely scenery of sea and mountain, and reached it at 5.30—a charming hotel, close on the sea. This morning before starting I had a beautiful walk of about two hours. The Fiord of Barmouth (Aber-mawddy) is as fine as any in Scotland; it goes inland far out of sight, with grand hills of varying size and form on either side, and beautiful woods. This is the season to see this country, especially as there are absolutely no tourists. I met Mundella on my way here. He had been persuaded by Lewis Morris to come on and see Aberystwyth, with which he was much pleased. . . .

Oct. 31, 1884.

COWLEY GRANGE.

. . . Ra and Bernard and I called on Napier<sup>1</sup>, and found

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Napier Miles, then at Oriel.

him at home in his very pretty and comfortable rooms. He was solacing himself with a fugue of Bach, after a morning of arithmetic. He comes to lawn tennis in the p.m., but Charlie and I will probably prefer the park and football. Napier dines here, and Rhys Williams, and young Marriott<sup>1</sup>, Charlie's friend at Repton.

I was very delighted to get Lady Ripon's short note. I shall be so glad to see them again.

I am now full of my short opening address at the Geographical on Monday, a selection of topics to be treated with elegant simplicity of style. . . .

FROM MR. EDWARD LEAR.

Nov. 16, 1884.

VILLA TENNYSON, SAN REMO.

MY DEAR LORD ABERDARE,

Your last from the Mountainous Ashy parts of Wales has to be answered; date, I think, October 1. But I have not written earlier for two reasons (go two! take two changes of reasons!), first, because I saw by various pamsidilious papers that you were very busy about public matters; and secondly, because I had not heard from A. Glennie about the Penry Williams box. Glennie has just written, and he had seen P. Williams shortly before he wrote. Poor Williams's memory and mind (is memory mind or is mind memory?) seem rapidly decaying; he did not at first appear to remember anything about the box or papers, but afterwards said he 'does not wish it sent out to Rome,' 'nor,' says Glennie, 'do I think he wishes any memoir to be written of him.'

'I will,' continues Glennie, 'endeavour to find out what he wishes on the subject, but it is not easy to do so. He

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Frank Marriott, now Vicar of Wootton, Oxon.

is well in health, but his mind evidently grows weaker, and as Lord Aberdare is much occupied just now, I think the matter for the present had better rest as it is.'

I have to thank you for your writing so kindly about the Hallam Tennyson picture. But for the present, I find I am not up to a varied correspondence on the subject, as it is quite as much or more than I can do to get through some necessary work daily. So I have shunted and given up the matter, though it may happen that later on I may have to tell you more about it.

Meanwhile, as you may, perhaps, see by *The Times*, *Daily News*, and *Daily Telegraph*, I am advertising my 129, Wardour Street Gallery, and hope I may benefit by so doing, through my smaller topographical drawings becoming more generally known. It is even on the move that I may institute a lot of £5 framed 'topographies,' for I find, although I have a beautiful house and garden, that bricks and mortar are indigestible, and ipomies and passion-flowers, if eaten, produce florostomachious maladies.

San Remo is the bebomination of dissolution—nobody being here, and no one, as I know of, being about to come. This, however, makes but little difference to me, who cannot now walk and talk much, and to whom solitude is a necessity, if not a repose, in these latter days.

I hope you are all well.

Kind remembrances to Lady Aberdare and all.

Yours affectionately,

EDWARD LEAR,

To HIS WIFE.

Nov. 19, 1884.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Nothing could be more amicable than the conversa-

tion<sup>1</sup> in the Lords yesterday. Lord Salisbury actually abstained from saying a single offensive thing! All now depends upon the *pourparlers* on redistribution going off in a friendly manner. I think they will. Sarah, Lily, and Willie were there, and were much interested. The girls sat with the Middletons and Lady Brabourne. I returned here, and met Sherbrooke, who was very affectionate. I asked him for a copy of his *Poems of a Life*, which he had in his pocket, and gave me. He spoke calmly, but very feelingly, of the break-up in his past life of fifty years<sup>2</sup>, and his helplessness. He has no relation living with him, and none whom he would care to do so. He says that he shall take a little time to think of what his future arrangements may be. He said that he was physically as strong as ever he had been, but that his memory for passing events was gone, and his head unequal to any exertion. However, he spoke as pointedly as ever. It is very sad. He said that the collection of his poems was due to his wife, who pressed him to publish, and was very anxious to see them in print before she died. She was struck with paralysis, and became insensible three days before the appearance of the volume. Poor fellow! He spoke so simply and manfully, that it went to one's heart. . . .

Nov. 20, 1884.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . I have been quite delighted with Sir G. Napier's memoir. It shows the very man as you had painted him to me—generous, warm-hearted, chivalrous, high-toned. Much of the book is loosely written, but it often

<sup>1</sup> On the motion to read the Franchise Bill a second time.

<sup>2</sup> His wife died November, 1884, after forty-eight years of married life.

rises into natural eloquence when his feelings are strongly moved, as in the whole account of the death of Sir John Moore. It is a charming book, and must, I think, make its mark. I have sent copies to Willie and Charlie, and got another for ourselves. . . .

Nov. 22, 1884.

COWLEY GRANGE.

I need not tell you how 'exercised' I have been by the enclosed letter, especially as Willie pressed for an answer by this morning's post, and as my answer might perhaps decide his future career. Had I been perfectly clear in my own mind, and able to say, 'You must stick to your profession at all hazards, and not think of embarking on any "side" career, until you have satisfied yourself that you cannot succeed at the Bar,' my course would have been easy. But I have for some time doubted whether he was destined to succeed at the Bar. He has, indeed, several qualifications for it, but he wants taste for it: he wants that ardour of pursuit, without which success is hardly possible. I recognize much of my own case. I should never have succeeded at the Bar, I did not like it as a profession, I did not care about success in it, and I was doomed to inevitable failure, had I persisted in it. Now I think Willie's abilities are better suited to the Bar than were mine. I think, too, that his intellect has been incomparably better trained than mine. So far he would be more likely to succeed than I was. But I recognize the same want of ardour, of interest, of ambition, and, in the absence of a concurrence of very favourable circumstances, which would plunge him headlong into business, and keep him at it, whether he would or not, I think that his career would resemble mine. But then I was amply provided for, and enabled to exchange

my police-magistracy for a seat in Parliament. He has no such prospect.

I have not pronounced absolutely. I have put fairly before him the contending considerations. I have told him that he need not fear that moral deterioration which overtakes the lawyer bent only on success ; that Romilly, Pattison, Coleridge (Sir J.), Lord Hatherley, Lord Selborne were proofs that men who entered life with high aims, and were sincere in them, could preserve them intact amidst all the toil and absorption necessary for success at the Bar. But *they* had the desire and the determination to succeed. If he feels that he can depend upon himself to work hard towards the same end, I recommend him to persevere. If he does not, he may certainly do worse than enter upon a career which will supply him with honourable and interesting employment, and a fair competency.

These were, in substance, my words to him. If you have anything to add to them, or if you differ from them, you have time enough to write.

I found Lieutenant-Commander Chadwick (Naval Attaché of the United States Legation) and wife here. He is a bluff, honest fellow, she very nice indeed in every way. The Percivals<sup>1</sup> dined here, and several others.

Willie has not yet sent any of his work to Murray. He will wait till it is finished<sup>2</sup>.

There was a very favourable review of your Uncle George's Memoir in the last *Athenaeum*. I had a good meeting at the Historical Society on Thursday.

<sup>1</sup> Now Bishop of Hereford, then President of Trinity.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of Sir C. Napier.*

To Miss CAROLINE NAPIER.

Dec. 28, 1884.

DUFFRYN.

Thanks many and hearty for your Christmas gift. I like reading a new poet, and Michael Field is new to me, and, I think, a poet—of what order I have not yet determined. We are a large and tolerably lively party, but I miss my grandbairns, who were represented to the best of his young ability by Frank<sup>1</sup>. But now we have Margaret Wynne Jones, who is very lively, having disengaged herself of her shyness, and Buff is soon to follow. The weather has behaved admirably. No rain! no snow! only a mild frost, drying the ground, without the inconveniences, to elderly folk, of the ice. Our *soirées musicales*, too, are delicious. How could they be otherwise with such a quartett of artistes as Jessie, Lina, Norah and Pamela?

I am glad that Pam approves of my portrait; Norah read from her letter a complimentary epithet, which made the blood rush to my cheeks.

It is, however, not the only compliment I have lately received. Last week, on my way from Penllergaer, I had my hair cut at Swansea. The operator was a young Frenchman of nineteen or twenty. Hair duly cut, he proposed to me various adornments and perfumes, which I rejected. 'À 70 ans il n'est plus temps pour la vanité.' 'Comment! Monsieur a 70 ans! C'est un bel âge! N'arrive pas qui veut.' Fancy an English hair-clipper delivering himself in such fashion!

Charlie no longer looks the pale student. His cheeks outblush the cabbage-rose. He and Pamela go to Singleton<sup>2</sup> for a brace of balls next week, while Norah,

<sup>1</sup> Frank Whately.

<sup>2</sup> Sir H. Hussey Vivian's, afterwards Lord Swansea.

Lina and I shall be at Tortworth<sup>1</sup>. On the 12th Mundella comes here, for two days' functions—the opening of the advanced elementary school at Cardiff on the 13th, and distribution of prizes, with the inevitable and abhorred banquet to follow. I calculate upon having to deliver at least four speeches.

I shall on the 15th join Norah, Lily and Alice at the Turbervills' for the second Bridgend ball, the first being irretrievably lost to me. You see that we keep ourselves alive in these remote parts.

Good-bye, with best wishes of the season to you and Pam and Napier, and the MacDougalls twain. As Napier loves poetry of the higher sort, I send him this quatrain written in Lady Vivian's visitors' book in obedience to her behest:—

‘Once more up Park’s steep braes I’ve scrambled,  
In Gellihir’s moist hollows rambled,  
At nap and whist I’ve mildly gambled,  
I’ve gained in muscle, but in purse I *am* bled.’

Pat will envy me that last rhyme. ‘*Ne trouve pas qui veut!*’ as my little Frenchman would say.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Dec. 28, 1884.

DUFFRYN.

Thank my dear grandbairns for their pretty present. Helen’s small comb will often be useful to me, and I much admire the picture of Sea View on the case. Tell Cecil that I never can have paper-knives enough, and thank her for hers. The cards are lovely. Mabel’s robins remind me of a certain small family at breakfast.

We have a goodly gathering, in spite of many regretted absences, but I felt the want of grandchildren

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ducie’s.

and their games. Frank was the sole representative of that generation, and filled the part to the best of his youthful ability. Margaret Wynne Jones, however, arrived on Friday, and is very sprightly and friendly, and we expect Bruce soon. He came out, at examination, first of his class, and will of course be advanced to another. Come as soon as you can, if with a pair of Twinkies so much the better. Alas! we go to Tortworth on the 6th. Harry comes here for a few days on Tuesday, and Charlie's two Reptonian friends arrive on Monday. I have been shooting much at Pencerrig, Park Wern, Penllergaer, and Ynisygerwn, and although I felt distinctly a year older than in '83, I demeaned myself decently, e. g. at Park Wern we were seven guns, and got, besides pheasants innumerable, twenty-nine woodcocks, of which seven fell to me. What was my proper share, Miss Mabel, the mathematician?

To HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

Feb. 9, 1885.

DUFFRYN.

I was very glad to get your letter, and to gather that you were spending your time so pleasantly and usefully at Oxford. Your election as Hon. Superintendent of the Ladies' Hall<sup>1</sup> has given widespread satisfaction to the friends of the college, who believe that it will attract a flow of future S. G. G.'s<sup>2</sup> from all parts of Wales. Jenkins's<sup>3</sup> comment to your mother was, that a Ladies' Hall must be a good thing for the college, as it would be so very attractive to the young men. This view of Jenkins's is of disputable insight, but I do think that,

<sup>1</sup> Aberdare Hall, Cardiff.

<sup>2</sup> 'Sweet girl graduates.'

<sup>3</sup> Lady Aberdare's maid.

gradually and steadily, young women will come to such a college, so superintended. You are doing well in studying young women's nature. I suppose that all young women of the same classes have much in common, but I expect that the young Welshwomen will have decided idiosyncrasies of their own. Your mother takes an immense interest in the Hall.

What the spinsters of high degree think about your step is another matter. I should like much to overhear their discourses. I feel very little doubt that you will do well. It is much that you like the work, very much that you have been able to learn so much from Miss Lefevre, to whom pray present my very warm regards. . . .

TO HIS WIFE.

Feb. 20, 1885.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . The political atmosphere is horribly depressing. Lord Granville spoke yesterday in a dispirited strain<sup>1</sup>, and Goschen has just told me that he never heard Gladstone speak so ineffectively. He spoke like a man who wished to be beat, made no reference to the deeds of the army, nor to the Colonial offers as Lord Granville had done. Dillwyn tells me that he thinks the Liberal party will stand by the Government, and I think so too, but much will turn upon the coming debate. I saw Sherbrooke, and congratulated him on his marriage. He spoke simply about it, as of his only way of escaping utter helplessness. I also had a short walk and talk with Ripon, who is in excellent health and spirits.

Pam and I were greatly pleased with the Doyle exhibition : there were a great many she had never seen,

<sup>1</sup> At the reassembling of Parliament, Feb. 19. The news of the fall of Khartoum had come a fortnight before.

and a few that I had not. I was glad to find that so many of them were in the hands of old friends.

FROM HIS WIFE.

Feb. 22, 1885.

DUFFRYN.

Many thanks for your dear letter received this morning, and all you say of your thoughts and memories. I know what this event<sup>1</sup> will and must have brought before you of past days, when life was opening in joy and promise before so many who are now gone. As we advance in years too, each gap reminds one of the time when we too shall be taken, and our places know us no more, when the tide of time shall have swept over us, and it shall be as though we had never been. And yet not that, for as the past rises before us, we know that each one we have loved and lost has their memory stamped vividly in our hearts, they live there yet in all their reality and completeness, and so will it be with ourselves. We being dead shall yet speak in the hearts and lives of our children. *That* is one form of immortality, but oh, my darling! I *fully* believe in another and a richer form yet; I know not, I may almost say I care not, what its precise form may be, but that we have to live for God in another life than this, I do most absolutely believe, and therefore it cannot be a life of isolation, but must be one of sympathy and spiritual intercourse with those who have, like ourselves, had previous existence.

. . . The political outlook is very gloomy. One feels as if one hardly knew what was coming next. What is this new scare about the Russians and Herat? Have you

<sup>1</sup> Death of the Rev. Roper Tyler.

had any talk with Lord Granville at all since you have been in town?

TO HIS WIFE.

Feb. 25, 1885.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

. . . I thought Gladstone's speech the best possible defence of the Government, and I hear that Trevelyan's speech was excellent. I have not yet read Goschen's. I regret his conclusion. It is in accordance with his general policy, but I think it rather too much to expect that the Government shall now be perfectly explicit on a future policy, which must depend in a considerable degree on events. It is 'events' which have by an unfortunate concatenation led them where they are, and any declaration of policy now made would be subject to modifications, more or less important, which cannot now be foreseen.

I have seen Willie, both to-day and yesterday. He is very well and cheery. I have been reading Lord Lawrence's *Life* with increasing interest. It is the work of a strong partisan, but the man stands out a noble and magnificent figure.

I fully expect the Government to win; but as the Irish will vote against them, the majority cannot be large.

Feb. 28, 1885.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

Just returned from a farewell B. C. breakfast at Lord Reay's. Present—Carlingford, Leveson-Gower, Venables, Pollock, Erskine May. Goschen and Trevelyan absent, not having got home till four o'clock.

My speech<sup>1</sup> went off very well. But the report will tell you next to nothing of it, at least *The Daily News*,

<sup>1</sup> Defence of the policy of the Government in Egypt.

and I have not yet seen *The Times*. I dined with Lord Granville, only Lady Granville and two very nice daughters there. It was very pleasant. I was much thanked by the Government for my speech. I wish there had been a fair report of it. Pamela and Miss Edwardes were in the Peeresses' Gallery. All the Irish (forty-one) voted in a block against the Government, not at all on the merits of the question, but simply, on Home Rule principles, to embarrass them.

*March 2, 1885.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I had a delightful visit to Oxford. We began the day with Farrar's Bampton Lecture, a *very* able and learned performance, less florid and luscious than his style usually is. It was on the history of the interpretation of the Bible. Thence after lunch, with Isabel, Pam, and the Twinkies, on various visits—the Dean of Christ Church, the Ansons, the Warden of Merton—finishing off with the five o'clock service at Christ Church, the musical part of which has marvellously improved under Lloyd, and is as good as Magdalen. The Macans and Aclands dined with us. Pam and Macan sang, and I kept awake without difficulty. This morning I had a game of hockey with Cecil, which did me much good. The weather was cold, but sunny and very pleasant. . . .

I am just going to the House of Lords with Acton. There is a general feeling of relief that the Government has remained in, with a majority in the Commons against them. The Conservatives would have been in a very weak position. . . .

*March 3, 1885.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

A miserable wet day, dark, dank, and dismal. After writing to you yesterday, I went with Lord Acton to

Westminster. Nothing going on in the House of Lords, so we went into the Commons, where I was made miserable by the howls of the Irish, the intemperance of the Opposition, and the general demoralization. Gladstone was not there, having caught a cold, and wisely keeping at home.

I dined with the Literary Club for the first time, sitting between Walpole and Henry James, the novelist, who was very pleasant. You will like to know who were there. Lecky, H. Reeve, FitzJames Stephen, Locker, G. Venables, Douglas Galton, Lord Walsingham, Carlingford, Sir F. Burton, and Boehm, the sculptor. The talk was lively and pleasant, but hardly as good as the Breakfast Club.

I breakfasted with Charlie, who is very cheery.

The Ministry have done well to stay in. But they are surrounded by all sorts of difficulties. The Radicals dislike our going to Khartoum, and insist upon withdrawal. The Irish watching to put the Government in a minority; and one's only hope is that the wiser heads of the Opposition will not take upon themselves the fearful responsibility of trying to govern with a minority in the Commons. I don't think much of foreign complications. They *must* come right. But our own position in Africa, and at home, is very anxious.

*March 7, 1885.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

Charlie goes to Harrow for Sunday, staying with Mr. Kemp, one of the masters. What a boy he is for making friends of his seniors! Pam and I spend the evening together, and I shall probably ward off sleep by a game of picquet.

Lord Granville asked me yesterday to dine with him at the Political Economy Club, but I told him of my higher duties at the theatre. We went there all four of us. The piece, *The Private Secretary*, is broadly farcical and highly amusing, but it distressed me to observe that the poorest jokes and most obvious puns were those most loudly applauded by the British Philistine.

Annie Wheelwright was there with her friends, the Ghikas, and was in convulsions of laughter; Sarah and Pam greatly but not uproariously diverted. I dare say that fifty years ago I should have been more amused than I was. Forster has sent me a copy of Fanny's poems, which are very beautiful in expression and feeling, and seem to me to be true poetry. What a modest, reserved creature she was. How little we suspected all her gifts!

Feb. 23, 1886.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

You will see that Henderson<sup>1</sup> has resigned! I enclose letters I received yesterday from Du Cane<sup>2</sup>. I have not yet seen the report of the Committee. When I have read it I shall take the first opportunity of giving my opinion as to the general merits of his rule. I am greatly grieved at it, and fear that he has been made the Jonah demanded by the public outcry.

Thank dear Lily for her lively letter. I am rejoiced to hear that Patou<sup>3</sup> is becoming reconciled to his lot, and has succeeded in making Bobby 'frisk beneath the

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. Henderson, Commissioner of Police, resigned after the Trafalgar Square disturbances of February 8.

<sup>2</sup> Sir E. Du Cane, Director of Prisons.

<sup>3</sup> Lily's dog, brought home from Biarritz. He lived till 1901, faithful and beloved.

burden of fourscore,' which is about his age, relatively to that of man. I hope to write to her soon.

Poor Cardwell buried to-day! Sherbrooke and I talked over the question of attending his funeral at Highgate, and decided against it. The weather is too trying. Sherbrooke spoke very feelingly of his old friend, who was two years younger than he, but was with him at Winchester—'the best boy in the school'—and afterwards at Oxford. Kiss my Lilikins for me, likewise Pamekin, but she must be fled.

*Feb. 24, 1886.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

To-day is the annual meeting of the Girls' School Company, to-morrow that of the Boys' ditto. On Saturday I dine at Lubbock's, and before that attend a meeting at Guildhall, where Goschen will deliver an address on Mental Training with reference to the University Extension Scheme. I have promised to say a few words. I hope that you will like my speech on Henderson<sup>1</sup>. Lord Granville thanked me warmly for it, and I see that both *Times* and *Standard* are eulogistic. I think it will comfort him, poor man! The report strongly condemns the arrangements at the meeting, and made his retirement inevitable.

*March 19, 1886.*

I, QUEEN'S GATE.

We are much elated at the prospect of seeing you to-morrow. I agree with all you say about the Church in Wales. Unfortunately the 'stream of tendency' is against Church Establishments. They make no part of the new empires arising in our colonies, past and present. They are seriously menaced in several old countries, and

<sup>1</sup> In the House of Lords.

the spread of democratic power will make the will of the majority respected more and more every day. We must face the inevitable.

We had a most interesting discussion on the Lunacy Bill in the House of Lords last night—Lord Selborne excellent, and the Lord Chancellor<sup>1</sup> and Lord Grimthorpe are great additions to the debating power of the House, as is Lord Ashbourne (Gibson).

To MR. EDWARD LEAR.

March 22, 1886.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

My beautiful picture of the Campagna has duly arrived, in excellent condition, and is giving us all the greatest pleasure, especially to the one among us who, forty-one years ago, equitated through the bright spring months among those aqueducts and over those historic plains, in company with those who, one and all, are

‘In their narrow cell for ever laid.’

We have had two *matinées pittoresques* over the 250 sketches, and tried to live over again your life in these lovely scenes. There are especially one or two scenes in Ithaca which I should rejoice to have ever before my eyes. We are very grateful to you for your kind thought and all the pleasure it has given us. Mrs. Miles and Napier were on the point of starting for said Isles, when they were attacked, she with neuralgia, he with bronchitis, and I much doubt whether they will be allowed to go. Why should they? They shall see your sketches, and ought to be satisfied. We much enjoyed the adventures of your ‘Uncle Arly,’ and rejoice to find that you can be as nonsensical as ever. I did not see Ruskin’s

<sup>1</sup> Lord Herschell, Chancellor, February-July, 1886, and 1892-5.

list. It was like his plucky humour to put your Book of Nonsense among the first, and he was doubtless honest. In youth we like to be moved and afflicted, in old age we want to be cheered, and much prefer the laughing to the tearful mood.

We were all delighted with your appreciation of Willie's book<sup>1</sup>. It is making its way very fairly, and I have heard very competent judges speak highly of it, and of his handiwork. He has two children, the elder a boy, a very handsome and delightful imp. We are at last assembled here; but Lady Aberdare caught a chill, and is in bed, much suffering. The weather has skipped from January to June, and now we are all complaining, not without reason, of relaxing warmth. I have been in Wales, and have not yet seen or heard of Carlingsford. I must call immediately. All here send love.

TO HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

April 20, 1886.

ST. CLARE, RYDE.

An oppressive number of business letters have prevented me from acknowledging your pleasant and welcome letter. It is in a spirit of awe, and by no means of gaiety, that I listen to the strokes of my clock, as they mark seventy-one years. But yet also with a spirit of gratitude at the numberless blessings showered on me during the past, of which so many remain, which have prevented my seventy-one years bringing with them mere 'labour and sorrow.' I spent my birthday among a gay and giddy crowd at Aldershot, and ought now to be suffering from the heavy hail-storms and the icy winds I there endured; but luckily I escaped. Sunday

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Sir Charles Napier.*

I spent indoors, having no desire to face the cold rain which fell in torrents during most of the day.

But my journey here was a continual feast of nectared sweets. The sun-warmed air was sweet and delicious, the woods and banks—and alas! the buttonholes—were pranked with primroses. At Ryde I was met by Augustus, and Rachel, and Cecil. After depositing my clothes here, we took a delightful drive to St. Helen's and Bembridge, and sucked in hogsheads of delicious air. The children—Cecil, Helen, and Bernie—are as loving and delightful as ever. The Dixons<sup>1</sup> are here; I like her much. We have been rambling for the last hour in the garden, and watching the waves dashing over the seawall. So altogether I feel myself in Paradise. We expect the Glazebrooks<sup>2</sup> here on Thursday. My gouty feet are mending, but I have still a tender toe which interferes with comfort in walking. Do you remember the English *Englyn* which the Margam chaplain addressed to Mr. Talbot's father?—

‘The gout is about your brother,  
And tears his ten toes like a tiger,  
He nothing can say, but oh! oh! night and day,  
Oh! oh! woe is my toe.’

With due deductions the poem might be addressed to your crippled parent.

TO HIS DAUGHTER JESSIE.

*April 21, 1886.*

ST. CLARE, RYDE.

Many thanks for your congratulatory letter. Although birthdays in the seventies must bring with them many

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Harold Dixon, now Professor of Chemistry at Owens College.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. M. G. Glazebrook, of Balliol, now Head Master of Clifton College.

mournful thoughts and sad memories, mine never fail to remind me of all the innumerable blessings I have been allowed to enjoy in my home, my friends, my circumstances, so many, and so infinitely above my deserts. In spite of a few drawbacks, I doubt whether I have enjoyed any period of my life more than the present. I am reduced to a daily drive with Rachel, and much lively converse with the chicks, Cecil, Helen, and Bernard, who keep me very much alive. The tide is rushing up to the sea-wall, and splashing over the pathway, and the children are summoning me to come out and look at it. Perhaps I shall be able to hobble so far, although I feel it to be imprudent. Did you get the P. P. C. of the late Spanish Minister? I desired it to be sent, as the girls told me that you and Ra used to be very indignant with him for saying that to conquer a lady's heart, 'il n'avait qu'à la fixer de ses yeux.' But Ra has forgotten all about him, and so perhaps have you. Give my best love to Will and the Mädchen, and my Linakins. What music you must be having, but not better than the Abbé Liszt gave me!

## TO HIS WIFE.

April 27, 1886.

DUFFFRYN.

The enclosed telegram made me hope for news of Norina. I have answered that you are not going to Court on the 5th. I had just been reading to Isabel Iden's delightful speech in *Henry VI*—

'Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance my father left me  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.'

And indeed the day is so lovely, and the scenery so beautiful, that the thought of a Court, and the ceremony

of this day week, are odious to me. The wind has got round to the south, and it is deliciously warm and soft. Yesterday Isabel was out all day, and I a large part of it. She went in the morning to Toncoch, and found Mrs. Evans much better, but grieving at being under orders to leave Toncoch for Aberaman, just as the summer was coming. After lunch I mounted my pony, Isabel walking. We called at Cefn Pennar. I did not dismount, but talked with Miss Thomas while Isabel sat with Mrs. Thomas. She found her composed, and glad to see her—very weak and ill, I am sorry to say. We then climbed to the top of the hill 'Cefn Pwlldwr,' and came down by Gelliddu, I walking from the top of the hill. It was very bright and fresh. Isabel then called on Mrs. Thomas and Louisa, while I had an interesting agricultural chat with Roger, who was putting the last touches to his beloved fields. Isabel has just gone, very visibly the better for her outing, which she thoroughly enjoyed. Morgan also is gone to Aberdare Hall to superintend the beginning of their tennis-ground, which has been contracted for at £25. The yew has only lost one big branch, 'with appurtenances.' It is injured, but far from ruined.

Your account of Charlie is very pleasant. I am so glad that he was with you at Easter. Glad also that your poor eye is improving.

I have a letter from Mildred, who insists upon an answer in verse, so I must 'meditate the thankless muse.'

To HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

April 29, 1886.

DUFFRYN.

My feet and legs continue to wax stronger, although they had, as I soon discovered, waned much during my attack of gout and consequent inactivity. I walked on

Thursday through the Craigisaf plantations, past the rifle ranges to the top of the hill above the wood, wandering about, and chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies and memories, which thronged in upon me very thickly as I looked down upon scenes so familiar to my boyhood, manhood, and now to my old age. I came down along the Abercwmboi mountain, and found my knees somewhat weaker than of yore, but my feet were once more sound, and *that* had been my chief anxiety. I dined, read, and snoozed after my usual fashion, when I have no frivolous occupation like billiards or cards to keep me awake. Your Uncle William could not come. He has builders at work on his house, requiring his critical eye. The weather changed completely. After a sultry morning, there came such continuous thunder and lightning for more than two hours as I never recollect, the sky darkened with black mist—some rain, but not very heavy. During the night, and this morning, snow fell and whitened the hill-tops for a while, but soon disappeared. Not so the chilled air. I shall take my rod with me to Brynderwen<sup>1</sup>, as a salmon is within the bounds of possibility. I have had such a cordial letter from the Prince of Wales, enclosing £25 towards the Henderson Testimonial, with many kind words about him, which will cheer his wounded heart. Also a pleasant letter from Jessie, who expects Charlie soon. I sent a long poetical epistle to Mildred, and am invited by Helen to send *her* one.

## TO HIS WIFE.

April 30, 1886.

BRYNDERWEN.

We had a good gathering for the laying of the foundation stone, and fine, though very cold weather.

<sup>1</sup> Where his brother, the Rev. W. Bruce, was living.

I made a little address on the progress and good work of the Church and clergy. Came on here, and William met me near the bridge, so I got out and walked with him. I send you a letter from Andrew Clark<sup>1</sup>, who had asked me to dine with the Medical Society on the 11th. I declined, but sent him £5 and some talk about doctors, with the two enclosed quotations. One, Dryden's, showing distrust of all doctors, and dislike of one, written in 1699. The other, seventy years later, by Dr. Johnson, who had many friends among the doctors: admire his stately periods, but full of meaning. These will explain his letter.

You distinguish justly between the sadness of youth, often keen and wild, and the sobered melancholy of age. The last is natural and inevitable and not painful, so long as it is not allowed to take the form of complaint and ill-humour, which makes so many old folk disagreeable.

FROM HIS WIFE.

June 15, 1886.

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

Thanks for your dear note telling us all about Duffryn and the service and the flowers, and everything we wanted to know. I had a dear letter also from my Isabel written with a very full heart, full of the many old memories connected with her twin life with our Norah when they were children together, brought back by her return to Duffryn. Her loving heart was very full when she wrote, but she speaks much of the happiness of being with you there. My darling, I remember in the old days long ago, when you and I were only beginning to belong to each other, your telling me the thing you

<sup>1</sup> Sir Andrew Clark, the well-known physician.

hoped for most in life was to be always a real *friend* to your children, not only in their childish days, but that they should feel you to be a true friend and help to them all their lives. Darling, it is not often such hopes have such complete fulfilment as I see them have between you and your children. There is not one of them who does not look upon you with a love that is at once familiar yet full of reverence, deep and passionate in its strength, and yet with all the ease of companionship. It is wonderful how in the deepest moments it seems to overcome sickness and even death itself in its strength. I believe it is a love that *must* last long beyond this life on earth.

The weather keeps very uncertain, and with a chill in the air that speaks of storms. Harry<sup>1</sup> came back yesterday evening, to Frank's great joy. I think he certainly looks a little better. The christening<sup>2</sup> is to be to-morrow at eleven o'clock in the parish church. Lily comes up for it, being one of the sponsors; Mrs. Arthur Whately is the other, and Mr. Ellison the godfather. Mr. Glyn will perform the service. Dear little thing, it will be a trying scene. My mind will be full of dear little Frank's baptism, when you and I had been to poor Philip Arran's funeral, and I rushed home to change my dress and see the little one just beginning life. Dear Norah in her wheel-chair at the font then.

TO HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

July 24, 1886.

DUFFRYN.

It was a kind thought of you to send me an account of your visits to places in Yorkshire, full to overflowing of sweet and sad memories. With Sally and the dear

<sup>1</sup> H. Whately.

<sup>2</sup> Of Norah Whately.

one whom we have lost, I visited Brimham Rocks and Fountains Abbey. Pateley Bridge I have just passed on my way to the rocks with Lady Ripon, Dicky Doyle, and de Grey—then a lively boy, who kept us all in a fright by his climbing feats; and Fountains is as familiar to me as this valley, so oft have I visited it with friends living and dead. Bursley I know not, and much should I have liked to be with you. There is no country which I enjoy more than the hilly districts of Yorkshire, the dales. Everything about them cheerful and inspiring. There is much to justify the complacent satisfaction of Yorkshiremen and women, from which none are exempt, no, not one! in the superiority of Yorkshire—country and folk—over all created folk and countries, and what I can't entirely justify, I smilingly pardon. We enjoyed our visit to Ynis<sup>1</sup> very much. The weather was mostly beautiful, and I got two long rides, and several long walks, and made a vain attempt to catch a sewin.

FROM HIS WIFE.

July 31, 1886.

DUFFRYN.

I am sure you will be happy with the young tribe round you to-day and to-morrow. It will refresh you much. I am walking a little steadily every day, and so I hope to get back my walking powers to some degree, but one cannot prevent everything being somewhat of an effort at present. I must and do thank God for all that is left, and I never cease to think of that great love which is beyond all human love, which rules over all. Some day we shall know what the mysteries of life mean. Now we can only trust in the wisdom that is so

<sup>1</sup> Ynisygerwn, where his son Henry was living.

far above our comprehension, but I cannot get from my mind those lines of Vaughan's :—

'I see them walking in an air of glory  
Whose light does trample on my days :  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmerings and decays.'

It is that sense of the vast, the immeasurable distance between ourselves and the loved ones gone, that is at times so overwhelming. We are so poor and small and blind, and it is so seldom we can rise to the higher atmosphere, but if we trust and love, we cannot go very far wrong, and it is enough to know they are with God. We can wait to know how and where until the time when we too shall see Him as He is.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Sept. 8, 1886.

CASTLE HOTEL, LLANDOVERY.

We, i. e. Willie and Mimi, Isabel, Pamela and I, started on a little tour on Monday by train to Brecon, by carriage thence here, making a beautiful expedition yesterday up the Vale of Towy. We had intended to 'do' Dynevor and Grongar Hill to-day, but those foolish children, Isabel and Pamela, *would* take off their stockings and shoes, and wade across a shallow part of the stream, and Isabel is now in bed with a feverish attack, which the doctor hopes and believes will pass away speedily, so as to enable us to get home to-morrow.

I have been reading the report of your Association with great interest, but somehow missed the papers on the cat's toes. Could you obtain for us a cat with seven toes? We should exult in such a possession.

Willie and I are just starting (selfish wretches!) for

Llanwrtyd Wells, and the Vale of the Irfon, and shall visit the grave of my old friend Henry Thomas at Abergwessin. Mimi and Pamela will find plenty of delightful walks about here. Distribute kisses, pinches, pokes and loves among your many dear ones. . . .

## TO HIS WIFE.

*Sept. 26, 1886.*

STUDLEY ROYAL, RIPON.

Just returned from church, and find your letter of yesterday. I had a very good day's shooting. De Grey, Sir Donald Stewart and I got forty-five brace of partridges and six hares. I got my full share, and rather more. My old friends among the under-keepers declare that I shot as well as ever, and indeed I did very well, and came in very little tired. The weather held up till five o'clock, when we got home, and then it rained pretty heavily for some time. This morning it is bright and sunny, and much warmer.

[In November Lord Aberdare had a serious accident to his right hand when out shooting at Llwyn Madoc. It was necessary to amputate the middle finger.]

## TO HIS SON HENRY.

*Nov. 27, 1886.*

LLWYN MADOC, GARTH.

Many thanks for the cheque, still more for your kind and loving words. I have found in the loving sympathy of my children and friends no small amount of compensation for the damage I have sustained and the pains I have endured. These pains are happily subsiding, although I have not yet done with them, as five hours' pretty sharp experience during last night warns me not to be over-sanguine. I have now every reason to hope that

I shall be able to retain the two fingers on either side the lost one, as useful members and not as mere claws. The middle finger, which at one time gave me most pain, is now fast resuming its natural dimensions and colour; but there are still two ugly wounds, one in the palm under the middle finger, and one at the junction of the fourth and fifth fingers, which are far from being healed, and must still cause me a good deal of torment, especially at night. Still I am making as good progress as possible under the circumstances, an advantage which I owe to a good constitution and a temperate life. I have been three times out of doors, for forty minutes each time. The first time in a wheel-chair, the second afoot, when I crept along, on the third I was able to toddle with a distinct sense of improved strength. I hope to repeat the experiment to-day. The covers about here are unusually well filled, and many pheasants yesterday strolled up to offer me their commiserations. I know not whether I shall be ever able to shoot again, certainly not this winter. I hardly expect to be able to hold a pen for another month, and after that I must take great care not to expose my hand to cold or external injury. I expect to get home either at the end of next week, or at the beginning of the week following. The N.W.R. have been very civil in offering to provide me an invalid carriage, which will take me from Garth to Mountain Ash via Builth and Merthyr without a change. With best love to Constance and bairns.

To LADY GRANT DUFF.

Dec. 22, 1886.

DUFFRYN.

I have been a wretched correspondent of late, and have much to be ashamed of and to ask pardon for, not

so much to you as to your husband, whose unanswered letters were full of affectionate interest in me and mine, and I accordingly humble myself in the dust and seek forgiveness. I am haunted by a strange, and probably to you incomprehensible, difficulty in writing letters abroad. To correspondents near at hand I can pour forth pages full without much effort, while I feel utterly oppressed by the undertaking of composing a letter which is destined to travel some thousands of miles.

Silent and apparently oblivious as I have been, I can honestly say that I have no friend, even among those of older date, to whom I would turn for sympathy or help, with a more absolute certainty of receiving an ample measure of both, than I should to your husband; for no friend, among the many I possess, has ever been more forward in substantial acts of kindness than he. And this assurance of my unaltered affection I wish to convey to him through you immediately on his return home. I heartily congratulate you on the honour bestowed on him<sup>1</sup> and yourself. On my own account I could wish that it had been higher still, and that he and I should find ourselves once more sitting side by side in the same political assembly. But perhaps this wish is a selfish one, for he assuredly has before him many years for active service to his country, which could be better employed in the other House of Parliament.

To HIS SON HENRY.

Jan. 15, 1887.

DUFFRYN.

The Walpoles shall be sent you by the three o'clock train, and will, I trust, have reached you long before you

<sup>1</sup> Created G.C.S.I.

receive this. I am glad that you enjoyed the Duc de Broglie's book. If you want to acquire a fuller knowledge of those times, not without some sweat of the brow, I strongly recommend to you Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*. He whitewashes his hero and worships his brutal father, in a manner distasteful to me, and I suppose to most people. But it contains an enormous amount of information on the eighteenth century, given on the whole in a very picturesque manner. Where his hero-worship does not blind him, he is generally a safe guide. At any rate you will find him an amusing contrast to the brisk and courtly Walpole. I am well pleased with Isabel's engagement. I took a great liking to Champion during his visit here; and I think that he will do his best to make happy one who, as you truly say, is deserving of the greatest happiness. We have just lost Rachel and the twins, who have been in the highest spirits, and have made this week a lively interlude to a rather monotonous existence. Poor Lord Iddesleigh<sup>1</sup>! I wrote by this post to his son, Henry Northcote, who is the one best known to me.

[March 16-May 21, 1887, Lord Aberdare was in Italy  
with his wife and his daughter Pamela.]

TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

March 16, 1887.

GENOA.

Not a line have we had from any of you since we left Turin, where we got a very pleasant chat from your worthy self, with some indifferent enclosures. At Turin, we had, in a quiet way, a very pleasant time. Weather delightful, air balmy yet fresh, hotel comfortable, scenery

<sup>1</sup> Lord Iddesleigh died Jan. 12, 1887.

fine. We heard part of two sermons in the cathedral. Mamma stayed after us in the evening, and heard the congregation take part in some chants and responses, in which I verily believe she joined. She admitted that she kneeled for the blessing. But fear not! she swerves not a hairbreadth from her Protestant principles.

The weather has been mostly wet, and wholly raw, ever since. It spoiled what would have been a very pretty journey to Genoa. Next day Mamma was too tired to lionize, so Pam and I took pity on the poor palaces and churches, and did our duty manfully. Pam's mind is visibly enlarging, and we fear a catastrophe. To-day is cold and rainy, reminding us painfully of our dear native land. Pam and I, armed with umbrellas, have defied the elements this morning. I don't know that I can fairly report any progress. If there is any, it is too insensibly gradual to be observed; but I am none the worse for my journey, and that argues a certain strength and vitality. Pam is vigorous. She makes a first-rate courier, being so cool and collected, and behaves with perfect propriety. We have met nobody we know. The Philip Bouveries left this hotel the day we arrived. I trust that Lina does not abuse her authority, nor the power of the purse. Best love to all, including Grace.

To HIS SON HENRY.

April 7, 1887.

HÔTEL DE L'ALLEMAGNE, ROME.

Your two letters arrived on the same day, the first last, it having been sent to Alassio, and reposed in the post office of Genoa. I write but little, as the operation is still troublesome to me, and my scribe Pamela has plenty to do on her own account. I got more good

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from three days at delightful Siena than anywhere else. It is 1,330 feet above the sea, the weather was beautiful, and the air light and bracing. Add to this, that it is most thoroughly Italian and mediaeval, although very clean. I spent six days there in 1844, August, and wish I could have spent six days this time, but Rome beckoned to us. For the first few days I thought that I had gained strength, but I got a chill about a week ago, with a sore throat, which weakened me much. I am slowly recovering from it. We have had some days of heavenly softness and beauty, but for the last two days it has rained—regular English April weather, such as Piscator sighs for. Here the Tiber, which is as yellow, i.e. muddy, as it was in Horace's time—*flavum Tiberim*—inspires no thought of any fish but eels. I am seeing Rome gradually. Very much of interest, and a little of real beauty, has been laid bare since I was here, and alas! much that is odious has been added—in bad imitation of Paris—*Mais que voulez-vous?* Rome has about doubled its population since 1870, and modern necessities require broad streets and large houses, which are still being built at a prodigious rate. But much remains that is narrow, dirty, and picturesque, to console the visitor after many years.

We are just going to lunch with the Osgood-Fields, and then Mrs. Moore, your Aunt Margaret's sister, takes us a drive outside the walls.

*April 8, Good Friday, 1887.*

I was carried off to Mrs. Field's, where we had a very pleasant, rather diplomatic, meal. Among the guests, the Dutch and Danish Ministers, and Baron Goltz, the German Chargé d'affaires. I heard a great many good

stories, and told a few. The day was horribly wet, so we all adjourned to the Gallery of the Palazzo Colonna, which is very magnificent, and contains some excellent pictures. It is a huge building. In it live, in one set of apartments, the Prince Colonna, in another the Duke and Duchess San Marino, his son and wife (she is a daughter of Lady Walsingham, and very nice). The Spanish ambassador and the Fields have each magnificent sets of rooms. Then we went to St. John Lateran, and heard the 'Tenebrae,' followed by a 'Miserere'; some fine singing, service not impressive.

The Sermonetas<sup>1</sup> return on Monday. I saw him before he left, and I have just received his successor, as President of the Italian Geographical Society, Marchese Vitelleschi, a very able and pleasant man, married to a daughter of Lord Lamington. We have lots of friends—more than enough—considering how much we have to do. But we never go out at night. I have an admirable cicerone to all the 'new' ruins in Mr. Nichols<sup>2</sup>, Irene's father.

FROM LADY ABERDARE TO HER DAUGHTER SARAH.

April 15, 1887.

HÔTEL DE L'ALLEMAGNE, ROME.

It is ages since I wrote to you, it seems to me. We are in all the rush now of our last few days in Rome, and as your father's gentlemen friends have taken to coming to see him quite early in the morning, it makes it rather difficult to get through the letters. The Lornes are in Rome, travelling like private people, and the Princess does not see any one, but Lord Lorne came

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Sermoneta.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. F. M. Nichols, F.S.A., editor of *Erasmus's Letters* (1901).

in yesterday morning to see your father at 9.30. He was of course not up, and Pam and I were pottering about arranging the room, when a knock came at the door. 'Avanti,' says we, knowing the language. 'May I come in?' says a voice. 'Come in,' says we, quite affable, when in walks Lord Lorne! However, finding your father absent, he walks off and comes again in twenty minutes, and stays more than half an hour, and is bent on your father going to see the Pope and convert him about Ireland, so then in about an hour Monsignore Stonor comes, and then this morning comes somebody else to suggest half a dozen ways of managing it, and so I suppose we shall have to settle it, though your father doesn't half like the job. Lord Lorne was very pleasant. Mr. Rutson<sup>1</sup> has turned up and is going on with us to Perugia and Florence. I am sorry to say he told us that poor little Janet Symonds<sup>2</sup> is dead; she died at Davos with her parents. This morning your father went to the Vatican Library with Count Vitelleschi, the President of the Geographical Society, and had an interesting morning. Yesterday we all had a lovely drive into the Campagna with Mrs. Grey. Last night Pam and I went to a party at Mrs. Nichols'.

## TO HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

April 15, 1887.

ROME.

Don't think that my conscience has not pricked me in the tenderest portion of my heart for not sooner thanking you for your pleasant letter. But, having abandoned my claims upon Pamela as my secretary, and finding

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Albert Rutson.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of Mr. J. A. Symonds.

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the act of writing disagreeable, I have gradually abandoned the practice.

Time passes here very pleasantly, and alas! very fast, and the day is all too short, and my strength too feeble for all I wish to see and do. This morning I spent two delightful hours in the Vatican Library, seeing no end of unique treasures. Then to the Farnesina to see Raphael's lovely frescoes, then performed the vulgar operation of lunching, then with Pam and Emily Harcourt to the American sculptor<sup>1</sup>, one of the most agreeable men in Rome, and quite the first sculptor. I admired his works immensely. Then to the Duchess San Marino, a sweet little person, with whom I at once fell in love. Yesterday we drove five or six miles into the Campagna, along the old Appian Way, perfectly lined with tombs of old Roman families, Scipios, Metellus, &c., some of immense size. The day was lovely. We got out of the carriage, and picked loveliest of flowers—orchis in abundance. In the morning Lord Lorne called upon us. He is very anxious that I should see the Pope, and tell him the truth about Ireland. I told him that I did not greatly desire to see the Pope, but that if it could be arranged for me, I would. I believe that efforts are being made to secure for me an interview. The Sermonetas are out of town, and only return to-morrow. I am very sorry to see so little of them. His place has been supplied by the Marchese Vitelleschi, who has succeeded him as President of the Geographical Society, an able man and pleasant and friendly.

Rome is delightful as ever, spite of the new streets with their modern houses, which are compensated by

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Storey.

the immense additions to our knowledge of ancient Rome due to the systematic excavations of late years. All the great works, ancient and modern, are as beautiful in my eyes as ever they were. Perhaps I am less eager about the secondary objects, which have also their interest. Vast numbers of statues of the highest merit and interest have been found since I was here. I have read too, many interesting books in French, Italian, and English.

*April 16.*

Three letters of congratulation from home, very sweet to receive and to read. I am so glad that they have been doing the honours of Duffryn so graciously. It will soon enjoy the reputation of being a first-rate *sanatorium*, no small part of its efficiency being due to the lively society within its walls. But they were grieving over the loss of their beloved Principal<sup>1</sup>, who knows so well to unbend from official severity, and to prove that after all she can be a woman and a sister.

Rutson has been with us for two days, and through him we hear that the Leckys are in Rome. I wish we had you here if only for a week, we should know how to pick out the tit-bits for you, and send you into the seventh heaven. Mamma is in great force, and so is Pam.

To SIR HENRY LAYARD.

*May 21, 1887.*

LUCERNE.

You will have heard of our safe arrival here. We found new skies and climate—very wet and raw. Yesterday, however, was an exception to the last fortnight, and was bright and warm, so we made a delightful expedition up the lake as far as Seelisberg, where we

<sup>1</sup> His daughter Isabel, then Principal of Aberdare Hall.

got out and rambled among lovely scenery for an hour and a half, before the returning steamer took us away. But we are paying for it to-day. It is snowing heavily. Some 150 years ago Goldsmith wrote of Switzerland: 'Here winter lingering chills the lap of May,' and we are verifying his accuracy.

We leave for Basle at five to-day, go to Paris to-morrow, reach London on Monday, Duffryn on Tuesday.

Cold as Lucerne now is, it suits my hyperborean constitution, and I am already the better for my two days here. I feel braced and strengthened.

But I am delighted with my Italian tour, and the eleven days at Venice were the most delightful of all. The life there is unique, especially when one's headquarters are at Ca' Capello.

The sight of the lake under our windows, and of the boats, intensifies Pamela's yearnings for the presence of the young friends she left behind her at Venice. We saw much at Milan, but not enough—the Cenacolo, the S. Maurizio Maggiore, S. Ambrogio and Brera, but 'early closing' hours did us out of the Biblioteca Ambrosiana. I was specially delighted with the great Savoldo, and the Gentile Bellini at the Brera, and the collection of Luini frescoes at the entrance. With our kindest regards to Lady Layard and yourself, and the Misses Du Cane. . . .

[In June, 1887, Mr. Gladstone visited Swansea.]

To HIS WIFE.

June 3, 1887.

SINGLETON<sup>1</sup>, SWANSEA.

All well. Small party here, only Rendel and myself. To-day come Lord Kensington, H. Richard, and young

<sup>1</sup> The house of Sir H. Hussey Vivian, afterwards Lord Swansea.

Whitbread, to-morrow Talbot. Gladstone in excellent spirits, ditto Mrs. Gladstone. We had, i.e. he, Vivian, Rendel, and I, had nearly two hours' talk as to the line to be taken about the Irish Question. He will say very little—as little as he can—about the Welsh Church Question.

*June 4, 1887.*

SINGLETON, SWANSEA.

. . . Gladstone is as fresh as paint, and in high spirits. We had a delightful drive to Langland Bay, and walk over the cliffs to the Mumbles. The day was bright and warm, and the views beautiful. He is full of pleasant talk. Lord Kensington and H. Richard arrived yesterday. You will see an amusing talk between me and Morien in *The Western Mail*.

In the evening we had some really beautiful choir singing, 400 voices. 'Llwyn on' was perfect. They finished with two Welsh hymns, one of them the Tynevydd Pit Hymn, which was sung by the whole audience. Gladstone was delighted and greatly touched by them. He said the hymns reminded him of Palestrina's fine old Italian church music.

I am very well, and only want my old woman, or a daughter or two. Best love to the dear folk.

*June 5, 1887.*

SINGLETON, SWANSEA.

We had a beautiful day for the 'march past.' My barber says that the numbers were estimated at 200,000. I estimated them at 40,000 to 50,000. They took about 4½ hours in defiling, and it was pleasant to see their faces beaming on Gladstone with every expression of delight and affection. He sat without moving all that time, and then made an admirable speech, full of fire and life, for

about a half to three-quarters of an hour. Then he lay down on his bed and slept awhile, and came down to dinner at 7.30. I strongly advised Hussey not to let any one speak except Gladstone and himself. It was intended that Rendel, H. Richard, and I should have spoken. But I represented that this would make a great addition to Gladstone's fatigue, and he acted upon my advice, and well it was—for as it was, we did not rise till 11.15. He spoke with less animation than on the first occasion, but made a very wise and careful speech, very conciliatory towards the Unionists. He went straight off to bed. This morning he seems none the worse. We went to church, and he stayed for the Communion. We had a very good sermon on the Welsh Church from Canon Smith of Swansea. Osborne Morgan is staying here, in addition to former guests. I am very well, and take a good deal of rest. All the children take to me mightily, which pleases me. They have a prodigious reverence for Charlie's strength, due to Rhys Williams's report. Adieu, best love to all. We leave Swansea at eight o'clock on Tuesday for Cardiff.

TO MR. EDWARD LEAR.

*July 24, 1887.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

I am very much ashamed of my tardy response to your letters, and excellent photographs, two of which reached me. I was very glad to find that you were able to migrate to Andorno, which worked wonders last year for an Italian friend of mine, the Cavaliere Forti, and to hear that you were altogether so much better, and, above all, free from pain, the torturer. I had a very pleasant time in Italy, spite of much bad weather and comparative weakness. I was very glad to revisit Pisa,

Siena, Rome, Perugia, Florence, Bologna and Venice. None of these places, barring Venice, had been seen by me since 1845. I made acquaintance at Rome with Mr. Glennie, whom I liked much, and visited the grave of Penry Williams<sup>1</sup>, the inscription for which I had written, and was glad to hear from the *custode*, ignorant of the fact, that it gave general satisfaction. Many thanks for your congratulations on Isabel's marriage. It promises to be a very happy one. She is now on the west coast of Ireland.

I am rejoiced to hear that some of your more important pictures have fallen into such good hands. I called on F. and D. yesterday, and after many doubts and hesitations, chose a Corsican one, the Ponte Vecchio, as conveying an admirable idea of the stern, rugged interior of Corsica. It is my wedding gift to Albert Rutson, erst my private secretary, who is about to marry May Buxton, a daughter of my dear old friend, Charles Buxton. My hand is still very stiff; I write with difficulty. I go ten days hence to Ilkley in Yorkshire for bracing, and later on spend three weeks of September at Aix-les-Bains. We are all fairly well, and leave town on Wednesday, 27th. We have had two such months of sunshine, and absence of rain, as I never recollect. All send much love.

To HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

August 8, 1887.

DUFFRYN.

It is a great shame to have left your delightful letter from Doohulta so long unnoticed. But the numbers of

<sup>1</sup> The painter, born in Merthyr Tydvil, a well-known figure for many years in Rome: he died in 1885.

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daily letters I am compelled to write, and the disinclination to writing arising from the stiffness of my finger, must plead my excuse. You have had a charming life of freedom and unconventionality in the far west of Ireland, and unusual means of judging of the characters of the pure Celts who inhabit it. Elsewhere you would find the character modified by the large admixture of Teutonic blood, which gives strength, but I fear not grace, to the race. I fear, however, that the weather was fatal to Champion's fishing, at any rate so far as salmon and sea-trout are concerned. I was in that country with your uncle William in 1855, and we stayed for some days at Ballinahinch, and fished in some of the adjoining lakes, but the fine weather beat us. We got, however, some good sport in the Moy, above Ballina, and some glorious walks in the wilds of Mayo. 'But that was thirty years ago'—and more—and 'Oh! for the change 'twixt now and then!' However, I must not grumble, for yesterday, accompanied by Lily and Mildred, I got to the top of the Gelliddu hill, and returned untired. But there was a fresh N.W. breeze which sustained me, and made me forget my years and ailments. This place is looking lovelier than ever, and I leave it for health-hunting with infinite regret. Add to which, I leave behind me my beloved Twinkies, who are sweeter than ever, and Miss Sally, who returns tomorrow. Later on I shall miss you and Champion, Willie and Co., and Jessie and bairns, which is heart-breaking. It is, however, a comfort to think that your mother will be here on the 29th, in time to see something of you all. But I shall have carried off Lina and Lily.

To HIS SON HENRY.

*August 20, 1887.*

STONY LEA, ILKLEY.

... I am very glad to hear that you have accepted the treasurership of the Clergy Widows, &c., Society, which my father must have held for wellnigh, if not quite, forty years. He did much to raise the subscription list, by writing to every one who was not on it, and who he thought ought to be, to ask for a contribution. Every time he lost a subscriber, he never rested until he had found some victim to fill up the gap.

*'Primo avulso non deficit alter  
Aureus'*<sup>1</sup>

he used to quote with great gusto. His successors have not been so diligent, and — confined himself strictly to the duty of collecting existing subscriptions, and keeping the accounts. But without rivalling my father's energy, I think you might do something in the same direction. Your report of the cricket match is quite Homeric, and affords another proof of the glorious 'unsartinty' of the game. I am profiting—indeed we all are—from the glorious air of this place. The heather is in richest bloom, and the moors are most beautiful in their colouring. The higher moors abound with grouse, the slopes with no end of coveys of the 'animal im-plume, bipes.' Alice and I get capital walks.

We are very fortunate in having for neighbours in this hotel the Richard Wards, with two delightful and very clever children. Then there is a charming American, Mrs. Andrews, daughter of Cyrus Field, of whom (I mean the daughter) we see much, but not

<sup>1</sup> Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 143.

enough. She has a delicate little boy, on whose account she is here.

We get very full reports of the visitation<sup>1</sup> at Mountain Ash. The girls acted with great energy and decision, and I think everything is being done, which can be done. We were very thankful for your timely contribution of nurses.

We go hence on the 29th. Lina and Lily join me in London. I expect to be at Aix-les-Bains on the morning of September 1. It makes me very miserable to be away from home all these months, and to lose the visits of the Willies, Jessie and the Russells. But I must try to regain the trigger-finger, and Aix seems my best chance. With best love to Constance and the bairns.

I was so glad to hear of your Uncle Hyde's visit.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

*August 24, 1887.*

ILKLEY.

Victoria Jubilina is the very thing! Octavia I have seriously thought of, passing contemptuously by Decima. But as Augustus, with his democratic prejudices, would never accept V. J., I opine strongly, emphatically, for Rachel. Don't tell me that Winifred already bears that name; that is a mere evasion. Next to Rachel, I look favourably on Isabel<sup>2</sup>.

Our host is a fine manly Yorkshireman, named Emmott. 'Same family as the cricketer, Emmett?' I asked. 'Yes,' said he, 'some spells it with a "He" and some with a "Ho"; we spells it with a "Ho."' Said Emmott was for thirty years rubber-in-chief at Ben

<sup>1</sup> Typhoid.

<sup>2</sup> The name given.

Rhydding. He does his work well, but unmercifully, apparently unconscious of his strength.

Mamma is wonderfully brisk, and skips like a kid up and down the steep braes, accompanied by Gatty<sup>1</sup>, who has refound her youth. We had a delightful day at Bolton Abbey and Barden Tower. At the latter we met Ladies Louisa Egerton and Edward Cavendish, who warmly pressed us to come to lunch some day. Norah declined, which I regret. I should like to have seen the fine old duke once more. We have lunched with Mrs. Forster, very sweet, but sadly fragile.

TO HIS WIFE.

Sept. 5, 1887.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

We have been well fed with letters, yet not enough to satisfy our insatiable appetites. The news of Lady Walker's<sup>2</sup> death followed immediately upon your letter. I wrote at once to poor Walker. His loss is immense, yet hardly so great as it would have been ten or twelve years ago, before their sons were started in life, but what a dreadful shock!

I got a delightful Latin letter from Buff—so full of fun, and so thoroughly Latin in style. I see that Harry did Mrs. Jarley, but I find no mention of Willie, though I do of Mimi. What was he doing? He would hardly go to Llwyn Madoc without Mimi. It is a great comfort to hear that the skies have supplied you amply with water. We have had some rain here. Last night such thunder and lightning as I have never heard or seen except once at the Grimsel, with torrents of rain . . .

<sup>1</sup> Miss Gertrude Bruce.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Sir George Walker.

We like our English people here much. The girls get beautiful walks on the mountain slopes. To-day they started at 8.10, and only returned at 10.30, but they did not seem tired, and I think that the air agrees with them well. We took a pleasant drive yesterday, having found out Mrs. Andrews's Italian coachman, Vincenzo, who quite brightened up at hearing her name.

Sept. 7, 1887.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

... On Monday evening we attended Madame Brachet's (Doctor's wife) reception at four, where we met many English, Americans and French, among them the widow of Dean Wellesley. Then we went to the lake—a mile—took boat (our boatman, 'Bateleur en chef, dit *Bacchus*') and rowed for an hour, getting the loveliest views of the sun setting on the mountains to the east, the Maritime Alps, with snowy breasts, in the distance.

In the evening we went to a concert, excellent music, Beethoven, Weber, &c., perfectly executed. Towards the middle, in came the Princess Louise and the Duchess of Connaught with ladies. When we rose between the parts, the Princess smiled sweetly at me, and soon after Miss Hervey came to me, and said the Princess wished to see me. So I went, and had about twenty minutes pleasant talk with her and the Duchess. The Princess is going for a while to Switzerland, to recover her strength, which suffers here from the baths. She returns later.

Yesterday was a lovely day. We, *plus* Miss Scobell, a very nice girl, drove nine miles to Chambotte, a mountain 3,000 feet high, overhanging the lake almost perpendicularly, about 2,300 feet above it. The views around were beautiful, especially that of the lake, which

is bluer than the bluest sky. But the chief charm is the air. Certainly, nothing can be finer in its way than the breeze which sweeps over Runbold Moor; but there is a sunny sweetness, a caressing softness in the air of Chambotte, which soothes and charms and animates all at once. There is a delightful Châlet Hôtel on the summit, kept by a most charming Scotchwoman, Mary Robertson, native of Killin on Loch Tay, married to a Savoyard cook of Mr. Balfour of Balbirnie. They spend the winter in his service at Cannes, and come here for the summer. We spent three hours up there, rambling through the brushwood and along the high pastures. We found many barberry bushes, in full fruit. Then we had a delightful drive back through the fresh cool air. These two expeditions, on the lake and to Chambotte, have quite dispelled my sense of languor, and the girls are full of spirits, and up to any amount of walking. Lina is very bright, and although she can't walk uphill as well as Lily, she never seems overdone. Last night we had fireworks.

## TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Sept. 8, 1887.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

It was a great pleasure to see your handwriting (the best of my children's). Life goes pleasantly here, and would more so, if I thought less of the gathering of so many dear ones at Duffryn, whom I cannot hope to meet so pleasantly for at least another year. And what may not that bring forth! I have lost the gay confidence of youth that every year will be as the last. For now, nearly each succeeding year compels me 'to moan the expense of many a vanished sight.'

They do their best by copious correspondence to

mitigate my regrets. The dear Twinkies have not failed me, and I enclose for Augustus's delectation and criticism a sprightly Latin letter from Buff, in answer to a short one from me in same lingo (with an enclosure). Mr. Wickham<sup>1</sup> applauded the latinity, with only one exception, *uxor sua*, which should have been *eius*. But then it must be admitted that he has turned many difficulties skilfully. It is such a comfort to see our beloved Meg's boy turning out so well in every respect.

We have had some heavy rain for the last twenty-four hours, with thunder and lightning. But before that, we made some charming expeditions on lake and mountain.

My dear! I am seriously hurt at your persistent neglect of 'Rachel' for a daughter. Why Beatrice O.? In order that she may say B. O. H.! to the enamoured goslings of the future? Your mother says that 'the twins are delightful with all the children.' Alas! why are they not delightful with their granpy, who yearns for them?

To MR. EDWARD LEAR.

Dec. 11, 1887.

DUFFRYN.

I had for some time been anxiously expecting a letter from you, with the effects of your summer outing, and am grieved to hear that you are still suffering from your fall, and that you are bewailing the loss of a faithful old friend of thirty years' standing. Round me, too, death has been very busy. Lord Wolverton and Henry Cowper were old and valued friends and irreplaceable, but this is the inevitable penalty of old age. Either we die and give a pang to those who love us, or they die and make us look anxiously at the thinning ranks of our old associates, who can alone live over the past with us.

<sup>1</sup> Head Master of Wellington, now Dean of Lincoln.

You ask after my hand—well! it is an obstinate and unconformable limb. The fingers are still very stiff, but I have ascertained that I could still pull a trigger, and find an excuse for an armed ramble along the hill-sides, and woodcocks and pheasants cannot permit themselves to take liberties with me. But my right arm, although stronger, is still very weak. I have been obliged to spend the last year in running after recovery. Ten weeks I passed in Italy—among old haunts, forty-two years since—in Siena, Perugia, Rome, Florence, and Venice. My wife had never set foot in Italy, and was delighted, as was my daughter Pamela, who successfully combined the offices of courier, valet, and lady's maid. Three weeks I spent at Aix-les-Bains with Lina and Lily, and three weeks, most invigorating of all, with Lady Aberdare and Alice at Ilkley, in Yorkshire. The doctors ordered me to Gastein and St. Moritz, but I treated them as Molière did *his* doctor, ‘Nous causâmes ; il m'ordonna des remèdes ; je ne les pris pas ; et je guéris.’

Your friend Willie is prospering, and has two beautiful children, boy and girl. I have twenty-one grandchildren. I heard from Carlingford some weeks ago. His brother's death has been another blow to him. I expect that you will see him this winter. Perhaps you have, and forgot to mention it. If so, remember me to him very affectionately, as Lady Aberdare and my bairns do to you.

To HIS DAUGHTER JESSIE.

Dec. 26, 1887.

DUFFRYN.

I was delighted with the photograph of your bairnies twain. It is most spirited, and I am very glad to have

it. Margaret has an inspired look, which recalls Tacitus's description of the women of Mona exciting their countrymen to resist the attack of the Romans. Morys has a solid, sedate air, which suggests the future archdeacon of a still Established Church. There are not even wanting traces of episcopal eminence. I hope that you sing some of the French songs to Margaret, and that she enjoys them. They are having a *succès fou* at Cowley Grange, and will facilitate the learning of French. I toddle out with my gun occasionally, and do not allow myself to be treated contemptuously by woodcock, pheasant, or rabbit. But my arm is still weak, and my fingers stiff, and I am neither so quick nor so sure as of old.

We are all very well, and there has been a prodigious inflow and outflow of Christmas gifts. I hope mine reached you safely. With much love to Will and bairns.

To HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

Dec. 26, 1887.

DUFFRYN.

I was very glad to get your loving letter yesterday. It was some compensation for your loving presence, which added so much to the pleasure of this domestic gathering. Alas! we are in terribly reduced numbers—only six of my bairns, and only three of theirs! and we must not look to the gaieties of old times; yet we keep up our spirits fairly, like Wordsworth's old folk:—

‘And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy because  
We have been glad of yore.’

Yes! I sent you Layard's *Early Adventures*, which

he was compiling from his journals when I was with him at Venice. It is about forty years since I first saw him. He wore no beard then, and, barring costume, was very like his portrait in the first volume. We were much rejoiced at hearing from Charlie this morning that he had got six weeks' leave from his General ('Bless his little heart!' as he gratefully but irreverently added), beginning from January 2, the day when Rachel and Bernard arrive, and when I hope Buff may also be coming. I had a very pleasing account of Baldwins and of your life and doings from Lily, which rejoiced me. With much love to Champion, and kindest regards to all at Stubbers, not forgetting Violet.

## TO HIS WIFE.

Feb. 26, 1888.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Snow fell heavily yesterday morning at Oxford, and I started in some trepidation, but by the time I got to Bletchley, where I spent fifty minutes and imbibed hot pea-soup, it had not only stopped, but it lay much thinner on the ground, and by the time I got to Cambridge it had almost disappeared. We have had none since, but a very sharp frost last night. I had a most cordial welcome from the Master<sup>1</sup>. There are staying in the 'Lodge' General and Mrs. Strachey, Sir Joseph Hooker, and Francis Galton. We had an immense dinner-party, among them Sir T. and Lady Wade, who asked much after you; George and Mrs. Darwin, who asked much after Rachel; Stokes, President of the Royal Society, and M.P. for the University, whose wife I took into dinner (she is a daughter of the great Irish mathematician, Dr. Robinson, and Honora Edgeworth,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Montagu Butler.

and I had much talk with her about Maria and her life); Adams, the astronomer; Aldis Wright, the Shakespearian editor, and many more of University fame. We had a great deal of good talk, which was prolonged after the company, till, I blush to say, twenty minutes to one! and I aired some of my best stories.

This is a large and most interesting house—a perfect museum and portrait-gallery, especially of Trinity College worthies, Bacon, Newton, Barrow, Buckley, Porson, &c., &c. There is no end of them. We go to the Chapel at eleven, the University sermon at two, and Trinity Chapel at six, where we shall have a beautiful anthem. I am very well, and enjoying my visit much.

Feb. 27, 1888.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I have received both budgets, at Cambridge and here. I had a delightful visit—went to church three times yesterday. The University sermon was preached by Canon Carter, of Truro, that nice little divine who sat near us at the Minerva in Florence. It was extempore, but in every respect admirable, in delivery, language, feeling; I wish you had heard him. I met him afterwards at the Common Room at Trinity. He is indeed a sweet little person. Afterwards called with the Master on Dr. Kennedy, eighty-four years old, for more than thirty years Head Master of Shrewsbury School. He was a fellow pupil there of Archdeacon Wynne Jones, of whom he spoke very warmly, and presented a parting teapot to my old master, Mr. Griffith, of Swansea, who was moved to tears by this mark of regard. Tea'd there. (He has two agreeable spinster daughters of mature years.) Then to Evensong at Trinity Chapel, where we had a beautiful anthem of Handel, 'He was

despised and rejected of men,' &c. This morning we sat an hour and a half over breakfast, and got some capital talk. Sir Joseph Hooker went on to Milton Hall, F. Galton travelled to town with me, where I arrived at 12.40. I have got a very good bedroom at the York Hotel, Albemarle Street. . . .

*Feb. 29, 1888.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I am delighted to hear of your descent into the study, and of the sun shining on that auspicious occasion. We had no sun, but a bitter north-easter. After attending the committee here, I went to the House of Lords to hear what Lord De la Warr might say about the sale of liquors on the West Coast of Africa, including Niger. His motion is postponed till Monday next, which I regret. However, Dunraven came on with his motion about the 'Sweaters,' in which he went out of his way to accuse the Liberal party of sacrificing the interests of the poor to abstract doctrines of political economy. So the spirit moved me to answer him, which I did, greatly to the satisfaction of Granville and Kimberley. I observe that both *Times* and *Daily News* approve of my reply.

I see no reason why I should not return home to-morrow. It is very cold here—no sun, but thin showers of snow occasionally. I went last night to hear Coquelin in Molière's play of *L'Étourdi*. It was killing, the best comedy acting I ever saw.

*April 13, 1888.*

DRESDEN.

We are in very cheerful and comfortable quarters here, could not be better. We have seen a great deal of Pam<sup>1</sup>. We called on her yesterday morning at

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Philip Miles.

Dr. Kilian's, who kindly took us to the Gallery. He is a man of pleasant manners and much intelligence, but has no special knowledge of art. We were delighted with the Gallery, where we hope to spend many hours. I was not at all disappointed with the Madonna di S. Sisto, which is of course saying much. The 'longing' look into the future, both of the Virgin and Child, is well given in the large photographs, but the exquisite colouring is of course not to be rendered. The great Holbein is now admitted to be a copy, although an admirable one. The famous Magdalen was demolished by Morelli<sup>1</sup>, who proved to demonstration that it was not Correggio's at all, but only a highly-finished copy of a picture of the later school of the Caracci by a Flemish artist. On the other hand he has restored to Giorgione, the rarest of all painters, an exquisite picture which had been given to other artists in succession. I observe that all his principal judgements, reversing German opinion, have been accepted in the new catalogue.

The weather has been very cold here. Yesterday there was rain, very raw. To-day is sunny, with west wind, but air still keen. We went at ten o'clock this morning with Pam to a rehearsal of a concert to be given this evening. The programme was taking: a symphony of Handel, never hitherto played, very fine, but old-world; another by Haydn, exquisite and perfectly given; and one of Beethoven's grandest. Only part of the concert-room is allowed to be occupied on such occasions, so it was not hot.

<sup>1</sup> See 'Die Galerien zu München und Dresden,' Ivan Lermolieff [Morelli].

*April 18, 1888.*

DRESDEN.

We had a glorious day yesterday in the Saxon Switzerland—an absurd name, for the mountains never reach 2,000 feet, but the scenery is so strange and fantastic as well as beautiful, that it deserves its reputation. We began by climbing 600 feet among deep, rocky, precipitous valleys, with fir forest, mosses, and ferns. This took up two hours. Then we spent  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours upon the summits. Then drove for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours to Schandau on the Elbe, getting out every now and then to see fine scenes. In a deep valley, with a perfect trout-stream, we found a German gentleman fishing. He knew me, and addressed me by name, 'having often seen me at Geographical meetings.' He had stayed at Altyre, on the Findhorn, and fished in the Spey and Erne, as well as in Ireland and in Hampshire, and married a Scotchwoman, who was with him.

The weather was perfect—soft, warm, yet breezy. This morning was the only one when I awoke without feeling tired, which shows that mountain air suits me.

Thanks for your loving greetings on my birthday! I have received pretty presents from Pam and the girls, and a beautiful bouquet of violets from Mrs. Kilian, and yesterday brought me letters from Lily and Lyndhurst, the latter capitally written. I have sent him a long letter in reply. We were delighted to hear of Edward Morgan's good fortune. Llanishen is the Welsh cradle of our family, and the church contains my grandmother's monument, besides several other family ones. I must pay it a visit now that he is there. . . .

[The following letters are written from Rosehall, lent to Lord Aberdare's son, Henry, by Mr. Godfrey Clark.]

II.

R

*May 22, 1888.*

ROSEHALL, INVERAN.

... We stretched our arms over a few pools, but without a hope of attracting a fish. I was glad to find, however, that I could handle my own rod, and throw a very fair line. We fished for a couple of hours, weather so warm that I felt tempted to throw off my coat. In the evening we all of us took a good walk, and climbed a hill, whence new hills and peaks and serrated ridges could be despaired. The curlews were whistling, and the gulls screaming all around us, and every now and then an old cock-grouse rose with a startled and indignant crow. This morning is just as fine as yesterday—sky cloudless, air sweet and warm, yet deliciously fresh. I wish you were here, my darling. The walks are endless and beautiful, even when you don't climb. Lily enjoys the place and country immensely. The children are very lively. Lyndhurst is very intelligent and observant, and has an excellent memory. Clarence very bright and handsome. Harry insists upon carrying me off to a lake, four miles over the mountains. I ride the first three miles, but the day is so sunny that it requires his sanguine temperament to expect any sport. But we shall have the mountain air and scenery.

*May 26, 1888.*

ROSEHALL.

We celebrated Lyndhurst's birthday in due form. The morning was devoted to sailing the new ship on the artificial lake. It sailed beautifully, and gave intense delight. Then a dinner at which Clarence was a guest; he behaved most decorously.

After dinner we, i.e. Harry, Constance, Lyndhurst, Daisy, Lily and I, crossed the 'Kyle,' or narrow arm of

the sea, and rambled for a couple of hours on the opposite mountain-side—the property of Mr. Milnes-Gaskell—where he has a handsome lodge.

Then while I read my letters, and *The Times*, and recumbent on a sofa, scrutinized the cricket matches, Harry, accompanied by his gillie, Lily, catches in the river nine trout, which he transfers to the said lake.

On Thursday, Lily and I took a long ramble through the woods, where a beautiful roebuck bounded by us. The flowers were everywhere in gay abundance, especially primroses, white anemones, violets, and marsh marigolds, the bluebells just beginning. The air is full of the song of cuckoos, the beautiful trill of the curlew, and the harsher cries of the gulls and peewits. In fact the birds and flowers are, with the fresh air and river, the great attractions of the place. But I must not forget the beeches, which are large and spreading, and in their loveliest green vesture. I wrote yesterday to Lina, and—woe's me!—quite forgot that it was her birthday till the post was gone. I am sending *Brown, Jones, and Robinson* to Margaretha Kilian . . .

May 28, 1888.

ROSEHALL

A change has come over the spirit of the weather, and we are sharply reminded of the neighbourhood of the North Pole; yesterday the wind got round to the N.E. I have just been out (like Sir Calidore in the *Fairy Queen*), 'To take the air, and hear the thrush's song,' which is heard here to perfection. They abound, and sing incessantly and beautifully, regardless of the quarter of the wind. On Saturday Harry and Lily went across the mountain to the little loch, famous for its pink-fleshed trout. They got fifty-three, of which Lily is credited

with ten. I read and sauntered, sauntered and read, till five o'clock, when I went to the falls and rocky pools of the river, just to stretch my arms and throw a long line. At the foot of the falls at least a dozen salmon went leaping, not vouchsafing a glance at my fly, although Graham, the keeper, was loud in his praise of the lightness with which I threw my fly, and the attractive grace with which I played it on the water. But the evening was lovely, the scenery enchanting, and I was happy in spite of the scorn of the salmon.

## TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Aug. 11, 1888.

DUFFRYN.

You will be glad to hear some really trustworthy news of Cecil, so I write. She still looks a little pale and pulled down, but her colour is daily improving, and her strength and her spirits never fail. Although sprightly as ever, she is as good as gold. Never was a less troublesome child, never a sweeter or more attractive. *C'est moi qui le dis !* Duffryn is looking its very best. Let us hope for another such week. We read the accounts of Bernie's misadventure with palpitating hearts, but your narrative of the picnic reassured us. But *why* did you laugh more than you ever laughed before? (which I take the liberty to doubt). Was it that French folk were more amusing than English? Alas! I fear that is true, although sprightly ones are not wanting in our family, and Willie would have added to your gaiety, however unprecedented.

We can laugh too, here, I can tell you! and sing and play in a style unknown at Ambleteuse. Do my Twinkies chatter in French fast as of yore? Does British Bernard

condescend to the Gallic tongue? Helen I presume can speak fairly, but I misdoubt Janet. Has Augustus lost his heart to a meritorious object? Can he tell me where these lines are (I quote them *verbatim*)?

'And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,  
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye;  
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,  
*Save one short pipe, &c., &c. . . .*'

[Lord Aberdare visited Ambleteuse on the way to Aix.]

TO HIS WIFE.

Sept. 1, 1888.

AMBLETEUSE.

We had a delightful passage, just enough breeze to ruffle the surface, and no more, whereas on Thursday there had been a furious gale, and they could see the waves breaking over the Boulogne pier, six miles off.

We found Rachel and the twins at Boulogne, and after lunching and stowing away our luggage, Lily and I, with Mabel and Cecil, went in an open carriage, while the rest went by train. Halfway we met Helen and Bernard on bicycles, who accompanied us home. We were soon carried off to the seaside, where there is a beautiful sandy beach, with high 'dunes' above. The children bathed, played croquet, and were on the best terms with their young French friends. There was a very pleasant gathering of French and English. But General Carey, a retired artillery officer, was the gayest and pleasantest of all. The children treated him as an old friend. We had much dancing in the evening, the General and Mabel being partners in the very amusing polka *des Bébés*. Lina played much, two very clever young French girls recited admirably, and one played

very well. Miss Seward sang very effectively, and also played dances. Altogether they spent two hours very cheerfully and wholesomely. They are all as brown as berries, Cecil looking very white and pale among them, although she is very well. Rachel leaves to-morrow with Augustus and Mildred for Bath, where Ra and Mildred stay with Mary. We leave Ambleteuse at eleven and Boulogne at 1.17, and arrive in Paris in plenty of time for dinner.

Thank you for your dear letter about Charlie. I am so glad that we have seen so much of him, and enabled him to see so many before he leaves<sup>1</sup>. He takes with him much warm affection from all quarters.

As for us, we may not unreasonably hope to see him again, and so I will hope. And against the thinning home we must set the many happy households and honourable careers of our descendants.

Sept. 2, 1888.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

We have found many friends and acquaintances here. Mrs. Burr, Lady Augustus FitzClarence and daughter, two Misses Coates, Miss Townshend, Sir Victor and Lady Holton, and Sir G. Bowen. Lord Hartington, Lord and Lady Oxenbridge, Miss Davenport-Bromley, the Mocattas, W. H. Smith are staying in other hotels.

This hotel is brimful, and our rooms were only vacated last Friday. Lina has a new room, with which she is much pleased, Lily and I our old ones, and our delightful attendant, Benoite, glowed with pleasure at seeing the girls. The air is delightfully fresh, and we are thinking of taking a drive in the uplands. Our thoughts are

<sup>1</sup> For India.

much with you, and your painful parting to-day. But what a comfort it is, when he is starting on a fresh career in a distant land, to feel such confidence in him, to know how steady and honourable he is, and how invariably he attracts the friendship of all the best men with whom he is thrown, and that he has a natural repulsion for scamps of all descriptions.

Sept. 20, 1888.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

Yours of the 18th from Llettyrafel<sup>1</sup> has just come. So glad to think of you there, and that you would have two nights there. You are just leaving as I am writing, much freshened and recreated I trust, and on your way to your sole remaining chick. I long to hear your account of the Llettyrafel chicks.

We have done great things since I wrote to you. On Monday thirty-five of us in seven carriages—English, American, and Savoyards—started at nine. I was told off to three widdies—Ladies Somers, Doneraile, and Anna Chandos-Lane, and a very lively trio they were. Our route was very beautiful—over high ground to a grand valley, where we lunched on the slopes of the ruined castle of Châtelard; the hills on either side about 6,000 feet, hanging woods lovely. There we stopped about three hours. We drove over a pass into the noble valley of the Isère till we reached the railway. I walked the last eight miles, and arrived fresh as paint. I think we were all the better for it, all the folk being cheery and cordial.

On Tuesday at ten we started via Chambéry to the

<sup>1</sup> Farmhouse near Ynis-y-Gerwn, where Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Bruce were staying.

Grande Chartreuse. We drove through a most beautiful country to St. Laurent du Pont—at the foot of the pass—then got a fresh carriage, and drove about eight miles to the Grande Chartreuse. No description—not even Gray's—comes near the reality. It is easy to talk of rocks and precipices, tumbling streams, clear as crystal, hanging woods of every foliage, rising 3,000 or 4,000 feet above us, but no word-painting could convey even a faint image—or only the faintest—of the glory of this wonderful region. We reached the convent, a great pile, finally built, after seven destructions by fire, in 1646. Charlie and I had our cells in the convent, Lina and Lily in an adjoining house, kept very nicely by Sisters of Mercy. We were the only English to about thirty French. Charlie and I were shown over the vast convent, and supped at eight, simply but sufficiently—no meat, but good wine, and a glass of Chartreuse. There are forty-two *pères*, clothed in white, and twenty *frères* in brown, with sixty attendants. They keep schools, hospitals, farms, &c., and manage the vast forest, all once their own, for which they now pay £40,000 a year. They are nearly all French, but a Russian general, Nicolaieff, and his nephew, and a Polish prince, are among them. I attended the midnight service—a very weird and solemn ceremony—the monks covered with their white cowls, chanting in deep bass voices in a dimly-lighted chapel. We had good beds. Wednesday was a *jour maigre*, and we breakfasted at eight on dry bread, prunes and wine—no coffee or eggs to be had. The girls were better off, and enjoyed their quarters very much. The sisters called them 'mes petites dames anglaises,' and found them 'très gentilles.' We started at nine, Charlie refreshing himself with a run of eight

miles through the pass. He had bathed in the dusk the evening before. He has enjoyed himself thoroughly, interested in the people, scenery, and places. His occasional runs have astonished the drivers, and amused the grinning population. It has been very delightful having him. We shall take a row on the lake by moonlight, and at four minutes before midnight he starts for Naples, which he will reach in about thirty-eight hours, and have a day at Naples before starting.

Sept. 21, 1888.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

We all went to the station last night to see our dearest Charlie off. He bore up very well, though his face worked, and he gave me some grips not to be forgotten. He had thoroughly enjoyed his excursions and daily swims, and was very popular with our English friends. We wound up yesterday in a manner thoroughly satisfactory. Before breakfast he got a swim in the warm baths; after breakfast he sauntered in the town and came to a *salle d'armes*, where fencing was going on. After watching the performances he offered himself to the *maître a'armes*—a good artist. He seems to have been unprepared for the strength of Charlie's wrist, for he suffered himself to be disarmed several times. At four o'clock we, *plus* Miss Townshend and Miss Lefroy, took the train to the end of the lake, where there is a beautiful old château on a low hill, commanding a beautiful view of the lake. Here we dined, and at 8.30, when the moon, at its full, was risen, we embarked in a boat, and rowed for about two hours to the port of Aix. It was heavenly! Charlie gave us at least half a dozen Welsh airs with genuine Welsh words, and Welsh energy, to the astonishment of the boatmen. It was near eleven

o'clock when we got home. So we had not too much time to put the last touch to Charlie's packing, and went with him in the omnibus, and saw him off punctually at 11.56 p.m. He got to Turin about eight, and remains there six hours, reaching Rome to-morrow about eight a.m., and Naples in the afternoon. He leaves Naples at noon on Sunday. Sir George Bowen gave him many useful hints for spending his four days at Malta agreeably. This interlude has been very pleasant to him. He spent five days almost wholly with us, which he will never forget, and parted with us in good heart.

Sept. 26, 1888.

NOVENTA, PADOVANA.

. . . We got to Padua about six, and were met by Cav. Forti, who was wonderfully better than when we saw him at Florence. He brought us here in his carriage, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. This is a truly magnificent house. It was the palace of the Patriarch of Venice, confiscated by the French, and bought some time after by Madame Forti's grandfather. It is a real palace, with grand marble halls and frescoes, and the girls and I have a suite of rooms which a princess might envy. We found here, besides the family: (1) a German cousin; (2) a pleasant English lady, Miss West; (3) a nice little English girl of twelve, whose father has a mission among the sailors at Venice, and from whom little Dora is rapidly learning English; (4) Signor Angellino and wife (he is the retired President of a Law Court, a fine old man of seventy-seven); and another Italian gentleman, whom I have not yet deciphered. We had a very warm reception, and a very merry dinner, and the girls, rather appalled at first by the unexpected numbers, were soon thoroughly at home. After dinner I played

a variation of billiards with Cav. Forti, and maintained the honour of the family. Lina played duets, Hungarian dances, &c., with Fräulein Erminia Schloss, a very fine performer, likewise maintaining, &c., as did Lily, in the conversational department. We went to bed at ten, slept well, and breakfasted at nine, lightly, to be followed by a more serious meal at twelve, when we drove into Padua and visit the Giottos, the cathedral, and some other things. To-morrow I hear of an expedition to the Pisani Palace, now a national one, on the Brenta.

The girls are thoroughly happy, and enjoy the life here. We have just been to the farm buildings, large and handsome, where we saw the men pressing the 'must' out of the grapes with bare feet and legs, quite Biblically, and the great granaries of corn, which are in fact rent in kind, for he does not farm. He told me that he would get this year over 3,000 quintals of wheat, which would sell at 23 francs the quintal.

The house stands in a sort of park, on the outer edge of which are long avenues of *charmilles*, sun-proof, which must be invaluable in summer, and are very enjoyable even now. . . .

*Oct. 1, 1888.*

NOVENTA, PADOVANA.

Your letter of 28th just arrived, with the account of your oratorical triumph at Aberdare, and the arrival of the dear bairns. How I should have enjoyed the sight of the little Norah in her fez, which must have made her look more weird than ever! Our time flies very pleasantly. Another day in Padua seeing Giotto's masterpieces (with those at Assisi), Mantegna's frescoes, &c., the University where Harvey first received an

inkling of the true theory of the circulation of the blood, where the Admirable Crichton disputed, and where Galileo lectured. His lecturer's 'tribune' is preserved. It is a noble building, and nobler still is their Town Hall, whose central hall is far larger than Westminster Hall, besides being beautifully decorated and painted. What a people those Venetians were! for Padua was essentially Venetian. Yesterday we visited a sort of bazaar of *beneficenza*, for the good of some charity, and a very quaint scene it was. We drove home through a fair, with the humours of which we were mightily entertained. To-day we drive to the villas and gardens of Conte Cittadella, which are much vaunted. He is Deputy for Padua.

Nov. 6, 1888.

DUFFRYN.

We had an hour's talk with the deputation yesterday. Harry<sup>1</sup> spoke very clearly and to the purpose. I took occasion to clear their very confused ideas about rating of royalties, preferential payment of wages, &c. A leading collier and spokesman told me that I had placed the questions in a different light from any hitherto presented to them, and thanked me warmly. I strongly deprecated the introduction of politics into questions purely administrative. Harry, however, assured them that he was a Liberal.

Nov. 23, 1888.

DUFFRYN.

I saw Sarah and Willie yesterday morning, and heard part of your news. We are delighted to hear the continued good accounts of dearest Isabel and her chick<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> He was standing for the County Council.

<sup>2</sup> Rachel.

Johnny Mackenzie's letter moved me as it did you. It brought our boy in all his natural freshness and goodness before me vividly. I *had* written to Sir F. Roberts<sup>1</sup> to explain the cause of Charlie's delay. I believe that he had not a commission in a Goorkha regiment ready, and that the Madras regiment is only a stopgap; but even there he may acquire useful experience. I am so glad that he has got a good servant. I hear that Johnny Mackenzie sees a great deal of the Connaughts, the Duchess being fond of music, and accompanying him. It was extremely kind of Lord Reay<sup>2</sup> to write to Sir F. Roberts. I think that I should do better to wait until I hear from him. It does not do to be *too* pressing, and he will have an efficient friend in Major Rawlins. Harry's address is out; you shall have a paper with it. We expect Pamela to-day in time to bid farewell to Netta<sup>3</sup>, who leaves us to-day to our great regret. Lord Bute consents to succeed me in the Presidency of the College<sup>4</sup> in October next.

To HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, MARGARET WYNNE JONES.

Feb. 9, 1889.

DUFFRYN.

I think you made a capital choice when you got Grimm's *Tales*. I well remember when I first saw them. I was eight or nine years old, and went to a children's dance at St. Omer. I saw Grimm's *Tales* lying on the table; I seized upon them, and could not be persuaded to put them down during the whole evening. Many scolded me for neglecting my duty in not dancing, but

<sup>1</sup> Now Lord Roberts.

<sup>2</sup> Governor of Bombay.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Finetta Campbell, now Mrs. Charles Bruce.

<sup>4</sup> University College, Cardiff.

my kind hostess, Mrs. Hume, stood by me, and would not let me be disturbed. I have no doubt that the 'Giant and the Tailor' had its share of my attention.

I am looking out on the lawn white with snow, showers of which follow very closely, with warm gleams of sun between, so that it does not get very deep. There are six blackbirds and two thrushes and several robins on the look-out for the crumbs which we always give them in such weather. When there is no snow or frost they never come. Is not that very honest of them? I hope to come and see you at Carnarvon when the spring and the swallows come.

•  
'Te, dulcis amica, revisam  
cum Zephyris et hirundine prima.'

Ask your father to translate that for you, as I don't think that you have yet learnt Latin. We are here a very small party, only two aunts and two great-aunts, very lively old ladies; but Aunt Lina returns next week. Thank your mammy for her nice letter. If I had not so many to write, I would send her one, but this must serve, for the present, for the whole family. Give them all my best love, and believe me ever,

Your loving granddad.

To MRS. ROBERTSON.

*Feb. 9, 1889.*

DUFFRYN.

It is usual to compare every smart political writer to Junius; what southern writer has in this particular instance enjoyed this dubious honour (N.B.—I hate Junius) it is utterly impossible for this 'votary of the northern muses'—odious phrase!—to say. France has had several political pamphleteers, e. g. Paul Louis Courier, who were, *selon moi*, superior to Junius.

What Italy and Spain may have produced in this line of guerilla literature I cannot say, probably a vast amount of 'Junius and water.' 'To educate our masters' is Lowe's (Lord Sherbrooke's), used by him, I think in the debate on Forster's Education Act, after the passing of the Reform Bill conferring household suffrage<sup>1</sup>. I heard him say it. 'The educational ladder' was probably the invention of some newspaper writer in discussing the proposals for applying endowments to scholarships to help poor students from elementary to intermediate schools, and from them to college. 'The endowment of research' was, I think, the heading of an article in one of the monthlies in discussing the proper application of University funds. It may have been invented by Mark Pattison, a great advocate of research. It is possible that he may have written a book with that title. But I have no means at hand of verifying it. It may have been first used in the Report on the Universities.

I am sorry not to be able to give you more specific answers to your questions. It is always difficult to trace these expressions to their source. I constantly see or hear famous sayings attributed to the wrong men, even by well-informed men; e.g. I heard Mr. Jowett father on Burke the saying, 'Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.' It was Lord Chatham's. I think that an attempt has been made recently to trace these sayings to their true authors, in a book.

TO HIS WIFE.

Feb. 25, 1889.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

I am just returned from a delightful visit to Lotus<sup>2</sup>, where I found everybody in high case. I never saw

<sup>1</sup> 1867.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. W. N. Bruce's house at Dorking.

Mimi look better, and Fox and Norny were pictures of health and beauty. I arrived three hours before Willie and Lefroy, and took an hour's walk with Mimi. The house is on the edge of a steep brae, some 150 feet above Dorking, and has a beautiful view. It is a very nice, airy house, well-arranged, which ought to let easily in summer and autumn. There is still much to be done within and without, especially without, which will require superintendence. We took two good walks yesterday, one of 2½ hours, the other of 1½ hours. It was very cold, but not unpleasant for brisk walking. Willie starts for Devizes to-day, on the W. Lavington endowment business. He stays with the Ambroses.

*Feb. 27, 1889.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

Thanks for a very interesting batch of letters. Lansdowne's<sup>1</sup> is very cordial. I don't think he would express himself with so near an approach to certainty unless he felt sure of his ground.

But for this, Douglas's plan would have been well worth trying. But of course it would be very difficult for Charlie to get leave of absence from Burmah, especially while warlike operations were going on. I send you a large budget from Col. Maurice. His imputation on Gladstone is simply absurd, and I know not when or how he has been opposed to me. We must make every effort to discover the extracts from the journal<sup>2</sup>. We elected my candidate, Professor Sellar<sup>3</sup>, at the Athenæum yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, 1888-93.

<sup>2</sup> The Journal of Sir John Moore : it was afterwards found.

<sup>3</sup> Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh.

I have been for the last hour with Mundella, who has promised his heartiest co-operation with us in the Cradock Wells affair<sup>1</sup>. I must now see Cranbrook and Stuart Rendel.

What a strange tragi-comedy is this Pigott<sup>2</sup> affair. Whatever may have been Macdonald's<sup>3</sup> ignorance of Pigott's character, it was perfectly well known to Humphry Ward and Arnold Forster. They say that Macdonald was too conceited to ask them for information.

March 20, 1889.

i, QUEEN'S GATE.

I had an uneventful and smooth journey. Not a known soul did I meet. To dinner with Sally, who was looking very well. Sir Alexander in excellent spirits, and Mr. and Mrs. Green—worthy souls. He has a living in Montgomeryshire, and formerly had one at Tenby. His father was an old friend of Jowett's father, who spent his last years at Tenby, and was a very clever man. I had half an hour on 'drunken statistics' with Mr. Whitewell, the champion of the Sunday Closing Bill. He charged *The Western Mail* with misleading statistics and bad faith. I told him that I did not attach importance to statistics, but only to the facts, as to the main body of which there had been no denial.

The day is showery, with sunny intervals. I walked in here, and had a good talk with Sir G. Young about the Wells case, and about the Monmouth charity which Willie has in hand, and which seems prospering. *The*

<sup>1</sup> A Cardiff charity, part of which the scheme proposed to apply to scholarships at University College, Cardiff.

<sup>2</sup> The fabricator of the 'Parnell Letter.'

<sup>3</sup> Manager of *The Times*.

*St. James's Gazette* had yesterday a very good article on my controversy with *The Western Mail*, and was very civil to me. I dare say that *The Western Mail* will make extracts from it.

Just met the Bishop of Peterborough, who gave me the latest school story:—

‘What do you know of Perkin Warbeck, girls?’

*Answer.* ‘He tried to make-believe that he was a Prince, but he wasn’t one really. He was born of honest parents.’

*March 21, 1889.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Your budget duly received—not very troublesome. This morning, about ten, snow came down in large flakes, with sleet between whiles, altogether very grim. I went to the Niger meeting in a hansom. Things going on very well, and promising still better. Then here for lunch. At three o’clock I met the Welsh M.P.’s at the House of Commons, to endeavour to interest them in the Cradock Wells scheme. Lascelles Carr is moving heaven and earth, and another quarter, against it, with the insidious appeal to the interests of ‘the poor.’

I saw Kimberley yesterday here. He was greatly interested in my account of the Welsh Sunday Closing controversy. I also talked it over with the Home Secretary<sup>1</sup>, to whom I sent a copy of the pamphlet.

*March 25, 1889.*

1, QUEEN’S GATE.

Charlie’s letter was indeed a great relief and delight, especially after reading his account of the climate, so different from that of Lower Burmah. Long before this

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Matthews.

he will have got to his beloved mountains, and be engaged in the useful work of road-making, by which 150 years ago the Highlands of Scotland were subdued and civilized. I hope too that he will have found in the twenty-second some old friends and congenial spirits.

I had a very full day yesterday. First, at 10.30, the 'Willies' in full force, Fox and Norny like a pair of peonies, and Mimi fairly well. At 1.30, Annie Wheelwright. Sophy<sup>1</sup> gave us an excellent luncheon. Hearing a ring of the bell, I went to the door, and who should I see in a hansom but Lady Somers, who was calling to find whether you were in town! I persuaded her to come in, and soon the Whatelys came, Frank looking very well, and Norah more fascinating than ever. The thought of the pride and joy she would have been to her sweet mother brought the tears to my heart, and almost choked me. She was very friendly and courteous to all. Lady Somers was greatly taken with her. . . .

Then called on Emily Shirreff, from whom I heard of poor Edward Miles's death. I felt how much the news would pain Pam.

To-day I preside over what I expect will be rather a stormy general meeting of the Athenæum, where the sages do not always show the temper they should. I *may* go to the Royal Geographical this evening, but I apprehend difficulties.

*March 26, 1889.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

On my way to the Athenæum yesterday I met Sir John Cowell, and had a chat. He has a nephew, named Cowell, at the ruby mines, where he is acting as engineer to Streeter and Co., who have got the concession of the

<sup>1</sup> Sophy Bellam, the housekeeper.

ruby mines, and this nephew writes to him regularly, and tells him that there are very few dacoits thereabouts, and that the climate is healthy. We must charge Charlie to make his acquaintance.

At three o'clock we had our great Club meeting, to amend our constitution. I was in the chair. Nearly everybody expected a stormy meeting, and 'all the bodies'<sup>1</sup> pitied me. I laughed at their fears. The meeting lasted two hours and a quarter, and went off quite quietly, the proposed reforms being carried. We had speeches from Lords Thring, Bramwell and Grimthorpe, and Childers, besides others less known to fame. Then to the House of Lords. I had talks with Lords Derby and Kimberley about the Sunday Closing pamphlet, which I had sent to them. Both entirely agreed with the course I had taken. I wrote the desired letter to *The Carnarvon Herald*, which is pretty sure to find its way into *The Western Mail*, and will amuse you.

I am going after lunch to the Aberystwyth Council Meeting. Coleridge has been making honourable mention of me in '*Mercier v. Labouchere*,' the Skin Hospital business. . . .

March 28, 1889.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

My meeting with the Welsh M.P.'s went off capitally. Twenty were present, and several, who could not attend, sent in their adhesion. I made a longish statement, which was listened to attentively and favourably. Ultimately they signed a circular calling upon the House to support the scheme. This would have been published to-day, had not Jesse Collings announced the postpone-

<sup>1</sup> An expression of his grandson Fox.

ment of his motion<sup>1</sup> for fourteen days. I think the scheme quite safe.

I then listened to the end of the Sunday Closing debate; the second reading was carried by twenty-two, but it has no chance of passing. I should not like to be the Home Secretary who had to see it enforced in London.

I then dined here, and went to the Savoy and saw *The Warders of the Tower*—amusing enough, with some pretty songs, but not equal to *The Mikado* or *The Sorcerer*. Ripon compliments me on my good looks—says that I look younger than I have done for several years. Thank Heaven, I *am* very well! Is it Aix? I sometimes think so. Thanks for the bit of agricultural news. G. Brodrick is here, looking ill and talking of Brighton. I recommend him Duffryn, the most successful sanatorium of modern times.

*March 30, 1889.*

1, QUEEN'S GATE.

I went to House of Commons to hear the references to Bright. Smith's was honest and warm, not eloquent; Gladstone's very fine, with a genuine ring, and un-exaggerated praise; of the others, I liked McCarthy's best, Chamberlain's—which was superfluous—least, Hartington's very fair. Looked in at the House of Lords, found it prosy, so called on the K. Mackenzies; Mrs. K. not in, but Dolly was, so I sent by a sympathetic maid to say that a young gentleman wished to see her. She at once guessed who it was, and came, accompanied by Margery, a very sweet, and followed by Madeleine, a very

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jesse Collings moved the rejection of the Cradock Wells scheme.

sprightly maid. Dolly prettier than ever, and as charming. I sat there forty minutes, and felt much refreshed. Dined at Athenæum with Edward Bunbury, and then, to avoid inevitable and prolonged doze, went to the Haymarket to see *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—very fairly done, very farcical. C. Brookfield an excellent Slender, and Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh Evans very amusing. The women so-so, and Falstaff might have been better. It's rather broad. I can imagine Queen Bess splitting her sides.

*April 7, 1889.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

As I shall not have time to write to you before starting to-morrow, I dispatch my budget to-day. Not finding Mr. McDowall<sup>1</sup> in, I stepped across to the Kenneth Mackenzies, and had a merry lunch with them and their children. I then walked straight away to Queen Anne Street, and found Lady Layard at home, and sat nearly an hour talking over old friends. Then dined with Lady Goldsmid, and met Browning, Joachim, and Piatti there, amidst a very large party. They did not play, but Agnes Zimmermann gave us some beautiful pieces. The little Whatelys called to see me, and were very lively, both of them, Norah looking enchanting in a straw bonnet with flowers which Sarah had given her, and very much pleased with herself. We walked away together, and she insisted upon taking my hand, so we went four abreast and hand in hand as far as Kensington Gardens.

*April 12, 1889.*

I, QUEEN'S GATE.

You will see that I spoke on the Reformatory Bill. Lord Salisbury came across the House and thanked me

<sup>1</sup> Secretary of the Girls' Public Day School Company.

for accepting the task<sup>1</sup>, which I think will be a heavy one, but will hardly require absence from London. It will take me two days a week for some time.

You will see what a victory we had on the Cradock Wells case. Willie was here this morning, and described to me the whole scene. The Welsh M.P.'s were uproarious, too closely imitating their Irish colleagues, with less excuse. *The Times* gives a pretty fair abstract of the principal speeches. Willie says that Sir E. J. Reed made a capital speech, which is more than I expected.

April 15, 1889.

Sr. CLARE, RYDE.

This morning brought your two letters, and the exultant and indignant, not to say malignant, papers. The Prisons' Commission will cause me a good deal of thought, but not, I think, much labour. I don't suppose that we shall leave London. Three of the members will be Prison Commissioners, with a full knowledge of the facts. I am very anxious to know who the fifth man will be, I hope unconnected with prisons. I think that I could not have refused it. The inquiry will range much beyond political prisoners.

I shall go to Parkhurst to-morrow with Rachel and Pamela, and possibly Augustus (he is out and cannot answer for himself). I expect to hear of Charlie's whereabouts from Colin Campbell to-morrow. *The Times* report of this morning is not satisfactory.

We have lost Lionel Smith<sup>2</sup> this morning. He has been delightful company.

<sup>1</sup> The Commission on Prisons, referred to in the next letter.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. A. L. Smith, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol.

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June 7, 1889.

CARNARVON.

I travelled as far as Bangor with two Irish priests, who were polite, but not confiding. It was chilly as far as Stafford, afterwards sunny and warm. Will and Margaret met me at the station; Jessie and Lily were 'doing' Festiniog, and returned about 5.30 in ecstatic moods.

The air here is very fine and keen. We took before dinner a delightful ramble through the fields to the banks of the charming stream, the 'Seyont.' (N.B.—The vicarage is built on the site of an old Roman fort, called *Segontium*, some of the walls of which, and all the *vallum* with which it was surrounded, remain. Will has found five Roman coins of Constantine in the garden. The Welsh call it 'Caer Seyont.') The gardens, flower and kitchen, are very nicely kept, and pass insensibly into each other. They look very pretty just now. The view of the grand castle from my windows is very fine.

Margaret is fairly well, and very loving; Morys a young giant, but very shy, and, as yet, cannot abide me. I make approaches very cannily, but have failed to overcome his objections to me. Will looks better than I ever saw him; I have been much about the town with him. He seems a universal favourite. Jessie pale, but seems well and strong. We had three-handed Jacobi last night. I slept like a top. The air suits me to a T, and would you.

June 12, 1889.

THE PALACE, BANGOR.

Have you been reading the evidence on the Sunday Closing Commission? I have not yet received *The Western Mail*, for which I have written, but the Liverpool papers give longish abstracts. So far it seems to me that most of the *general* evidence is favourable, most of the *specific* adverse, but with exceptions. The Com-

mission ought to have given a day to Pontypridd and the Rhondda.

We drive after luncheon to Nantffrancon, which suits me best. To-morrow I hope to be my own self. I hope Pamela liked my old favourite the *Sonnambula*.

FROM SIR HENRY LAYARD.

Sept. 10, 1889.

VENICE.

I have been deeply grieved to hear that you have been so ill. If you require after your convalescence rest and change of air, you will not forget that there is a water-floor here at your disposal.

I trust that Lady Aberdare is well, after all the anxiety she must have suffered; Enid desires her love to her. We left England about the end of July, with the two Du Cane girls, and spent a very pleasant month in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Dacre Du Cane met his sisters, and took them a walking tour in the Bernese Oberland, which they enjoyed greatly. Enid and I left them at Longarone, under the care of our good friend Malcolm, and went off to the Vaudois valleys, whence we returned three days ago. I had been deputed by my Huguenot Society to represent it on the occasion of the celebration of the 'Glorieuse Rentrée,' under Henri Arnaud two hundred years ago. We have had a most delightful and successful trip, and I never enjoyed anything more. The scenes that we witnessed were most interesting and impressive, especially that high up in the mountains under the secular chestnut trees, beneath which the Vaudois, on touching their native soil, took the oath of fidelity to their religion and to each other, known in their history as *le serment de Sibaoud*. There were some eight thousand people, the greater part of the

population of the valley having assembled, seated on the mountain-side. The meeting was presided over by Pasteur Prochet, a very fine man with a magnificent voice. I never heard anything more eloquent than his address, and you may remember that I am difficult to please in this respect ; and the scene when, in conclusion, he asked the multitude whether they would renew the oath taken on that day two hundred years before by their forefathers, was one never to be forgotten. There were present all the Vaudois Pasteurs in Italy, representatives from the Reformed Churches from all parts of the world, several Presbyterian clergymen from Scotland, and one or two English parsons. On the following day a fine building called the 'Maison Vaudoise,' with a large hall for the meeting of the Vaudois Synod and excellent rooms for educational purposes, was opened ; the Prefect of Turin representing the King, who had most liberally subscribed towards its erection. A most eloquent and admirable address was delivered by Pasteur Guillaume Miche, which will, I am sure, have a great effect in Italy. On another day we had a grand meeting of the 'Société de l'Histoire Vaudoise,' at which I was called upon to make a speech. These Vaudois are a most remarkable people, and a factor of some importance in the shaping of the Italian people. I was greatly struck by their earnestness and their genuine, but simple, religious character. Their pastors are certainly wonderfully eloquent. They might impart a little of their eloquence and earnestness to their British co-religionists.

TO HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

Nov. 4, 1889.

MALVERN.

I have neglected you shamefully, there's no denying it, and I cannot leave Malvern without thanking you for

two long delightful letters which you, forgiving soul! have written to me, letters such as I love. We are all sorry to leave Malvern, your mother, I think, chiefest. She has been so rested and strengthened here, and has climbed a hill nearly every day; in fact she is just as she was after her three weeks at Ilkley, only I think she prefers Malvern. We have so many pleasant acquaintances in and around it, two of them with choice libraries (but that's for me!). Then easy hill-side walks give such glorious views, full of colour, and never-ending freshness and variety. As for me, I have made a fresh start during the last week, and on Saturday accomplished the object of my convalescent ambition, viz. stood tip-toe on the giddy summit of the Worcestershire Beacon, whence we saw a good slice of the Bristol Channel, Worcester and Gloucester cathedrals, the woody undulations of Herefordshire, and no end of Welsh mountains.

I don't say that, although not tired at the moment, my old demoralized shanks did not feel it afterwards. I am not quite up to the mark of the beautiful Sulamite's young man: 'The legs of my beloved are like pillars of brass'; but thus it is that strength is gradually recovered. Your mother's head is quite turned with vanity at a new gown and a gorgeous winter cloak she has got at a tip-top shop here, the worthy rival of Harvey and Nicholls. Jenkins is quite elated with this splendour, as indeed are we all.

We have a lovely day for our journey, and expect Aunt Mary to-morrow, and our beloved 'General<sup>1</sup>' on Wednesday.

Doesn't Champion envy me my agricultural talks with

<sup>1</sup> Miss Finetta Campbell.

Roger? The Miskins and Ynis come for my shooting about the 19th. I shall not be equal to it. Perhaps I might grapple successfully with a rabbit of sedate character and deliberate habits. Adieu! Much love to Champion and the sprightly Lady Rachel.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Jan. 26, 1890.

DUFFRYN.

Your letter was 'a gude sight for sair e'en,' and mine happen to be unusually 'sair' just now, as my neuralgia in the head extended to the eyeballs, where it should have no sort of business. However it is better, but only scotched. We are having hurricanes of wind, and deluges of rain. I believe that the rainfall this January is already greater than the combined wet of the four preceding months. Cecil has applied to me for a photo, and nudged my memory from time to time, so I applied to Whitfield for some and send two specimens, the wide-awake one for Cecil, the studious and somnolent one for you. (N.B.—I have been known by curious observers to nod over my book, but it meant approbation.)

Your mother and I went to Ynis on Monday, and met General Sir James Hills Johnes, and my Lady. He is a capital specimen of a brisk old soldier, was much with Lord Napier in India, and through that marvellous Abyssinian campaign. She was the Miss Johnes to whom Bishop Thirlwall addressed those charming letters, a selection from which were edited by Arthur Stanley. She is a bright, kindly, well-informed lady of fifty or thereabouts, a great friend of Lady Llanover's, whose estimate of my wicked self she told Norah that she had always declined to accept, but Lady Llanover was inflexible. It appears that I hate Wales and the Welsh.

Lady Llanover knows it. We have a grand function at Cardiff on Wednesday next, 29th, when Elijah Aberdare resigns his mantle to Elisha Bute. The Hussey Vivians come here for the occasion. *He* wrote me a letter, highly applausive of Willie as assessor to the County Educational Committee. He had all the virtues required for that somewhat ticklish post. He (Willie) comes to Cardiff to-morrow and sleeps here.

To HIS SON HENRY.

Feb. 25, 1890.

SOUTH KENSINGTON HOTEL.

I strongly advise you not to call a meeting for the University College. At present the public mind is much occupied with the Intermediate School question. It can only take in one question at a time.

As to the Intermediate School, Neath would undoubtedly be a good centre for a second grade school, viz. not primarily classical. But the citizens will have to find money for the buildings, which I believe are estimated at £4,000. Is there any chance of getting such a sum? If not, would it not be well to lie by and gather experience? There is no chance of a rival to Neath arising in the meantime. If, however, the civic ardour is such as to impel Neath forwards, and to find the money, don't forget due provision for girls. As to the college, you might suggest the expediency of founding scholarships to carry on the most deserving students to Cardiff. 'Slow rises worth by poverty depressed,' and the career of many a promising youth is cut short for want of timely help.

The dear Bishop of Bangor is about to resign. I enclose his letter. It is evidently inevitable. Return it to me *at once*. Are you aware that you and yours are

expected at Duffryn on the 7th? We go to Cowley Grange on Friday next, and to Duffryn on Monday, where we hope Willie will come for the night.

We returned yesterday from a Sabbatarian visit to Lotus, where everything looked bright—air very keen. To-day I preside at a Boys' Day School Company annual meeting, to-morrow at Girls' ditto, Thursday at Royal Niger.

FROM MR. G. T. CLARK.

March 8, 1890.

TALYGARN, LLANTRISSANT.

Blomfield's objection was, I think, rather to the inexactness and not-to-be-depended-upon character of the Paddy of the day, than to the leaning to politics, which was not then so common as now, but both you and I have known some very pleasant and very trustworthy specimens of the better class of Irishmen, though still distinctly Celtic.

I was not at the meeting you refer to, when Todd and Russell played leap-frog in the library at Margam, but I had a good deal to do with a much later meeting, also under Dunraven, in which it fell to me to persuade old Lady D. to invite Freeman to meet Octavius Morgan. The *politesse* of the old school charmed the rough historian, and all passed smoothly off. It was a week to be remembered by me with that at Studley and once at Alnwick.

Still later on I passed a week at Adare with a house full of Irish savants and antiquarians—Todd, Russell, Graves, Peters, Stokes and his daughter, Edward O'Brien, Aubrey de Vere, and some more. Todd, after preaching a sermon worthy of Bishop Butler, dressed up as an old peasant woman, and talked Lady Dunraven out of

a tester or two. His disguise and his brogue were excellent, and he the serious Fellow of Trinity! Think of the serious Fellow of our Trinity attempting such an escapade! Miss Stokes was Dunraven's literary executrix, and edited well his paper on *Irish Antiquities*, and has since written something on her own account.

I am enjoying the *soft* rain, which is pouring life into my fresh-planted evergreens, and water into my new tank. A touch of April is that, but the wind is high and quite worthy of March.

To HIS DAUGHTER JESSIE.

April 23, 1890.

DUFFRYN.

‘Twas I, not ‘Sally Mac,’ as she sometimes signs herself, who sent the French book to Margaret. I thought that children would learn French more quickly from illustrated stories than from regular lesson-books. I spent my birthday in London. I cannot say that such an anniversary is especially gay when it ushers one into one’s seventy-sixth year. And it seems to me that every year, as one grows older, brings with it a larger harvest of deaths with their irreparable consequences.

‘Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
Still drops from with’ring life some joy away!’

(N.B.—Tell Will to put those two lines into one terse Latin one.) Not that old age, when free from physical suffering, is in itself a melancholy period. Far from it. Its pleasures are so many and pure, as to add to the unwillingness to part with life. We are very anxious about our dear Rutson. The last letter from Richenda Buxton gave hardly any hope. Between the London School Board and the Yorkshire County Council he

had overtasked his strength. He never spared himself, and looked sadly worn and fragile when we stayed with them a month ago. We thought no letter this morning rather favourable. We are all very fond of his wife.

I enclose a delightful letter from Tom Hughes, who had met Willie at the Chester station, and was much struck with him. He asked his address, in giving which I sent him a long yarn, with many reminiscences of the past, especially of our common friend, W. E. Forster. Please return it to me, also my latest from Isabel. Harry and Co. are enjoying Tenby. Clarence had written (off his own bat) to Dickson the butler, desiring him to send the billiard table to Tenby! We are much saddened at poor Harry Dillwyn's death. A more unselfish, kinder-hearted man never lived.

## To HIS SON HENRY.

*April 28, 1890.*

DUFFRYN.

I was very glad to get your account of your doings in Pembrokeshire. You have seen much that I have never seen, more shame for me. Pembroke and its noble castle I have seen from Stacpole, but neither Carew nor Manorbeer—the latter the birthplace, I think, of Giraldus Cambrensis, the best of Welsh annalists.

Our dear Rutson! He was buried at Nunnington on Saturday. He preferred it much to Newby Wiske. Several of the Buxtons went to the funeral, including two of her sisters; she was too weak. What a true affectionate friend he was! How pure and unselfish his life, and what noble devotion to public duty! I grieve deeply for her! She will find comfort in living such a life of active usefulness as he would have desired.

TO HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

May 8, 1890.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

We are in our old quarters, our 'Lodge in a small wilderness,' with a fair 'contiguity of shade,' increasing as May advances. Our dear Benoite has been married since our last visit. She announced the coming event to the two L.'s by saying, 'Je vais faire une bien sotte chose.' However, she seems quite reconciled to her lot, and has a little boy, François, who is staying with her husband's family, some sixty miles off. I met the husband yesterday, and congratulated him : 'Vous avez une brave et bonne femme et belle aussi, ce qui ne gâte rien,' whereat he gron approvingly. But our beloved coachman, Vincenzo, is not yet arrived from Mentone. He is on his way, with two carriages, five horses, wife and bairns, and brother, and takes about five days to perform this long and hilly journey. *En attendant*, we content ourselves with street *fiacres*, which are very good of their kind, and each day we make some minor expedition. Yesterday we drove out about two miles, and sat and rambled with Lady Somers, who was dear and delightful as ever. Alas ! her beauty has wholly fled. But she has a portrait, by Watts, taken in her best days, which gave Pam a good idea of what she was 'in bloom of youth and beauty's pride.' Till yesterday at 'six p.m. the weather was simply divine. No words can tell its brightness, sweetness, freshness, but it has rained since then for seventeen hours, with a goodwill worthy of our native valley. We shall be fully repaid in the further expansion of leaves and verdure. Our only friends in the hotel are the Trevelyan's, Julia *et mère*. The poor *mère* is very ill, Julia very devoted to her, and very agreeable.

II.

T

We have most delightful music every evening by a septett of admirable performers, two of them violin and cello, of *premiere force*. Your mother takes to them immensely, and in a short time would, I think, rival your Aunt Pam in devotion to music.

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, MR. CHAMPION RUSSELL.

May 16, 1890.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

Such is my insensibility to fame, that I do not believe that I possess a copy of my *chef-d'œuvre*, the Licensing Bill of 1871, which excited, together with its author, the almost lyrical eulogies of Lord R. Churchill, and is now preconized as the ideal of licensing perfection by many orators, usually the wisest, in the House of Commons. However, that you may not be disappointed in your expected enjoyment, I have asked Mr. Rathbone (M.P. for Carnarvonshire, and formerly for Liverpool) to get you, or lend you, a copy of the Bill, and also of the volume of Hansard's *Debates* containing the report of my speech on introducing the measure. (N.B.—Cherish and return them.) You will see that I anticipated your suggestion of putting up the licences to tender, an absolutely necessary measure, if the value of licences is to be raised by a large reduction of their number.

The sum, however, allocated for this purpose, seems utterly insufficient to make much impression on the numbers of the licences, nor, except in rural districts, is there any appreciable connexion between the number of public-houses and drunkenness, e. g., in Norwich the number of public-houses in proportion to the population is larger than in any town in England, and the number of drunkards convicted is smaller. Again, it

mattereth not a fig whether a town has 300 or 200 public-houses. The drunkenness would still be the same. All this you will see expounded in the Lords' Report on Intemperance, published, I think, in 1875.

The best thing a County Council could do, is to find out from the police which are the worst-conducted houses, and to buy them up. The money would go further, as these bad houses are generally worth little; and the actual good done, so far as order is concerned, would be considerable. (The Lords' Report was the joint work of Lords Kimberley and Morley and myself.) I think that I met the point taken by your friend against Lord Randolph's bill.

Since we came here, the 4th, we have had two days of heavy rain, twenty hours each. The other days have been fine, the last three divine. We make a good use of them. Lady Aberdare is almost rosy, Pamela up to anything, I up to anything which becometh a man of seventy-five. I approve of 'Champion Maxwell,' and highly of instituting the 'little girl'<sup>1</sup> as a buffer between him and the Lady Rachel. We have struck an acquaintance with two Misses Willmott, who hail from Essex, Roman Catholics, and accomplished damozels. Thank Isabel for her long and delightful letter. She is a mistress of the art epistolary.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Sept. 5, 1890.

DUFFRYN.

It is very good of you to find time to write to us rustics, and give us a glimpse into your doings, scientific and gay. Not that we were entirely in the dark, for

<sup>1</sup> Grace Crawley.

M. and M. had already proved to us that science, like antiquity, has its lively side:—

‘Not always rough nor barren are the ways  
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.’

I am delighted that you are going to Fountains, where and whereabouts I have spent so many happy days. I wish, but dare not hope, that you could manage to enliven dear Lady Ripon with a visit. It would be such a pleasure to her.

Since my return from Barbon, where Lina and I spent a pleasant week, and where the veteran made not the worst grouse-bag of the party, we have had a constant succession of arrivals and departures. The Whatelys and Aunt Catty have left us, but there remained Jessie and bairns, and Peggy Plowden, and since then have come the C. Bridgemans, Beckie, Buff, and the Willies, all in excellent case. The Willies had a most enjoyable time between the Simplon, the Val d'Anzasca, Varallo, Lago di Orta, and Aosta, and look brown and well-liking, finding Fox and Nornie ditto.

We have lots of music. Jessie sings as well as ever, and her duets with Pamela are, to my ears, divine, especially of Mendelssohn and Rubinstein. Nor are cards wanting to while away the time. We seldom get outside ‘Jacobi’ and ‘American Patience.’ The weather at last is perfect, just like last September, and I am carrying my sore-besprinkled oats.

I am rejoiced to hear the result of my Twinkies’ examination<sup>1</sup>.

I am very glad that Isabel carried off a fragment of Cowley Grange with her in the persons of Cecil and

<sup>1</sup> Mildred and Mabel Vernon Harcourt had distinguished themselves in the Higher Certificate Examination.

Bernard; I would I had a pair of them here! I am insatiable in the matter of grandchildren. I had a very pleasant letter from Mary Fearn t'other day. She half expected to accompany 'Carmen Sylva' to the Eisteddfod, now raging at Bangor.

I am trying a pony about halfway in size between Pippin and Patty, on which to toddle about the hill-sides. A cream-colour, with black legs, and a pretty little nose.

Best love from all to all, and especially from your loving father.

Sept. 22, 1890.

DUFFRYN.

Nothing but stress of work, including a visit to London last week, from Wednesday to Saturday, would have prevented me from sooner thanking you for your very pleasant letter, and the excellent photos of my sturdy friend, who seems to be fining down. Especially was your account pleasant of your visit to Studley, and my dear warm-hearted friends. I had received a shorter report of it from Lady Ripon, who spoke most eulogistically of the twins, who were I hope attracted to her. I know them to be critical, and not to be imposed upon by pretenders to kindness and interest, but they must I think have felt the genuine goodness as well as the brightness of Lady Ripon's character. Oh, how many happy weeks I have spent, since 1853, with these warm-hearted friends! I must go with you when you and Bernard call on Lady Ripon, 'to share your triumph and partake the gale.' I wish she could drop down upon you at Cowley Grange!

I returned to find our party reduced to ten—Willies, Buff, Miss Beck, and Kilians gone, and reinforced by

Nancy and Netta Campbell, and the Richard Wards<sup>1</sup>, and little Amabel, a merry soul. With our ten went the fine weather, to be succeeded by not absolutely bad but showery. I go next Saturday to Ham Court<sup>2</sup> for a three days' visit, return here to open the first of a series of Gilchrist Lectures. Professor Lewis stays here. On the 2nd, Sir G. Goldie comes here for a four days' visit. Lord Salisbury has asked for him to accompany the Foreign Office Commissioners to Paris, where the 'spheres of influence' between England and France will be settled, a question upon which he is probably better informed than any other Englishman.

On the 15th and 16th I must be at Aberystwyth, for the meeting of the governors, and the reopening of the college buildings. I have pressed Jowett to be present, and Sir H. Roscoe. So you see my hands are pretty full. How many engagements I resist, it would be long to tell. To-day we have the Sunday School feast. They feast at the Schools and Drill Hall, and have their games here. Last night a very useful cart-horse put his neck into one of the swings put up for the occasion, and contrived to strangle himself.

Adieu, best love to all.

To HIS WIFE.

Sept. 29, 1890.

HAM COURT, UPTON-ON-SEVERN.

Time goes pleasantly here. We had some delightful walks after luncheon, and after tea, calling in the evening on a very nice Miss Sellar, sister to the late

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ward. Mrs. Ward was a Miss Simeon.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Martin's house near Worcester.

Alexander, who, with her sister, occupies a house of Mr. Martin's. The trees about here are a never-ending delight to me, and the views from the hillocks around very varied and beautiful. The drawback is no music. 'Susie' is still too hoarse for singing. However, she is now accompanying Miss Scobell on the violin, who plays nicely. I am not admitted, Miss Scobell being nervous! so I am sitting in the next room, and hear 'sounds by distance made more sweet.'

The party is divided. Mr. Martin and Eliot at the bank, the Scobells going to the yeomanry tournament, Mrs. Martin, Nell, and I to Tewkesbury to see the Abbey, which I have only once seen, with you in 1871, when we had that delightful drive across Worcestershire. The weather is heavenly; I trust it is ditto with you.

To SIR PATRICK MACDOUGALL.

Feb. 13, 1891.

DUFFRYN.

I cannot help sending you a valentine to congratulate you on your marvellous rejuvenescence. What do I hear? Going to the play? and no doubt on the broad grin the whole time. Riding in Richmond Park? and, I warrant you, trying to

'Provoke the caper which you seem to chide,'

besides I know not how many other proofs of kicking over the prudential traces which have hitherto confined you. I don't think I ever heard of such a case. *Je vous en fais mon compliment*, and not only you but the admirable Addie<sup>1</sup>, and the devoted nurse, who, I suspect, is beginning to have rather a bad time of it.

<sup>1</sup> Lady MacDougall.

I am in the midst of a most interesting correspondence with Colonel Maurice, who is writing a *Life of Moore* for the series of *Men of Action*, and whom I am inciting to write a full biography, with the help of his journals. He seems to me the very man for the work. I had been much struck by his article on 'War' in the new edition of the *British Encyclopaedia*. I wonder whether you would care to read some of his letters, in confidence.

Feb. 20, 1891.

SOUTH KENSINGTON HOTEL.

You will have received, and doubtless read, Maurice's letters. The first was written after I had been reading the Corsican part of Moore's journals, in which he treats Lord Hood and Sir G. Elliot not only with severity but contempt, and I suggested to Maurice that he should read Lady Minto's delightful life of Sir Gilbert, and Nelson's frequent references to Lord Hood as the greatest sailor of his time. Something of this bitter feeling I thought might be due to the contemptuous tone generally assumed towards the army as contrasted with the navy. I agree, however, with Maurice's conclusions. I hope he will be able to undertake a full life of Moore, with copious extracts from his journals, without which it would be difficult to form a true estimate of Moore's greatness. I shall be very interested to hear your opinion on these matters.

We go home to-morrow, but fully intend to be in London this time next month, when it will go hard with us if we do not see you.

I was very sorry to miss Addie yesterday, but I had stuffed so much business into our four days in London

that I was not my own master. With much love to her and you.

*Feb. 24, 1891.*

DUFFFRYN.

I forget the exact circumstances which led to the correspondence with Colonel Maurice, except that I sent him a message through Lynedoch Gardiner, when I heard that he had undertaken a short life of Moore for Macmillan's series of *Men of Action*, that he should endeavour, before writing it, to see Moore's journals. This led to inquiries about the originals. It appears they had been entrusted to Moore's great friend, General Anderson, who mislaid and lost them. Catty then undertook a search for them among her father's papers. She failed at first, but found them at last *here* in a box of heterogeneous papers used during the composition of the Peninsular War. I lent them to Maurice, and so we got into correspondence. I have never seen him.

As you are interested in his letters I send you his last, still under the seal of confidence. Please return it soon.

TO HIS WIFE.

*April 1, 1891.*

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY.

We arrived here at the prescribed time, about six o'clock. We found here only Lady Coleridge and sister, her mother, and Miss Barrington, a cousin of Coleridge. The house stands on rising ground, close adjoining the village of Ottery and its fine church. It was at the vicarage, close by, that the father of the poet (Coleridge's great-grandfather) lived and died, and the poet was born. Coleridge owns a pretty undulating property very well laid out, and full of fine old trees. The house is large, and beautifully designed by Butter-

field, a magnificent library, in which they mostly sit, endless portraits and prints and some fine statues, and of course books unlimited.

We are going to-day to see Exeter, which I much desire to see. I have not been there since 1843, the year of William's marriage, and then saw but little. To-morrow we shall go to the seaside, about five miles off. I met Lord Cork yesterday, who gave an alarming account of Lord Granville.

*April 2, 1891.*

OTTERY ST. MARY.

Although Lord Cork had prepared me for it, the announcement of Lord Granville's death, which I read about an hour after writing to you, came with a sharp shock. You know how kind and staunch he was to me, what a true and constant friend, how the kind word was never wanting nor the kind act. Another old friend gone! They are following each other very fast just now! I have written to F. Leveson-Gower, in whose house he died.

The Lord Chief Justice took Lina and me to Exeter yesterday, and showed me much of great interest—the old castle, the old town hall, with its many interesting portraits, and, above all, the cathedral, the exquisite beauty of whose interior I had almost wholly forgotten. We attended an afternoon service there, very fine; afterwards we visited the cathedral library, famous for its Anglo-Saxon MSS., some going back as far as the seventh century. Certainly it is a singularly interesting city. What a sad letter from Mary Fearn<sup>1</sup>! I much fear that I shall not see them before they leave for America.

<sup>1</sup> Her younger sister, Miss Clarice Fearn, had died.

To HIS DAUGHTER JESSIE.

April 18, 1891.

DUFFRYN.

Many thanks for your congratulatory letter on my birthday. That anniversary has long been to me not a season of joy, but of solemn not gloomy thoughts. What years remain to me are very precious, for who could think of parting with so many dearly loved ones without pain? and the reflection that another year has gone, taken from the small number which remain, cannot be otherwise than saddening. It would be far more so, if it were not always accompanied by the memory of the many blessings which have, in such rich measure, been vouchsafed to me, and deep gratitude for them. I went with Pam and Alice yesterday to see the children at Ynis-y-Gerwn, a very comely and pleasant party. You know that Harry and Constance join us on the 30th in our expedition to Aix.

To HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

April 20, 1891.

DUFFRYN.

I have not yet assuaged my grief at losing the visit of my beloved 'Twinkies,' who are expanding and changing without my seeing anything of them. We have just heard exciting news from Charlie. His battalion is ordered to join the Reserve under General Lockhart, which has been called out in consequence of threatening movements by Lear's old friend the 'Akoond of Swat.' Charlie writes from Huripoor, which you will find in the map. His route thence lies up the valley of the Indus. Very hot, he says. But he will have no time for heat or cold, as he has been appointed orderly officer to General Lockhart, under whom he had already expressed a wish to serve instead of under General Elles. He is much

elated. This movement of the monarch of Swat appears to have changed General Lockhart's plans, as he had been announced as marching by Kohat, a good deal to the south.

## TO HIS WIFE.

*July 1, 1891.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

. . . Our expedition to Combe Cottage<sup>1</sup> was most successful. The day was fine and fresh, and the drive through the woods and along the commons most refreshing. There was a charming gathering, among whom I was delighted to detect Mrs. Brookfield, whom I had not seen for years. We had a very affectionate meeting, and she was anxious to see Lina and Pamela, whom she could just remember. I introduced her also to Fox and Norny, who were gambolling about most joyously. Fox, though thin, had a good colour, and was in high spirits. There were three charming grandchildren of Charles Dickens, and Guy's chicks were very attractive. Presently came the Duchess of Teck and the Princess Mary.

## TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

*Sept. 6, 1891.*

DUFFRYN.

Your welcome letter, containing the account of the brilliant successes<sup>2</sup> of my beloved 'Twinkies,' would have been sooner acknowledged, but for stress of visitors and correspondence. The Herschells were very pleasant, especially he, but then she is the prettier. He is as good and lively a talker as Coleridge, much inferior on the literary side, far superior on the political. He did not bring his violoncello, which I regretted.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Guy Campbell's house.

<sup>2</sup> Distinctions in the Higher Certificate Examination.

Fortunately we had, barring a shower or two, fine weather, and we accomplished some good walks, including one all over the Abercwmbi mountain, she on Patty-back. Fayerer, the Goorkha, arrived without his comrade Evatt. He is a little man, full of energy, and sensible and well-informed. Were he and Philips (5 ft. 5 in. and 6 ft. 5 in.) rolled into one, and then cut in two, they would make a fine pair of officers. The Goorkha Evatt is laid up with ague at Ludlow.

Charlie has flatly contradicted Davies's story of his carrying bags of stones up hill 'to strengthen his back,' and then knocking down the jeering natives; and Fayerer confirms the contradiction, and absolutely contradicts the story of Charlie's keeping two Indian wrestlers attached to him for practice. He also said that Charlie gives a good deal of time to reading, which partly confirms Lady Lockhart's estimate. All these things gave me pleasure. Fayerer had been half promised the post of orderly officer to Sir W. Lockhart, and lost it through a misapprehension that he was otherwise engaged, but said that Charlie got it 'on his merits.' He left us yesterday. We would gladly have kept him longer, but were consoled by the arrival of my dear Pammikin, who was rather pallid from the heat of Dresden and the journey, but is not unwell. Alice also complains of the heat of Aix. We could gladly supply her with chill and damp in exchange for superfluous caloric. The weather is as bad as ever, 'the windy and watery elements rage,' only we don't have recourse to 'prayers and tears,' but sit over the fire and read, not without an occasional doze.

Poor Louisa<sup>1</sup> started yesterday for Carnarvonshire,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Morgan, mother of Mr. M. Morgan, the Duffryn agent.

distracted with the intelligence of Maggie's having typhoid fever at her brother-in-law's. We telegraphed to Jessie to meet her at Carnarvon station, which will comfort the faithful soul.

I forgot to tell you that Archdeacon Willie and Antonia spent two days here with the Herschells. He was bubbling over with energy and good-humour, and gave us delightful accounts of life on the Mingo Flats, i. e. 2,500 feet above the plain. Herschell was delighted with him, as was also Lady H.

To HIS SON-IN-LAW, THE REV. J. W. WYNNE JONES.

Nov. 7, 1891.

DUFFRYN.

I return Augustus's letter, which I read with great pleasure. It gives exactly the account of Margaret's happiness and popularity which I heard from the Twins when I visited them at Holloway College (a structure worthy of Tennyson's Princess!). It is very pleasant to hear. A full and happy youth is an admirable preparation for a full and useful life. She will ever after think well of her fellow creatures, and be all the readier to love and serve them.

I hope you may persuade Scott Holland to pay you a visit. It will be a refreshment to you, although it might fill the ostriches of the Church with terror. I am rejoiced that Bishop Lloyd<sup>1</sup> rises in your estimation. He had already shown an unusual faculty for organization, which must be invaluable to a bishop in these days of ecclesiastical reconstruction. He did not much attract me at Brecon, and his early appearances as a bishop on the Eisteddfodic platform prejudiced me

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Bangor.

against him, most probably unjustly, for the Celt must be won by methods unknown to the Saxon, and my standard of episcopal bearing is probably too completely formed on English models. But, on your report, I am willing to believe that, like Horace's friend (supposed to be Virgil) in lines translated by Conington,

'The man is passionate ; perhaps misplaced  
In social circles of fastidious taste ;  
His ill-trimmed beard, his dress of uncouth style,  
His shoe ill-fitting, may provoke a smile ;  
But he's the soul of virtue ; but he's kind ;  
But that coarse body hides a mighty mind.'

My vagabond family is widely dispersed, Lina and Charlie in London, Lily and Alice at Oxford. Only Pamela is here, but Harry comes to-day, fresh from hecatombs of pheasants and rabbits at Dynevor, and Lina and Charlie on Monday, and Willie on Wednesday, when I shall be at Shrewsbury for the gathering of the three Colleges, and the Councils of the Intermediate Schools, on a Welsh University. Lord Bute heads the Cardiff College deputation. I don't believe in speedy success, but the discussion will be useful, and the educational fervour in Wales has evidently impressed the Government.

I am glad that Jessie's voice has revisited her. I thought that she never sang better than during this autumn. I think Morys will inherit her gift. At present he *literally* resembles the kingly warrior in *Palamon and Arcite*, whose voice was said to be

'Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,'  
not brazen, I trust.  
I joined the shooters on Gelliddu last week, and got

three pheasants and a woodcock, the larger half of our winged prey.

With best love to Jessie and the Beau<sup>1</sup>.

TO HIS WIFE.

Nov. 11, 1891.

SHREWSBURY.

I had a very pleasant journey here with Lord Bute and Ivor James<sup>2</sup>. The first person I met was Willie, the next Sir E. Henderson and family, who are here on their way to Tenby. We had a dinner of ten, afterwards a discussion on the Charter, during the first hour of which I slept like a top, during the second was very lively. Got to bed at twelve. This morning just found time to go with Willie to the Girls' School, where we found Miss Cannings as charming as ever.

On the arrival of the North Wales members, we found that they would not acquiesce in having Lord Bute as chairman, but were resolved to have me. I did my best to change their minds, but vainly ; so, having already suggested Lord Bute to the Principal and others, I felt bound to propose him, which I did in handsome terms. Lord Bute got us out of the difficulty very gracefully, by declining to be brought forward, and led me to the chair. We had a good deal of lively talk, but all, even the Bishop of St. Asaph, in excellent tone and spirit, and we carried all the six resolutions which we had drafted this morning. I am bound to say that the vessel required nice steering, and that all seem satisfied with the pilot.

<sup>1</sup> Morys.

<sup>2</sup> Registrar of University College, Cardiff, and afterwards of the University of Wales.

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To MR. W. JONES, CHECK WEIGHER.

Dec. 15, 1891.

DUFFRYN.

I am extremely sorry to hear of the suffering entailed upon so large a number of the colliers of Mountain Ash by the strike. It is one of the inevitable consequences of a protracted dispute between employers and employed.

If this were an ordinary case of wide-spread suffering, I would gladly contribute to its relief. Unfortunately I cannot do so in the present instance without departing from that neutrality which is becoming in one who is so imperfectly informed of the merits of the dispute as I am. I have, indeed, heard the workmen's case stated as well as the employers', but they varied so much in essential particulars that it was impossible for me to form an opinion as to the rights and wrongs of the dispute. Now were I to act upon the printed appeal you have forwarded to me, I should be indirectly affirming that the colliers are right and the masters wrong, and this I am not in a position to do.

There is one point on which I entirely sympathize with you, and that is the existence of a 'black list,' as you describe it. The workman should be free to take his labour where he pleases without obstruction. But I cannot reconcile the existence of such a list with the fact that the large number of the colliers now on strike have found work elsewhere, apparently without difficulty. It may be that the policy of the 'black list' is only enforced against those who have made themselves specially obnoxious by taking a prominent part in the strike, or in other movements. If so, I am equally opposed to it. It is a violation of justice and fair play, irritating in itself, and, I firmly believe, ultimately injurious to those who put it in force.

TO HIS SON HENRY.

Dec. 23, 1891.

DUFFRYN.

Many thanks for Lyndhurst's report. It is in all respects excellent. I rather prefer the 'a little slow,' to great quickness. It means more work and thought, more of the quality which goes to form character and intellect. I am glad to observe his voluntary work on arithmetical problems. I had no turn for mathematics, but I remember amusing my vacant hours at school by translating portions of Thucydides and Demosthenes, and now and then by trying to turn English verse into Latin. I also learnt by heart for my own pleasure many hundreds, probably thousands, of Latin verses, and not a few Greek. So Lyndhurst and I had in common the practice of doing more than our actual lessons.

Best love to Constance and bairns.

Jan. 13, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

. . . Charlie went to London to be examined by the Medical Board as to his fitness to return to India. He returns to-day. His future comrade in the Karakorum, Mr. Conway<sup>1</sup>, was here from Friday to Monday, and seems a man of ability and various knowledge, and much experienced in climbing. He is about thirty-six or thirty-eight years old, and seems well, kind, and strong.

Bruce is here till Friday, when we expect Monty, the Archdeacon's son, as nice a lad as I have seen for many a day. He is entered at Oriel College, where was his grandfather, and which is now, once more, among the high colleges. I was glad to hear of Lyndhurst's artistic performance with his first pheasant. I quite forgot when

<sup>1</sup> Now Sir Martin Conway.

I killed my first. But my first woodcock fell to me in 1828, when I was thirteen, to an old flint single-barrel. I shot two more that winter, and sundry hares. I was past twelve when I returned from St. Omer.

Your mother and I, and a daughter, go to Margam<sup>1</sup> from the 18th to 21st. We declined an invitation to Singleton on the 25th, for the good reason that it was Charlie's last week in England.

We are having a mild thaw, hitherto without rain, and after some lovely sunny days, with frosty nights. I have done a deal of hauling. Half the orchard, and all the Caedrawnant are spotted with black pimples. I tremble for my next encounter at billiards with Clarence.

TO HIS DAUGHTER JESSIE.

Jan. 27, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

I know not whether you observed in *The Times* yesterday the death of our dear old friend, Mrs. Higford Burr, 'at Venice.' *The Morning Post* says that she died of influenza, while on a visit to the Layards. If so, she will have received every attention which tenderness and skill could have given her. Your mother has written to Lady Layard and I to Sir Henry. I know that no one of her old friends, once so numerous, now so dwindled, will mourn her more truly than you.

All those happy days at Aldermaston! What a hostess she was! What delightful people she brought together! How kind and how genial to all, and especially to the young, and how nobly she bore the loss of all these things, and how warmly she clung to her old friends! It comforts me to remember her visit to us here when

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Talbot's house.

I was just beginning to recover from my desperate illness, and when she enjoyed herself with all the freshness of youth! The same day brought me the enclosed touching letter announcing the death of my kind and faithful friend, Anthony Nicholl Hawkins—"Old Tony," as your Uncle John always called him.

It was at his, or rather his father's, home that I first met Mrs. Burr, somewhere about 1840, the first year of her marriage. She was lovely then, and so friendly and agreeable. We were friends from that day to the last.

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, THE REV. J. W. WYNNE JONES.

April 16, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

I have received a most cheery letter from Buff, who is having the best of times at Dresden. One hour daily at the gallery, operas, *Zauberflöte*, *Oberon*, *Tannhäuser*, with Bach's *Passion* for Good Friday. Then his friend Webber has introduced him to many German and American families, who invite him to banquets at home and in the country, and give him seats in their opera boxes. All this time, he remarks, the examiner at Oxford is pricking his papers with a red pencil<sup>1</sup>.

I am very sorry to hear of your mother's serious illness. Ah! what a blessed relationship is that of mother and son! It is all but fifty years since I lost mine, but my eyes often moisten at the thought of her. Thank Cecil and Helen for their dear letters. I am sure you must enjoy the society of those sweet girls. I received a most gallubious penwiper from St. Clare, with a beautiful edition of *Sir Roger de Coverley*, illustrated by Hugh

<sup>1</sup> Bruce Richmond got a first class in Classical Moderations this year.



DUFFYN, ABERDARE, FROM THE SOUTH

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Thomson. I have been reading some of it, with certainly keener enjoyment than I did 'sixty years since.'

If anything could tempt me from home it would be (1) the sight of Morys, in his new toggery ; (2) a day at Aberglaslyn with your party. I have just been listening to Julia Shipton's singing of 'Jerusalem' in the *St. Paul*; good, but very far from Jessie's rendering—how many years since?—at the Bishop of London's, when Sir John Pakington congratulated me on having so vocal a daughter! I enclose a letter for Jessie from her old friend Madame de Pronleroy. Best love to all the dear ones.

To HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL.

April 17, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

Many thanks, my darling, for your loving letter. It is indeed a blessing to be surrounded in one's old age by so many descendants loving and worthy of all love in return. I so well remember speculating in my youth on what manner of man I should be at forty, grave and rather ponderous, and at seventy, bent with age, and slightly imbecile. And now I am seven years past that limit of useless senility, and don't feel at all imbecile, nor absolutely useless, nor very old, except in the sense of Horace's advice which I act upon as far as may be,

‘Tractari mollius aetas  
Imbecilla volet.’

Champion will expound this to you.

Your series of flying photos are simply delightful. (N.B.—Subject for an essay: 'How much photography has done to maintain and vivify the domestic affections among all classes.' It almost competes in this respect with the Penny Post.) Perhaps on the whole, I prefer

the one in which Makel<sup>1</sup> is pointing so earnestly at some object—flower, snail or frog? But one in which he advances smilingly towards the gigantic Rachel has great attractions. N.B.—How it exemplifies the failure of photography to convey the just idea of distance! How far short of the artist's foreshortening. But indeed they are all delightful.

## TO HIS DAUGHTER PAMELA.

May 11, 1892.

HÔTEL BRITANNIQUE.

. . . The septett are in great force. Fereri and Ooldshorn consummate as ever. I wish you could have heard their execution of Mozart's *Ave Verum* last night. It was solemn and thrilling, and executed with unsurpassable perfection. Miss Willmott dined with us, and accompanied us, as did Miss Walker (Cecilia of the wild eyes) who is working herself into my favour, and who has played to your mother and me, in our beautiful new salon, much excellent music, well played. We have all been much interested in Miss Sackville West, a daughter of Lord Sackville and a Spanish mother. She has a very striking face, and looks clever and original, but dined apart with an old governess, and seemed to shun making acquaintances, when on Sunday morning came a letter from Isabel Brynderwen<sup>2</sup>, saying that Miss Herbert of Llanarth had been asked by Miss Sackville West to get us introduced to her, which has been done, but we have not yet seen enough of her to judge whether she justifies all the interest she aroused in us.

<sup>1</sup> Rachel Russell's name for her brother Maxwell.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Isabel Bruce, Lord Aberdare's niece.

Our greatest acquaintance, however, is Mrs. Maudsley, whose son was Charlie's fag at Repton, but you will have heard all about her from your sisters. She accompanies us to-day to Chambotte, while her sons fish in the lake. They are very nice lads. And we had very pleasant visits from Sir James and Lady Philipps, both very attractive.

## TO HIS SON HENRY.

*June 24, 1892.*

39, PRINCE'S GARDENS.

Lewis Dillwyn's sudden death has grieved me sorely. We were such old friends, since 1828. I am steadily recovering from the effect of my attack at the Athenæum on Monday. I have had one short walk with Bruce, and a drive to 'Lord's' and yesterday to the Lyric Club, where I took General Görgei<sup>1</sup> and his niece. The old General took in the game quicker than I expected. What, I think, struck him most was Kemp's wicket-keeping, standing as he did close up to the wicket, and never letting a ball pass. The day was lovely, the air delicious, and the ground very pretty. I hope to drive to 'Lord's' to-day to see how Cambridge fares against the M.C.C.

I feel quite unfit for anything but amusement, to which I apply myself with an energy which would win Clarence's approbation. I am very glad to think of your little people at Llettyrafel, and wish I could spend a couple of hours daily with them. This would be in strict accordance with homœopathic principles, viz. take doses of dizzy heights to expel dizziness.

I am very much pleased at Charlie's having been

<sup>1</sup> The General of the Hungarians in their Revolution.

asked by Colonel Durand to undertake the formation of a corps of Hunza mountaineers. It shows that he is regarded not only as a good soldier, but as one fitted to deal with semi-savage natures.

I am delighted to hear of the good progress of Constance and her little damsel<sup>1</sup>. Milton's phrase:—

‘The fairest of her daughters, Eve,’

puzzled the grammarians of his day. I hope the little one may turn out one of the fairest of Eve's daughters, if not of her own.

Willy has just been here. He is negotiating for the sale of the lease of his house in Sheffield Terrace, with an old lady of vacillating propensities. He seems inclined to part with Lotus, and to settle in some breezy suburban height, such as Hampstead or Highgate. Best love to Constance and bairns. I remember that Clergy Orphan Dinner in 1838. I rode to it from Margam with my uncle. But I dined again later on, when Canon Selwyn was present.

*July 12, 1892.*

39, PRINCE'S GARDENS.

I have been spending the morning with Goldie, sketching out my speech for the 20th, the main subject of which is our reply to the calumnies of Lieut. Mizon; I think it will be complete.

I saw Goschen just now. He quite assumed a change of Government<sup>2</sup>. The quidnuncs have put the Liberal majority at twenty-five, all too small for a strong Government.

<sup>1</sup> Eva.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gladstone formed a Liberal Government, which lasted till 1895.

To SIR PATRICK MACDOUGALL.

August 8, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

Mr. Justice Williams be d——d! I regard that adventure much as Hector MacIntyre did his adventure with the Phoca in *The Antiquary*. The lines I quoted are from Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, a paraphrase of Juvenal's *Tenth Satire*, in which the Dr. substitutes Charles XII for Hannibal.

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Iura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis,'

is Horace's description of Achilles. The last line suits Napoleon admirably, in his practical assertion that laws were not made for him, and that everything must bow to the force of arms.

As to the political situation, I suppose that Gladstone will be Prime Minister in a fortnight, and that his Ministry will be formed without my aid. He will bring in his Home Rule Bill in February, and will carry the first and second reading by a sufficient majority. In committee divergences will arise which on some important clauses will reduce that majority to less than twenty, but the third reading will probably be supported by as many votes as the second. The Lords will throw it out, and the country will again be asked to pronounce its opinion, matured as it will be by the consideration of the real Government Bill, *not* of that professed to be anticipated by its adversaries, and the future will rest on the results of that appeal. If it strengthens the Gladstonians appreciably, the Lords will probably give way. If it does not, they will again throw it out. Preserve this prophecy, but don't quote it against me if events falsify it. I know that you feel dismally about

the results of any measure of Home Rule, however well guarded, and incline to say with Hector :—

‘But come it will, the day decreed by Fates ;  
How my heart trembles while my tongue relates  
The day when thou, Imperial Troy, must bend,  
And see thy heroes fall, thy glorious end !’

I, not denying that there is risk, look upon some such measure as necessary, and regard its issues more hopefully. But I don’t consider you as a stupid, ignorant, tyrannical brute for disagreeing with me.

To HIS GRANDSON, MORYS WYNNE JONES.

*Oct. 1, 1892.*

DUFFRYN.

MY DEAR BEAU,

I ought to have answered before this your very pleasant letter, instead of which I have been writing nearly every day to your daddy. Your letter contained a fine work of art, the ‘Dean and his Son,’ who was well got up, but seemed lagging behind. I think the Dean must have been his *step*-father. *You* are always running ahead of your father, ain’t you ?

‘Said his son to the vicar,  
Do father, jog on quicker.  
Said the vicar to his son,  
If I do, you’ll have to run,  
And you’ll find that no fun.’

I was very glad to find that you are pleasantly lodged at Falmouth, and that your mamma is already better for the warmer sun and air. Also, it rejoiced me that you were doing your lessons well, and getting on with French. But what is this I hear ? I could hardly believe my ears or eyes ! That you *won’t* learn to write ! Impossible ! I can’t bear thinking of a grandson who is

a dunce, and cannot write. Why! all my other grandchildren write, and write well, and sometimes they write me letters, all written with their own hands ; and they are not a bit cleverer than the Beau, only they are wiser, and are glad to learn what every child ought to know.

You will begin with big pot-hooks, but you'll soon learn to write a neat little hand, and then you will say, 'Grandpapa writes a sad scrawl, not half so neatly and clearly as I do.'

If my Beau is foolish and obstinate, he won't be fit even to say 'Bo!' to a goose. We are all so sorry that you are not coming to Duffryn this autumn. When you are at the Vicarage of St. Mawgan in Pyder, I must try to pay you a visit, but you will be a very, very long way from Duffryn. Your Auntie Lina had a long letter this morning from Julia Langridge, who lives at 'St. Sampson's Vicarage, Par Station'—wherever that may be—giving a very amusing account of the Cornish people among whom she is living, and of their harvest-homes, and choir-singing. She was a pupil of Auntie Lina, and sings very well. (I find that Par is near Fowey, and that you will pass near it on your way to Newquay.)

Your cousin Buff has just left us for Oxford, which makes us very sad. However, he paid us a good long visit, which is more than his cousin Morys has done. Good-bye, my dear Beau.

Ever your loving Granddad.

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, THE REV. J. W. WYNNE JONES.

OCT. 8, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

Good old Robin Ddu doesn't often get such a translator as you, as you will see per enclosures. I wrote to

Gladstone to beg for a grant out of the Royal Bounty Fund for him, but, as he got one of £100 in July, 1890, nine months must elapse before his application can be considered. In the meantime he is suffering from the triple trials of 'age, ache, penury,' not to mention 'imprisonment' to his room, which the craven Claudio (vide his marvellous speech in *Measure for Measure*) preferred to death and its unknown horrors.

We shall be delighted to see you on your way to Falmouth. I observe in your preference of a land-route a decided return to sanity. Champion, Isabel, and bairns are here. Bairns still whooping, but I believe harmlessly. They look the picture of health.

I have administered a grave rebuke to the Beau on his *pronunciamento* against writing. A letter from Jessie this morning announces a great reformation in his views on this subject. She also speaks very cheerfully about her health. She seems making as much progress as could be expected after so grave an illness.

I am invited to subscribe to a testimonial to the Lord Mayor, for the merit, I presume, of being a Welshman.

'And he himself has said it,  
And 'tis greatly to his credit,  
That he is an Englishman.'

You battled bravely with the insuperable difficulties of Robin's *Englyn* on Jessie.

To HIS WIFE.

Oct. 25, 1892.

COWLEY GRANGE, OXFORD.

You will be rejoiced to hear that I called at the Deanery and saw the Gladstones, who were most cordial, not to say affectionate. Gladstone admitted that he was then tired, but Mrs. Gladstone convicted

him of extreme rashness, and he admitted that he had been spending the whole morning at the Clarendon Printing Press. After the address<sup>1</sup> yesterday he was with difficulty prevented by Mrs. Gladstone from walking about the city leaving cards. He *did* go to Magdalen, drank tea with the Warrens, attended the evening service at 6.30, dined at the Deanery, was the life of the party, and was in the cathedral this morning at 8 a.m. at morning prayers. He was summoned away to see a visitor, so I sat some time longer with Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew. Mrs. Gladstone sent many and tender messages to you. She spoke with great warmth of the Ripons, and of their fidelity and attachment to them.

To HIS SON HENRY.

Nov. 6, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

I much want you to help me in slaying pheasants, &c., which are unusually abundant. Two woodcocks were seen in the Gelliuddu plantation by Common. I intended shooting the upper one on Thursday last, but the weather *s'y opposa*. I hope you had good sport at Dynevor, but the weather was so bad here that I doubt it. To-day is heavenly. Professor Vaughan<sup>2</sup> here, and Miss Bolitho<sup>3</sup>. Your mother, Lily, and Miss Bolitho went to the Drill Hall last night to hear two eloquent cabmen, from London, on Temperance. They all returned strengthened in their resolutions to avoid in future all excessive indulgence in strong drinks.

Your Archdeacon was pathetic on the loss he and

<sup>1</sup> The Romanes Lecture, given in the Sheldonian Theatre.

<sup>2</sup> Professor of English Literature at Cardiff; now at Newcastle.

<sup>3</sup> Now Mrs. Clarence Paget.

Neath would suffer from your removal from Ynisygerwn. You 'never refused him anything,' and, as for Constance, she was irreplaceable. This was a pleasant hearing to me, although I sympathized with him. Duffryn St. Nicholas has been bought by John Cory. If it was to be, there could hardly be a better man. The idea of Cefn-Mably *me sourit*, although I lose my last chance of catching a salmon.

TO HIS GRANDSON, MORYS WYNNE JONES.

Nov. 13, 1892.

BELLE VUE HOTEL, ABERYSTWYTH.

I have been very busy of late, and flying about the country, so that I have not been able to answer your very nice little letter. However, after a week of fine weather, we have at last a very wet day, and I cannot do better than write a few words to my dear little Beau.

When I was at Shrewsbury I saw a pretty-looking book in a window, which I thought might suit you; so I asked Aunt Lily to buy it, and now that I have read some of the stories, and looked at the pictures, I can't help thinking that it will suit you to a T. So you must ask your mamma to read it to you on some of the long winter evenings which have already begun. I hope it will reach you on Tuesday.

I liked your own letter-paper, with its picture of you and daddy rowing mamma, and another of you alone in your canoe. The sea is rolling in under my window, the tide nearly full. The waves are not high, for there is no wind. I have seen them here sometimes when one could not walk on the sea-walk without being splashed from head to foot with water and spray. But to-day all the water comes straight down from above, and I am

watching for a chance of getting a half-hour when I could sniff in the salt air without being drenched.

On Tuesday we open, with great ceremony, a grand new library, with cases and shelves and tables given by some friendly Welshmen settled in America, who subscribed £1,000 for this purpose, while the great hall of the college has been roofed by a Welshman settled in Australia, at the cost of £300. Very kind of those good Taffies, isn't it? They have got about 8,000 volumes already. Do you think that you shall ever be able to read 8,000 volumes? Perhaps you may after all. I shall have to make a speech, perhaps several speeches, when I had much rather listen in silence.

The weather has cleared a bit, so Aunt Lily and I are sallying out for a walk, before going to lunch with Principal Roberts, who is a very good and clever man, and a great friend of mine.

Give my love to the Presbyter Segontiacus and your dear mammy, who I think is slowly, but surely, getting back her voice. Aunt Lily joins in all good wishes. We should both like to kiss your jolly red cheeks.

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, THE REV. J. W. WYNNE JONES.

Nov. 22, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

. . . I trust that by this time Morys has received his book, has admired the art of the illustrations and the pathos of the *Little Gipsy*. I spotted at once your lines of poor Robin's poem; none could have been more appropriate, and it was pleasing to see their merit appreciated by the bard's surrounding friends.

We were all greatly cheered by Jessie's letter to Lily. The milder climate is working wonders, and will, I trust,

continue its good work until her ailments have disappeared, and her voice returned.

I had a very agreeable time at Aberystwyth, where everything went off as well as possible. Acland<sup>1</sup> made an excellent speech, sympathetic and cheery, without an approach to fulsome ness. Viriamu Jones affirmed that I had surpassed myself—complimentary in one sense, although it seems to speak of past failures. We are approaching the port in the ‘University of Wales’ charter, a long and stiff business, but all the stiffest fences have been cleared.

I am in close correspondence with the Bishop of Chester<sup>2</sup> on his ‘Drink’ scheme. We are quite affectionate! But, alas! he has asked me to draft the skeleton scheme to be considered at Grosvenor House on Dec. 19. That Gladstone has done us old fellows his juniors no end of harm. While he at eighty-three is speaking and writing *de omnibus rebus et de quolibet ente*, how can I, his junior by six years, plead—

‘Tractari mollius aetas  
Imbecilla volet?’

I should be hissed as a *fainéant*.

*Nov. 25, 1892.*

DUFFRYN.

Thank Morys for his capital letter, and for the pictures. I regret the inaccuracy of the one which represents the valley in which Mawgan, I think, lies. The coast scenes are enchanting. How I should enjoy

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland, Vice-President of the Council.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Jayne.

them! I go on Thursday next to Shrewsbury for, I hope, the final meeting of the University Committee. The *Lyra Elegantiarum* is as much for your consumption as Jessie's. I sent a message recommending that you should begin at the end, and read them backwards. I think Thackeray's, on the whole, the best. The whole collection shows how near tears lie to smiles, which also may, I trust, be true of the weather. To-day it rains. Please Heaven! the sun, a rare guest, may shine to-morrow, for Harry is coming to help me to shoot the Duffryn Graig. Love to Jessie and the blooming Beau.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Dec. 26, 1892.

DUFFRYN.

It grieves me unspeakably that my dear, loving Helen did not receive her intended present. It is all Sotheran's fault. I have desired a private friend, on whom I can rely, to blow up his shop-front with dynamite. I hope that, personally, he may escape. Fortunately I had prepared for the unexpected, and so I send by this post a booklet for Helen of an altogether new character, which shows that the French are not above taking hints from their perfidious neighbours. It seems very well done.

I am so glad to hear a good account of dear Cis, who I hope will be rewarded for her patience under trial by emerging from bed three inches taller. She deserves nothing less. I wish I could find time to answer in detail all the loving letters I have received from Cowley Grange, from Mildred down to Doris, besides pretty cards from the balance. I also got a very pleasant letter from Mabel, just before she left for Les Avants. It is

in defiance of geography that the Genevese call Montreux and its neighbourhood *Le Fond du Lac*. It should be *La Tête*.

Many thanks, my darling, for your and Augustus's share in that magnificent contribution of coffee-spoons. They arrived just in time for the Kay-Shuttleworths, whom, with the lovely Angela, we expect on Wednesday. Next day come Bruce and Frank, accompanied by the bicentarian Sambo<sup>1</sup>. This morning came the offerings from Mawgan, including a card which Morys directs me to deliver to the signal-man ('single-man,' he used to call him) at the G.W.R. crossing. I received also, with rapture, a charming calendar from Mrs. Dunstan. We are a very lively party. Enid, Monty and Annie W. keep us very much alive, specially Enid. You should have seen her rebuking me for putting my wide-awake in rakish fashion on Sally's head. 'Well! I am surprised at you! Take that hat off my mother's head.' She usually calls her 'Mummy,' but the occasion required the more dignified designation. We observe the Christmas festivities to-day, for, as Morys observed about the transfer of his friend Terence Finche's birthday celebration from Sunday to Monday, we 'don't like to have a great joy on Sunday.' All join in warm salutations to all.

TO HIS SON HENRY.

March 6, 1893.

PRINCE'S GARDENS.

I learned the story of the knocker in this wise: I met Tom Place's father in Piccadilly, and asked after my old schoolfellow. He put on a dismal look and said: 'He has almost broken my heart! He was a lieutenant in

<sup>1</sup> M. Muir Mackenzie's 'cello.

the 10th, and would soon have been captain, when, without a word to me, he sold out, and here he is, doing nothing!' But suddenly his expression brightened: 'But he has brought home a splendid knocker!' Then he told me that this knocker had been the despair of all the foolish young officers at Corfu, and how Tom, in the night, just before sailing, had succeeded in carrying it off, and brought it to England. The Custom House officer told him that he must pay for it as a 'work of art.' 'If you had known the trouble it had given me, you would indeed have said it was a "work of art."' Then Tom described its capture, and so mollified the officer that he was allowed to pass it scot-free. My brother Robert told me the rest of the story: how the owner (a Greek, not a Jew), had so securely fastened it, that when he heard assailants attacking it, he would put his night-capped head out of the window, and jeer at their efforts. When, however, it fell a victim to Tom Place's superior ingenuity, he rushed in despair to the Governor's palace, and implored Lord Seaton to dispatch a steam frigate in pursuit of the thief and the knocker, and almost denounced Lord Seaton as an accomplice for refusing his request. You seem to have paid a handsome price for it, but it will probably give you greater pleasure than the Burgundy. Tom had left the service before the freak. What would have happened if he had been captured! The act was carcerous, whatever the motive.

*May 9, 1893.*

This is my last day's sitting till June 12, and I shall be very glad of the interruption.

I got a long and interesting letter from Charlie, dated March 11, still at Chitral. But the country round must

be quiet, as he had been shooting, unsuccessfully, with a brother officer. He has written a mem. for Colonel Durand upon raising and disciplining a body of hardy mountaineers, regulars, so as to be independent of the Indian army, which cannot, during months together, cross the high snowy passes.

We have a dinner-party to-day, bringing together several political opponents—Chamberlains and Grant Duffs, Colonel Maurice, Shaw-Lefevres, Lewis Morris, &c. I like Mrs. Chamberlain much, and Joe is always particularly civil to me on the Commission<sup>1</sup>. Ritchie<sup>2</sup> takes the chair for me during my absence. The Prince has only missed one meeting out of twenty-four. I think the Imperial ceremony<sup>3</sup> a great success. It was certainly very brilliant, and I was glad to meet many old friends rarely seen. Best love to Constance and bairns. . . .

To his DAUGHTER RACHEL.

August 5, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

I fear that this will not reach you to-morrow, with my blessing and many warm wishes for your happiness. Well, you know right well that such wishes are not reserved for your birthdays, but are ever present in my heart for my dear and loving daughter. Thinking that you were at Aldborough, Crabbe's birthplace, and scene of the delightful *Lover's Journey*, I supplicated Lily to send you the volumes containing that poem and his life. I now find that I have made a geographical error, and that you are in a place of different spelling though of like derivation, and in Suffolk not Norfolk.

<sup>1</sup> Royal Commission on the Aged Poor.

<sup>2</sup> Now Chancellor of the Exchequer.

<sup>3</sup> The opening of the Imperial Institute by Queen Victoria.

Never mind! you won't be sorry to refresh your recollection of the genial old poet and parson.

I send you a very genial letter from Lord Lansdowne, enclosing, as you will see, a high encomium upon Charlie, by one of the ablest men in the Indian Civil Service. Your boys are in excellent health and spirits, and in high favour. They thoroughly enjoyed their day at the Eisteddfod, where the chorus-singing seems to have been of very high quality. Yesterday Bernard accompanied Lina and me to Brynderwen. We met there Archdeacon Willie and Monty, and Alma Tyler. William was looking thinner and weaker than when I last saw him. He is very cheerful, and drove Bernie and me to call on Archdeacon Crawley, ninety-two years old, and then to that beautiful place Llanarth, where we met the owner, Mr. Hubert, and his brother the General, an old friend of mine. Isabel looks very delicate. I think Simonides, *l'enfant chéri des dames*, is thoroughly happy.

To SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF.

August 18, 1893

DUFFRYN.

Your two volumes of Diary, one Indian Report, one of selections from your political utterances from platform and press, have arrived. For all great thanks, specially for the 'White' volume, which, whenever I want accurate ideas on things foreign or domestic, I shall address with the open sesame *Candidus imperti!* Seriously, its range, having special regard to quality, is very remarkable: you write more than kindly of the part I took in the affairs there commented. I hope that I have not lived a wholly useless life, having lived so pleasant a one. But I don't deceive myself. In goodwill for my fellow

creatures I am not wanting, and this has sometimes inspired action. But of original ideas I have had none; I have put my shoulder to the wheel when others have set it going. But never till then, which I take to be my misfortune, not my fault.

Of good stories in these volumes I have seen innumerable, which I class under three heads—the remembered, the forgotten, the unheard—of these I think the last are best. One advantage I hope the B. C.<sup>1</sup> will derive from their studies, viz. the diminution on my part of oft-repeated stories, although, *per contra*, it might be cruel to deprive new members of them.

But I remember Sydney Smith's Scythians, who, he says, always ate their grandfathers; they behaved very respectfully to them for a long time, but as soon as they became troublesome, and began to tell long stories and to repeat old ones, they immediately ate them. Nothing, as S. S. justly remarks, could be more improper or even disrespectful than dining off such near and venerable relations, but, &c., &c. Still if *I* enjoy the twice-told tales of your journal, why shouldn't the B. C. enjoy mine? unless indeed too recently delivered.

You have indeed supplied us with a rich mine of interest and pleasure. My wife is as keen as I am in her enjoyment, and so say we all! With kindest regards to Miladi.

*August 25, 1893.*

DUFFRYN.

After all, *le temps me manque* for such a letter as the pleasure I have enjoyed in reading your journals should have inspired.

I honestly believe that these volumes will form the

<sup>1</sup> The Breakfast Club.

best collection of 'ana' in existence. You have obviously, out of your great abundance, suppressed with consummate tact. The few speeches and addresses you have admitted are gems, on no account to be sacrificed. If you ever approach to a violation of your rule, it is in the covert gibes against Gladstone. You have indeed now and then admitted something not of a depreciating character. But, as Dr. Johnson said of his reports of debates in Parliament, he 'took care not to let the Whig dogs have the best of it.'

I am also greatly struck and interested by the sources of your many and happy quotations, almost entirely from moderns, and, barring Byron, Browning and Mat. Arnold, even then rarely from those whom the world places in the first rank—rarely Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge—Lytton often, Pope never, Dryden not once, nor Milton, Spenser, Chaucer, nor even Shakespeare. It cannot be that you do not know nor appreciate the elders, and the unquoted moderns. But you revel by preference among contemporaries, Faber, Lyell, Lytton, Mrs. Norton, &c., often, to my great advantage, by introducing me to beautiful poems, unknown or forgotten by me. Clearly, however, there is this difference between us, that you find more pleasure in present thoughts, I in past. I don't know which is the better; 'twere best perhaps that we were rolled into one. Another idiosyncrasy of yours is evidently, although you have not said it, your comparatively low estimate of Burns. I observed too that, when naming foremost Scotchmen—W. Scott, Hume, Adam Smith, you passed by Hunter and Young—surely first-rank men, specially Hunter<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> John Hunter, the great anatomist and surgeon (1728-93).

Our strike is calming down, and the colliers returning gradually to work. It looked serious at one time. But the routs of Ebbw Vale and Dowlais made the strikers ridiculous, and ridicule is a great dissolvent. We had quartered at Mountain Ash, but staying in this house, a young lieutenant who knew my son at Secunderabad! I salute all yours.

To HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

Sept. 8, 1893.

Your letter was pleasing to me, and especially to your mother, whose conjugal vanity was elated beyond all reasonable measure at Ken's<sup>1</sup> report of my youthful eloquence. It exhausted me so much that I wellnigh collapsed on my return here, and was obliged to decline Lord Kimberley's pressing invitation that I should speak on the Home Rule Bill<sup>2</sup>, the obsequies of which I shall attend as a mute and a mourner. I wish you could have heard Rosebery's speech last night. Grave folks might object that it was too full of fun and humour. May be so. But it put the case for a measure of Home Rule with great force, and wisely appealed to the common action of both parties to find a solution for a question which cannot be left where it is. Your mother goes to-night, when Cranbrook throws off, followed by Herschell, the debate being closed by Salisbury, followed by Kimberley.

We met Colonel Durand<sup>3</sup> at dinner at Susie Rawlins's.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, now Sir K. Muir Mackenzie, K.C.B.

<sup>2</sup> Sept. 8, 1893, the House of Lords rejected the second reading of the Home Rule Bill.

<sup>3</sup> British Agent at Gilgit, 1889-93; commanded troops in Hunza-Nagar expedition, 1891.

He talked much and pleasantly of Charlie. He is devoted to pictures, and I have engaged to take him to-day to the National Gallery. I hope he may come to us at Duffryn. I think it not improbable that he may be military secretary to the coming Viceroy—a very able man, whose only defect is A.D.

Embrace my beloved Twinkies for me, and tell them how greatly I, and all of us, have enjoyed Bernard and Simkin's visit. I expect much fun out of Morys, but I fear not many songs from Jessie. Best love to Monty and the Diva Enid, the nanny-less.

To SIR HENRY LAYARD.

Sept. 13, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

I feel very guilty in not having acknowledged your letter of three weeks since, most pleasing as were its contents to all of us. We only wished your visit had been longer, and trust that you will never again throw such a slur on our hospitality as to imagine that we should be satisfied by four short days. We hope for better things henceforth. We have had a lively time since you left. Forty soldiers quartered at Mountain Ash, forty at Aberaman, forty at Aberdare, besides some twenty of the 14th Hussars. Their presence had a very quieting effect, and prevented collieries from being visited, and colliers bullied and beat when willing to work. The strike would not have lasted half the time, had not the weather been so persistently fine; they spent their time in marching about and attending meetings. All are at work again.

We had a lieutenant here—a grandson of Sir Richard Griffith, once famous in Dublin; the regiment (Bedfordshire, old 16th) had been at home for two years. They

were 1,150 strong at Secunderabad, and here is their history since. They sent 500 to their linked battalion at Rawul Pindee; of the 650 who returned 500 joined the reserve, and 150 formed the nucleus of the new battalion. Nearly all here were young lads—stout fellows, doing all sorts of athletic exercises, and rapidly expanding and growing, by no means a bad lot. They got lots of recruits for the army during their stay—mostly Somersetshire lads, an unruly set, who will be much the better for martial discipline. I thought you would be interested, as I was, in this account of what, I believe, goes on every time a regiment returns from abroad.

I have been twice to London, once to defend the Welsh University Charter, completing the recommendations of the Commission, over which I presided, viz. Intermediate Schools, Colleges, and University, all full of promise for the future. My other visit was on the Home Rule Bill, whose obsequies I followed as a mourner and a mute. The Unionists are naturally triumphant, but a majority of ten to one brings into ugly relief the wide gulph between the two Houses. My hope now, expressed strongly by Rosebery and repeated by Herschell and Kimberley, is that both parties may agree, through their leaders, on some large and safe measure of self-government; a suggestion already made in 1885 by Gladstone to Salisbury through Balfour.

We are still sitting at the receipt of grandchildren. Bruce Richmond has come and gone, the Wynne Jones's are here, and we expect Willie and Co. next week. My Report on the Aged Poor is advancing. The Secretary<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. E. Austin Browne, of the Local Government Board.

of the Commission is here, much to the relief of this poor aged one. By-the-by, we have here a most brilliant pianist, Webber, son of Captain Webber, well known, he avers, to Lady Layard, whom we all greet with a chorus of benedictions in which you are included. You will probably see a letter of mine on Niger affairs<sup>1</sup> in *The Times* of the 14th.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Sept. 18, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

The dear boys are gone, and Duffryn has lost at least twenty per cent. in cheerfulness. On both sides we were very mournful. They had been so bright and good and loving ; they have scoured the country all round, and met many of their relations, and made many friends. In one respect only has their visit been a failure. Vain have been our attempts to fatten them ! You will not find a button displaced. They possess the secret of perpetual motion, and, as there has not been a wet day since their arrival, there was no enforced repose. (N.B.—Rain is falling at last, and the turnips are rejoicing.)

With them departed Mr. Webber, the muse of the piano, and Miss Hurlbatt<sup>2</sup>, who is thoroughly happy at Cardiff, and doing excellent work. We had a jovial letter from Bruce. Why his party should have fixed upon Seathwaite, the very wettest corner of the British Isles,

<sup>1</sup> *The Times*, Sept. 14, 1893. A justification of the action of the Royal Niger Company in refusing to assist M. Hoelle, who was sent to take charge of the vessels of Lieut. Mizon's 'scientific expedition,' which had 'committed acts worthy of pirates' in the Niger Territory.

<sup>2</sup> Now Principal of Bedford College, London ; then Principal of Aberdare Hall.

it is hard to guess. They have already been copiously baptised.

To SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF.

Sept. 28, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

I am glad that you are not travelling to-day. It is raw and wet—a complete contrast to yesterday, when I took a long walk, for me, on our mountains. We are having a S.W. gale, and the leaves are whirling madly through the air, not the *lapsa cadunt folia* of Virgil. Pray tell Lady Grant Duff that I envy her her talks with the Dean of Salisbury, whom I had learned from your journals to admire and like, and Mr. Elwin, of whom I once saw much—most charming and dilatory of men. He re-reviewed Sir W. Napier's *Life of Sir Charles* in two numbers of *The Quarterly*<sup>1</sup>. I saw much of him about that time.

Alas, for our dear Jowett<sup>2</sup>! I fear that by this time he is no more. I doubt whether any living man in England will be more deeply and sincerely mourned. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*. Oxford will not be the same place without him. How genial! how generous! and how little his quiet sarcasms veiled the warmth of his heart!

Have you ever read the Journal of the brothers Goncourt? In all but liveliness it is a fearful contrast to yours, such a picture of dissolution of manners among the literary men of their time, at least those with whom they habitually consorted—T. Gautier, Flaubert, and even Ste. Beuve.

<sup>1</sup> April, 1864; there appears to be only one article.

<sup>2</sup> He died Oct. 1, 1893.

To HIS SON CHARLES.

Sept. 28, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

I trust that by this time the glacier-formed lake which barred the way to Gilgit has disappeared, and that this letter will find you at Abbottabad, for although your larger duties at Hunza and Nagar must relieve some of the tedium of such a station, the early and severe winter must make matters infinitely worse; and you will be truly glad to be with your old chums at 'Abbeville.' I got a letter about a fortnight ago from Captain A'Court, in which, after hoping the books he had sent you had reached you, he adds, 'Unfortunately the French translation of Von Kuhn's admirable book is out of print, so I had to send him a German copy.' . . . If you have not yet written to Captain A'Court, do so. He is married to a niece of my old friend Mrs. Burr. I hear him highly spoken of. He sympathizes with my attacks on Mizon, which you will find in various *Times* between the 11th and 23rd of September. He says, 'What people these French are to deal with! A nation of infants, but very aggressive little infants, and always teething.'

To SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF.

Sept. 29, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

Your reference to Dr. Blomfield made me turn to Coplestone's memoirs. In looking for the desired passage I came across so many pages which would interest you, that I determined to send it to you. The work is utterly inartistic, but the fine manly character of the man and his intellectual power come out clearly in letters and extracts. Please turn particularly to page (N.B.—I can't give it, for the book is packed). But it is

a letter which mentions specially my Uncle Bruce Knight, afterwards Dean of Llandaff, and my father. It was written in 1834, and describes a visit here, which I well remember, in vivid terms. It was the foundation of a friendship which lasted as long as he lived.

Yesterday was a very wet day. I turned it to some account by endeavouring to introduce cosmos into my chaos of a study, and especially in examining piles of pamphlets, reserving some for binding, and others, which had already died a natural death, for annihilation. Among them I found, republished by a Welsh magazine, the translation of a Welsh poem made in 1835. I thought you might like it. With kindest regards and wishes from all. . . .

Oct. 1, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

We were all very glad to have an amended account of you and your fellow patients. We have had here alternate visitations of showers and brightest sunshine—the latter far predominating, so as to admit of mountain rides and walks. I send you notes on the last volume, as I scratched them off. They are in a disgraceful condition, and demand a humble apology, which I hereby tender. I find it very interesting work. Besides reviving old memories, and telling me much that is new to me, it just suits my discursive tastes. Time was when my conscience reproached me for not having on hand some work *de longue haleine*. Now I 'count it nature's privilege' not 'to die,' but to please myself, and skip from book to book—here a little, there a little.

'Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
Of little life the best to make,  
And manage wisely the last stake.'

I note with thankfulness your invitation to come to you during my visit to town. Please let me defer my answer till a week before the 18th. Some possible liens on my time are outstanding, and I *must* spend one night in town. But I hope for the best. I hope that you will enjoy an occasional dip into the *Memoirs of Coplestone*. You will find at the end references to some passages. I think his description of Brougham's eloquence one of the best passages of the sort I ever read.

I suggest as a motto for our Breakfast Club a motto from these memoirs. Cicero writes to a friend an account of a visit from Caesar, and says that the conversation was not political, nor over-serious, but literary—"σπουδαῖον οὐδέν, πολλὰ φιλόλογα."

Many thanks for G. Butler's epitaph on Crichton<sup>1</sup>. Crichton would probably have *done* many memorable things had he lived, but would he have *left* anything of value? *Je m'en doute.* He was too versatile and multifarious. I read his name among those of the illustrious *alumni* of the University of Padua a few years ago. Harvey's was another. With our united kind regards to all yours.

To HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Oct. 14, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

Alas! it may not be. It is true that I shall be rushing to town next Wednesday on Royal Niger Company business and other. But I must rush back as fast, as I find that it will be as much as the united powers of Mr. Browne and myself can do to get the Report on the Aged Poor ready and printed by the middle of November. The Prince of Wales has asked me to fix November 27,

<sup>1</sup> James Crichton, 'The Admirable' (1560-85?).

which will be a convenient time, provided the report can be prepared and finished at least ten days earlier, so that it may be circulated among the Commissioners. I expect nearly as many amendments as there were to the Home Rule Bill, and about half a dozen separate reports on portions of mine, so that I shall be lucky to escape in a fortnight from the final labours of the Commission. Till then, I must be daily at work, although headaches may be the consequence, as they now are.

I return M. and M.'s<sup>1</sup> very cheery letters. Would you care for my introducing them to my friend Mrs. Austen Leigh, wife of the Provost of King's? She is very kind and pleasant, and a great friend of mine. She was a Lefroy. I hear that Helen bears her honours<sup>2</sup> meekly, as might be expected.

My visit to your Uncle William was a very melancholy one, for although he recovered from a very dangerous attack, and was much as he was before it, I could not, having regard to the length of his illness and his present condition, venture to indulge hopes of a recovery, although the end may not be near. It seems to me the break-up of a worn-out frame, the heart being the weak point. He was seventy-seven on September 6. Well! it will be a sad day to me, and sadder for others.

Willie is slowly recovering from his accident<sup>3</sup>, and able to ride. Jessie very shaky, at times singing beautifully, and very cheery. Miss Martin and Nell are here; the former plays beautifully, and Nell is the charming creature she always was. Although I despair of seeing

<sup>1</sup> Mildred and Mabel Vernon Harcourt were at Girton College.

<sup>2</sup> Helen Vernon Harcourt gained a Higher Certificate in 1893.

<sup>3</sup> An accident with an axe.

you until my visit in November, I hope—we hope—to see you then. My best love to all.

I enclose an interesting and authentic story of two brothers, now holding scholarships at Cardiff College.

David Phillips, of Mountain Ash, who has won one of the County Council Scholarships, and is now a student of the Cardiff University College, is a young man who has worked as a miner in the coal-pit since he was twelve years of age. He very nearly succeeded in winning this scholarship last year, and but for his self-denying efforts to assist his brother Thomas Phillips, who then succeeded, he would also have been successful.

The brotherly love of these two brothers has been remarkable. David Phillips, working hard in the coal-pit, kept his brother Tom out of the pit, and maintained him for nine months to prepare for the examination which he successfully passed. Though David failed at that examination, he found sufficient satisfaction in the fact that his brother had not failed, and said, 'Inasmuch as my brother Tom has passed, I do not care, but I shall try again next time.' He has tried and has succeeded.

Nor did the brother Tom forget his debt of gratitude to his brother David. During the recent vacation, Tom came home from college, put on the working-clothes of his brother David, went down into the pit to work in his place, and give David ten weeks to prepare for his examination. Now these two brothers, having so assisted one another, are fellow students of the college. It was a touching and gratifying sight to see a student of the University College coming home evening after evening, black from the coal-pit, assisting his brother who had previously rendered a similar assistance to him.

TO HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, MARGARET WYNNE JONES.

Oct. 30, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

It gave me very great pleasure to help you to get a really good violin, one that would last your life. I have no doubt that you will be very proud of it, and that the possession of such an instrument will make you doubly desirous of excelling, and of drawing out all its sweet, rich sounds. At the same time you will not forget that for you, as for most of us, music can only be an amusement, a charming and elevating one, but not the main business of life, as, fortunately for us, it is with the great performers, and above all the great composers, who have provided us with such rich treats. There are many pleasures which pall, or cease to be pleasures at all, as we grow old. Music is not one of them, and I honestly believe that I enjoy music more in my old age than I did in my youth, although I was always fond of it.

Our party is dwindling sadly, not only since you left but since your mother and Morys went away. I have no grandchildren with me, which is a trial to me, nor shall I have any before Christmas. Your aunt Mary has just left us, and we have only got General and Mrs. Rawlins. She is a sister of your aunt Mimi, and very pleasant and pretty. I am very glad to hear that you find yourself getting on better with your lessons. Now is the time to work, and to make the most of opportunities which don't come again.

I should much like to hear your Welsh concert. I wonder whether it will be much better than ours at Duffryn. All send you much love.

To HIS DAUGHTER PAMELA.

Nov. 12, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

I confess I have used you ill in not sooner answering your very interesting letter. 'Strike, but hear!' This very morning only have I sent off my last touches to my report—a long one! sixty-seven folio pages of print. For the last two or three weeks I have been revising, cutting out, adding, &c., for two or three hours every morning, and now I am free from that incubus, and the first use I make of my freedom is to write to my Pammikins. The report will be circulated among my colleagues—and then the fat will be in the fire—for several of them, Chamberlain, Booth, Broadhurst, &c., won't approve of some parts of it, and there will be almost as many amendments as on the Home Rule Bill. We meet to discuss the report on the 27th, and, assuming three sittings a week, we shall be sitting two or three weeks. Then my troubles will be over, except reading adverse, ignorant, or spiteful comments in the press. However, I reck little of them, and shall feel like Sinbad, when he had shaken off his shoulders the Old Man of the Sea.

Spite of the report, I have had a very pleasant autumn, and keep in excellent health. I was able to shoot three times with General Rawlins, and held pretty straight. I like said General. He is rather silent, but courteous and sensible, and he took very kindly both to the country and the company, as did Susie, the faithful companion of my hill-side rambles. We have sworn an eternal friendship!

I received a box of lovely apples from Carry Bolitho, since which I have eaten an apple every day at luncheon.

Now, mark the result! I had never been without gout in my tendon since I left London. It has, since I began my apples, entirely disappeared. I have written to Carry Bolitho declaring that no other country but Cornwall produced such apples, or such Eves, and reproaching her for not paying us her promised visit. But she has not answered me.

Fowler<sup>1</sup> and Alice are here. He is, as always, very agreeable, but terribly *frileux*. I can hardly induce him to face the east wind, which has been blowing these last four days, although wrapped in greatcoat and plaid. Alice Fowler and Lina play Brahms' duets with great effect.

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, THE REV. J. W. WYNNE JONES.

Now. 21, 1893.

DUFFRYN.

We go to town to-morrow for three weeks. I feel like *Christiansos ad leones*. However, I believe that the Christians far outnumber the lions, and that I shall carry my report without much change, or, in fact, without any change in principle. Roundell, who understands the subject better than most men, characterizes the report as 'temperate, weighty, and well-considered.' *Quid plura?*

I have been shooting lately in all weathers. On Saturday, in a regular hurricane of swift-driving snow, Charlie Bruce, Roger, and I bagged eighty rabbits. I have only seen two woodcocks this year, not one succumbed. I long to hear Margaret and her Amati, and to have a subtle argument with Morys.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fowler, magistrate at Swansea, and his daughter.

TO HIS GRANDSON, MORYS WYNNE JONES.

Feb. 6, 1894.

DUFFRYN.

I was much interested in your story of the frozen sparrow, and think you did quite right in reviving and restoring him to freedom, poor little chap! But you must not be surprised if, about next May, he appears at the head of a band of young thieves attacking your kitchen garden. Then you will seize your bow and arrow, cross-bow, catapult, and do your very best to 'Lay the pert intruder low.' We have many hundreds of sparrows living in the ivy about this house, and I don't disturb them, although when my oats ripen, the little scoundrels flock in hundreds to the fields, and in spite of all my keeper can do, they usually devour half of the crop. Last August Common shot over 400 of them, and yet there seemed to be just as many as ever. Perhaps it would be more merciful to kill them during the winter, before their families are born. About a month ago the starlings came in thousands. They drove the poor sparrows out of house and home, which they occupied themselves. Now they are nearly all gone, and the sparrows are gradually returning.

We have many signs of spring here. The crocuses, yellow, purple, and puce, are a sight, and there are plenty of snowdrops, but the weather is misty and wet, and I fear will remain so till I go to London, which will be next Monday, and then I shall lose all the pleasures of the reviving spring.

We have got two nice dogs since you were here, particularly a little collie called Do-do, which is the delight of your aunt Lina's heart. She is very frolicsome, and sometimes, I lament to say, very self-willed and naughty, when I tell your aunt that she ought to change her name

into 'Don't-don't!' The other is a setter called 'Roy.' He has many fine qualities, but cannot restrain his passion for rabbits. The other day he pursued and killed two almost under our very eyes. I expostulated with him with a stick, which may I hope raise his moral character.

I am very glad to hear that you are learning German with Miss Kunish. I always lament that I did not learn it when I was young. Likewise I believe that I should have been a beautiful fiddler with a little luck. Give my best love to papa, mamma, and Sissie.

TO HIS WIFE.

Feb. 25, 1894.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK.

Although I shall see you so soon, you will enjoy your breakfast the better for a bulletin from hence. Our journey was pleasant and rapid. We stayed only a few minutes at Cambridge, where Lord Rosebery was to have joined us, but he was obliged to go to Windsor. (N.B.—The Prince shakes his head, and thinks it may mean the break-up of the Ministry on the Navy Estimates; Lord Rosebery being in favour of the large increase of the Navy, and Gladstone supposed to be against it. I have no doubt that he is, but I feel sure that having regard to the state of public feeling, he would not insist upon pressing his views. So I attribute Lord Rosebery's visit to some other cause.) I travelled with Count Hatzfeld, the German Ambassador, Acland, Sir F. Leighton, and two others. I need not tell you who our other guests were. Doubtless they are enumerated in the papers. We found all the ladies in the hall, at tea. The Empress<sup>1</sup> made me sit by her, and we

<sup>1</sup> The late Empress of Germany.

talked much about everything, and especially the Layards. She says that she is miserable at being parted from her daughters—a separation, she said, easier to bear when both parents are living. Still, at other times she is very lively, telling stories and enjoying other people's, and talking very well. Everybody very kind and hospitable. I took into dinner Lady Probyn, but was told to sit next to the Duchess of York, who was very bright and cordial. She talked with much warmth and admiration of our dear 'Giana<sup>1</sup>.' After dinner Lady Granby, who is very handsome, of a refined, spiritual cast, sang very nicely and cleverly.

I went into the billiard-room, and the Prince made me sit by him, and talked very unreservedly of men and things. I got to bed, not at all tired, at twelve o'clock. The night was then beautiful, but this morning the rain fell, and the day gets worse and worse, to the Prince's great disgust. We breakfasted without the Royalties, at little round tables containing five persons. Leighton and Canon Fleming were at mine, and we had much lively talk. Went to church in a large brake with the Empress, the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and Lady Granby. We had a beautiful sermon from Canon Fleming—the best I have heard for many a day.

The house is charming, and so is the view from the windows. I propose leaving this at 11.22, and staying at Ely to see the cathedral, and hope to be with you before seven o'clock. The Princess looks to me as well as ever and nearly as pretty, and is very cheerful; and the Duchess of York chats away with great animation.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Wolverton.

To HIS SON-IN-LAW, MR. CHAMPION RUSSELL.

March 16, 1894.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Although I have long known Dr. Brown's<sup>1</sup> story of little Marjorie Fleming—one of the most pathetic and touching ever written—I am delighted to have it in independent form, and so beautifully illustrated. It is true that I never had seen that large-eyed portrait which haunts me.

How I should have liked to have been a 'commensal' of Scott, when he brought her in his plaid on that winter evening! Many thanks to you and Isabel for it.

To HIS WIFE.

April 16, 1894.

BUXTED PARK, UCKFIELD.

Oh! so many thanks for your dear, tender words! I never doubted that your thoughts were with me, thoughts loving and true. Yes! I have had, and have still, blessings innumerable and invaluable, and the greatest of all is you, my faithful and devoted wife! As for me, although the thought that I have entered my eightieth year is a solemn one, it does not prevent me from feeling a young boy, and acting sometimes like an old fool. But my heart beats warm and true towards those who best deserve it, and how many they are, and how loving! I don't deserve a tittle of all I have got.

Pray thank dearest Lina for her loving letter. She knows how dearly I love her.

To HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, MARGARET WYNNE JONES.

April 22, 1894.

39, PRINCE'S GARDENS.

Many thanks for your good wishes, and please thank your father and mother for theirs. Although I have

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, author of *Horae Subsecivæ*.

now entered upon my eightieth year, I sometimes don't feel a bit older than Morys at three and a half. Indeed, like Goldsmith's old French peasant (who, I hope, is a friend of yours), I contrive to 'frisk beneath the burden of fourscore,' and, a few days ago, actually beat 'Sturdy Birdie'<sup>1</sup> in a fair race at St. Clare, my long legs, stiff as they are, covering more ground than her stout, short ones.

I am happy to observe from your drawing that Jack is on the best of terms with the kitten and the little rabbits, and I heartily trust that he will not, in a moment of forgetfulness, worry pussy or gobble up the tender young rabbits.

To HIS DAUGHTER JESSIE.

May 22, 1894.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

I have desired Sotheran to send you Conway's *Travels*, which have been very favourably reviewed by the newspapers. *The Times* of the 17th especially had a very lively article with frequent reference to Charlie, and to his Herculean and Bartholomean feats. It is full of illustrations, which will be examined with interest by your young folk. We got a letter from him yesterday, written in wildest spirits. He has three holidays, sooner or later, before him. First, 'Short leave' (September to December) when he will get married. Second, a 'Privilege leave,' which he has already earned, which he will take next year, when the hot weather sets in, and pass with Netta in some cool retreat among the mountains. I hope there won't be many wild beasts, or peaks hitherto unclimbed, to tempt him away from Netta. Third, his

<sup>1</sup> His granddaughter, Isabel Vernon Harcourt.

long furlough about March, 1896, when he will come home, and I may hope to be still alive.

Our time here slips away very pleasantly, but only five days remain. After eight continuous days of perfect beauty, we have been having wild thunderstorms, skies all ablaze with lightning, fairly fine thunder, short and furious gales followed by heavy rain. But we have happily accomplished a fair amount of 'exertions,' and hope to be allowed to do two or three more. If the weather clears, and warms, Pamela and I sleep to-morrow night at Chambotte, 3,000 feet above sea. We propose getting home on the 28th. On the 30th begins the fight over my Report on the Aged Poor. There is one poor aged who will be glad when it is over. It is so pleasant to hear of you and your bairns on the quiet coast of Anglesey. Mind to lay in a good stock of health, and an invigorated throat, against your visit to Duffryn.

To MR. PERCY MATHESON.

Oct. 1, 1894.

DUFFRYN, MOUNTAIN ASH.

The verses are excellent—need no apology—*anzi* demand warm acknowledgement. They were read at breakfast,

'The many rent the skies with loud applause,'  
and it was generally agreed that our scenery had never been more truly or lovingly described.

I am very glad that you enjoyed yourself here, despite of the almost exclusive family character of the party assembled—often so trying to the general guest. But we all think that you supplied a very valuable element in its composition.

We shall hope to see you again—and often—and to prove to you that, active as you were, you had not exhausted our mountain walks.

TO HIS DAUGHTER RACHEL.

Nov. 11, 1894.

DUFFRYN.

. . . This morning brought us news of Charlie and Netta's safe and sound arrival at Abbottabad on the 27th. It had been telegraphed to Bombay, and posted thence—a convenient, economical arrangement, which saves a week. On Thursday next, after attending a Royal Niger Board, and the wedding of May Bruce Strange, our cousin, I go to a 'Gibbon Commission' gathering at the Jermyn Street Museum, where F. Harrison and others will speak. A collection of 'Gibboniana' of all sorts has been made at the British Museum, which I shall try to see. Lina accompanies me, and I hope Sarah and Bruce.

While I write the sun shines brilliantly, and a brisk north-west wind is blowing. But what of that? For more than three weeks we have had rain daily, with occasional sunny mornings or afternoons. But I have never yet known November pass without a fine fortnight—so *speriamo!* (N.B.—For our comfort. The great Glaisher states, as the result of fifty-five years of recorded observations, that the greatest rainfall of the year is between the 18th and 27th October. My unrecorded observations entirely tally with his.)

I have heard from Lady Layard, who is at Venice, much pleased, nay, 'charmed' with my Introductory Notice<sup>1</sup>. I wish I was!

There was a reading of *Julius Caesar* here yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> To Sir Henry Layard's *Early Adventures*.

I did not hear it, but I am assured that Morgan's Julius Caesar, your mother's Portia, the curate James's Mark Antony, and Lily's Cassius, were excellent. Their last play was *Coriolanus*, their next *As You Like It*. So wags our little world at Mountain Ash.

P.S. (The working of the infant mind.)

Answering a letter from Max, I said that Patou and Dodo sent him bow-wows. He asked his mother 'whether they writed (wrote) their bow-wows.' How matter of fact they are!

To HIS SON-IN-LAW, MR. CHAMPION RUSSELL.

Nov. 21, 1894.

DUFFRYN.

Excuse my tardiness in acknowledging the receipt of £15, Bob's equivalent. I trust that he will justify the noble confidence you have placed in him. Your account of Isabel and her Henry is very cheering. *Servetur ad imum!* I hope to be with you on Tuesday, December 11, after a Commission meeting, which will not last long. You deprecate your translation because you cannot achieve the 'careless inimitable grace' of the original. Who can? (By-the-by, 'careless' is hardly the proper epithet for the Odes, which were polished *ad unguem*, although it is, I think, Dryden's, if it is not Gibbon's. N.B.—Yes! it is Gibbon's, and properly applied to Hume's style<sup>1</sup>.) I should say that your translation, although close and vigorous, is wanting in 'finish,' as Disraeli said of Lord Salisbury's sarcasms. Nor can I defend all your rhymes. But you have an ear for rhythm, in which Gladstone is wanting, whether in verse or prose.

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon in his Autobiography writes of 'the careless inimitable beauties' of Hume.

Thank dear Isabel for her elders' letters, which are like their sayings, full of 'verve.'

I came here on the loveliest of days. Yesterday was quite the nastiest. To-day, after a morning of cold fog, is sunny and delightful. But, after a short hoar-frost so closely following on rain, will it stand? I trow not. And now, having attended my School Board, and written my letters, I must go forth for an appetite, with Do-do similarly bent. Our small party expects to be reinforced by Miladi this afternoon, and remains a *partie  
carrière* till the return of a certain vagrant from Stubbers. 'Nathelless, we so endure!' With best love to Isabel and Lina, and a kiss to the bairnkin.

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, THE REV. J. W. WYNNE JONES.

Dec. 3, 1894.

DUFFRYN.

Thanks for M.'s letter. Some news of the dear Bishop are welcome. . . . It is a sad end to a calm and virtuous life. Friday's *Times* gave four obituary notices of men who in varying degrees were valued by me. First, my dear Pat, of whom I need say nothing, save that few men were dearer to me. Second, Lord Swansea, a friend of sixty-seven years; true, staunch, and always most friendly. Third, Sir Charles Newton, of the British Museum; my schoolfellow at Swansea, with whom I had kept up a cordial though intermittent acquaintance. Fourth, my genial old friend of forty years' standing, Lord Monck.

All in one day! Two are being buried to-day, perhaps all four. I have been trying to picture them as they are—all men of full, active lives, all well over three-score and ten, and all my juniors. Where are they now—not the perishable bodies, but the living souls? Where

indeed! Who can look 'beyond the veil'? I try to think of them with Vaughan :—

'They are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.'

Our Bishop confirmed, and lunched with us yesterday. He gave an excellent report of the Dean, with some quaint stories of Mrs. Vaughan. To some one who dwelt upon the delight of meeting one's friends after death, she said: 'Oh! it is not them I want to meet, I want to see Abraham!' Well! so do I, and others such as he; but first my friends. Only, *will* recognition be permitted? We must live and die in that hope.

We have a lovely day—no frost, not a cloud; but the glass falling fast. My ladies, including Nela Du Cane and Miss Walker, are profiting by the day to ride and drive to Llanwonno Church before lunch.

I'll take an even bet on the snipe. I have as yet only killed one woodcock. I missed two, excusably.

Your discoveries at Llanbeblig are very curious. You might set up a little museum.

To HIS SON-IN-LAW, MR. A. G. VERNON HARCOURT.

Jan. 11, 1895.

TAL-Y-GARN, LLANTRISSANT.

Here I am with one of the oldest and most intimate of my living friends<sup>1</sup>, reviving the fast-fading past of our joint lives. At eighty-five, though deaf and infirm of foot, his intellect is as clear, his memory as fresh, his sense of humour and power of language as keen as they were forty years since.

Your translation is excellent. It bears the two tests

<sup>1</sup> Mr. George Clark.

I apply to such work. It follows the original closely, and reads like an original.

I share your opinion of Davidson. I think him the strongest of the younger race of our poets, but not nearly so agreeable as Watson. With what whirling speed style and thought in poetry are changing! Fortunately one is not bound to admire, or dislike, the outcome of the changes ' which fleeting time procureth.'

To SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF.

Jan. 28, 1895.

DUFFFRYN.

I return your latest instalment of the *Diary*, which is as full of good things as an egg is of meat (which last proverb should make strict Roman Catholics pause).

I was surprised and pleased to see a place given to my jokelet. I really believe that I shall go down to posterity—or that *spatium aevi*, so-called—wholly through the pages of your diary. Can you guess who among public men has been my most eloquent eulogist? I give you ten guesses. 'Twas poor Lord Randolph, who in introducing his Bill for Licence Reform, not only pronounced my speech on a similar occasion the best ever delivered on the subject, but *proh pudor!* me as the best of modern Home Secretaries. I think it must have been meant for a dig at —. We propose coming up in force on February 15, in time for a Saturday breakfast. Dear old Lacaita! our latest and grievous loss! After remaining a month, we return here till after Easter to see the spring burst out.

My youngest son is battling with Waziris, *plus* eighteen degrees of frost and heavy falls of snow. His wife is left mourning and anxious at Abbottabad, but writes us letters which for simple unsought graphic power cannot

be surpassed. For the first time we now know what is life at Abbottabad, in a society of soldiers, doctors, and sparse civilians with their wives, and not omitting the natives.

With kindest regards to Lady Grant Duff and your young ladies.

I have kept no list of the friends to whom I sent copies of Layard's *Early Adventures* with a meagre, not wholly valueless preface. Please tell me whether you got one.

To HIS SON HENRY.

Feb. 2, 1895.

DUFFRYN.

The Chancellorship<sup>1</sup> was given to me unanimously and very heartily, so I could not but accept it, although I wish a younger man had been chosen. Much will not be required of me, but something will, and I feel every day less and less disposed to exertion—not exactly torpid but languid. My general health indeed is excellent, but my head will not bear a strain.

We have had just such weather as you have. An occasional fall of an inch or two of snow keeps up the average depth to about six inches. No thaw as yet. The cold not intense; and I contrive to get my daily walks on well-trodden roads; and my heaps of earth and manure are carted to their destination in spite of snow.

I received a fine basket of game from my faithful friend at Sandringham yesterday—six pheasants, four partridges. He attended both meetings of my Commission last week, which, in the absence of — and —, the two chief, indeed almost the only, obstructives, got along merrily, and cleared a good deal of difficult ground. Playfair is doing very well.

We go to London, but not *en famille*, on the 15th;

<sup>1</sup> Of the University of Wales.

to Aberystwyth, where your mother lays the foundation stone of the Ladies' Hall, on the 28th. Then stay here till after Easter. Pamela throws herself heartily into her work as guardian, and as a governor of the Howell's School at Llandaff. I do my duty on the Llanwonno School Board. Indeed we are all very busy, and therefore cheerful. With kindest love to Constance and bairns.

To HIS DAUGHTER JESSIE.

*Feb. 11, 1895.*

DUFFRYN.

Nothing could be kinder or more cordial than the manner in which the Chancellorship was conferred on me. I feel too old for it, but urged the argument in vain. But as I could not reasonably expect to be chosen Archbishop to disestablished Wales, nor to succeed Prince Llewelyn in his temporarily suspended dignity, I feel that Wales could bestow on me no greater honour.

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Lord Aberdare died Feb. 25, 1895, after a short illness. He was buried in the cemetery on the hill-side at Mountain Ash.

## APPENDIX

*Memorandum on the Bruce family, extracted from  
Notes made by Mr. John Bruce Pryce, father of  
Henry Austin Bruce.*

*JAMES BRUCE*, a cadet of the Bruces of Clackmannan, was an officer in the Royalist Army at Sheriffmuir in 1715 ; he fled to England and settled near Portsmouth. He had a son Robert, who also lived at or near Portsmouth ; his son, grandson of James Bruce<sup>1</sup>, was *William Bruce* (1706-68), a Navy Agent, who lived in Mark Lane, London. He was a friend of Admiral Vernon, afterwards Lord Vernon, and accompanied him in his expedition to Porto Bello as paymaster of the forces. He settled at Llanblethian in Glamorgan, and married Jane, eldest daughter of Gabriel Lewis<sup>2</sup>, of Llanishen, in that county, by whom he had one son, the Rev. *Thomas Bruce*, sometime rector of St. Nicholas, who died unmarried ; *Jane Bruce*, who died unmarried, and *Margaret Bruce* (1750-1809), who married *John Knight* (1740-99), son of James and Jane Knight.

<sup>1</sup> This account follows the notes of Mr. Bruce Pryce, but the exact relationship between William Bruce and James Bruce seems uncertain.

<sup>2</sup> It may be interesting to add that through the Lewis's of Llanishen Margaret Bruce's descendants come of the same Welsh stock as Oliver Cromwell. The Lewis's of Llanishen are of the same family as the Lewis's of the Van.

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The nucleus of the property at Duffryn, Aberdare, was acquired by Thomas Bruce, who purchased the farms of Penrhiew Cradoc and Darranlás, in Llanwonno, by the sale of timber on his estate. The property of Duffryn St. Nicholas came to the family from Thomas Pryce, first cousin of William Bruce's wife, Jane Lewis. Thomas Pryce, who had bought the estate of Duffryn St. Nicholas, left it, in default of issue from his two daughters, to his cousin *Margaret*, wife of John Knight, and at her death to her eldest son, John Bruce Knight, since John Bruce Bruce, and lastly *John Bruce Pryce* (1784-1872). The two daughters of Thomas Pryce were Frances Anne, married to the Hon. William Booth Grey, son of the Earl of Stamford, who died in 1837 without issue, and Eliza, who died aged twenty, unmarried. The other sons of Margaret and John Knight were the Rev. William Bruce Knight<sup>1</sup>, the first Dean of Llandaff, and the Right Hon. Sir James Lewis Knight Bruce, one of the first Lord Justices of Appeal.

<sup>1</sup> By section 40 of Act 3 & 4 Vic. c. 113, the Archdeacon of Llandaff was made Dean of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff. The Rev. John Probyn, who was Archdeacon till 1843, was therefore *ex officio* Dean for a few years, but he was never installed as Dean, and Dean Bruce Knight is generally regarded as the first Dean since Brother Esai in the early days of Llandaff.



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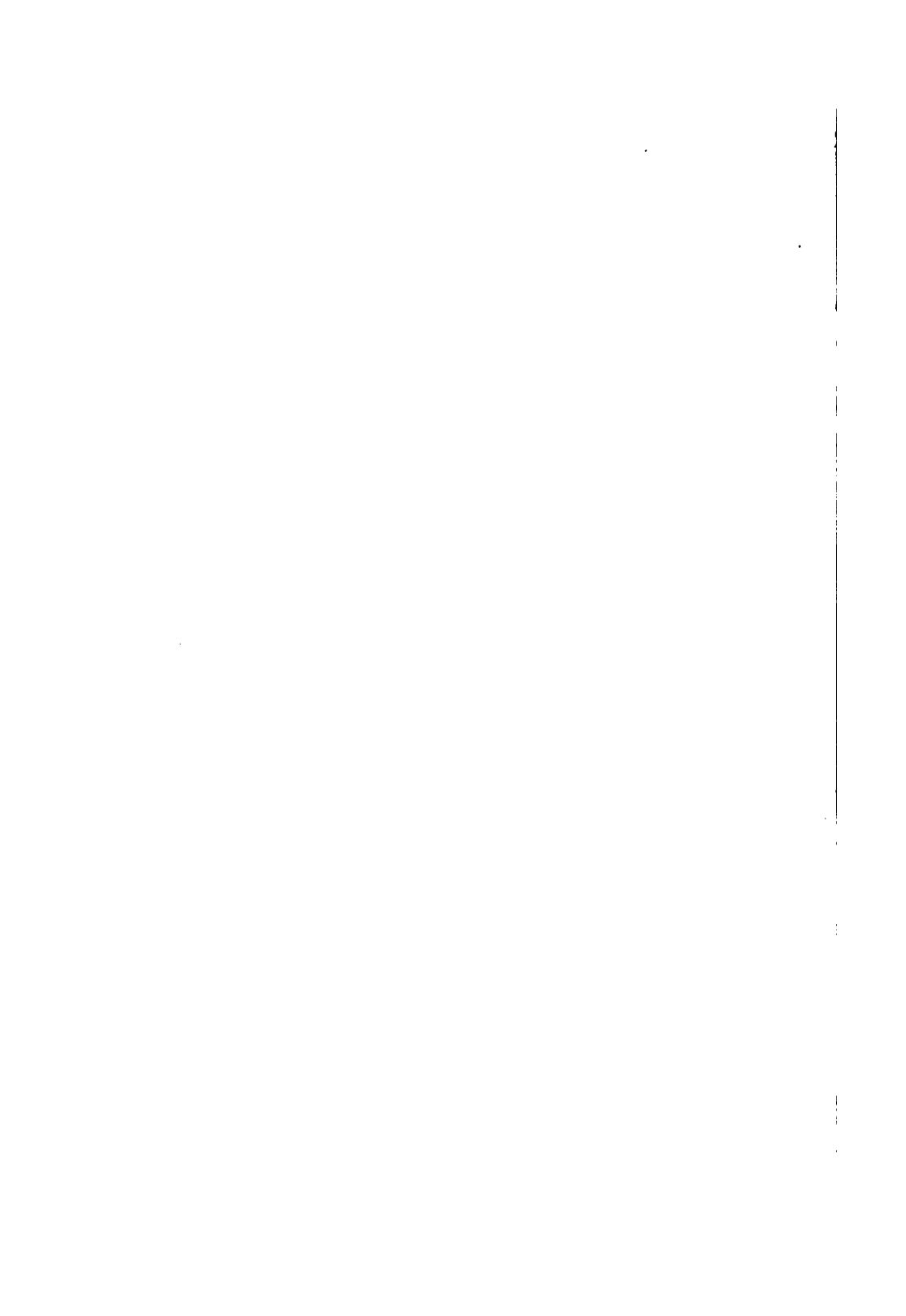
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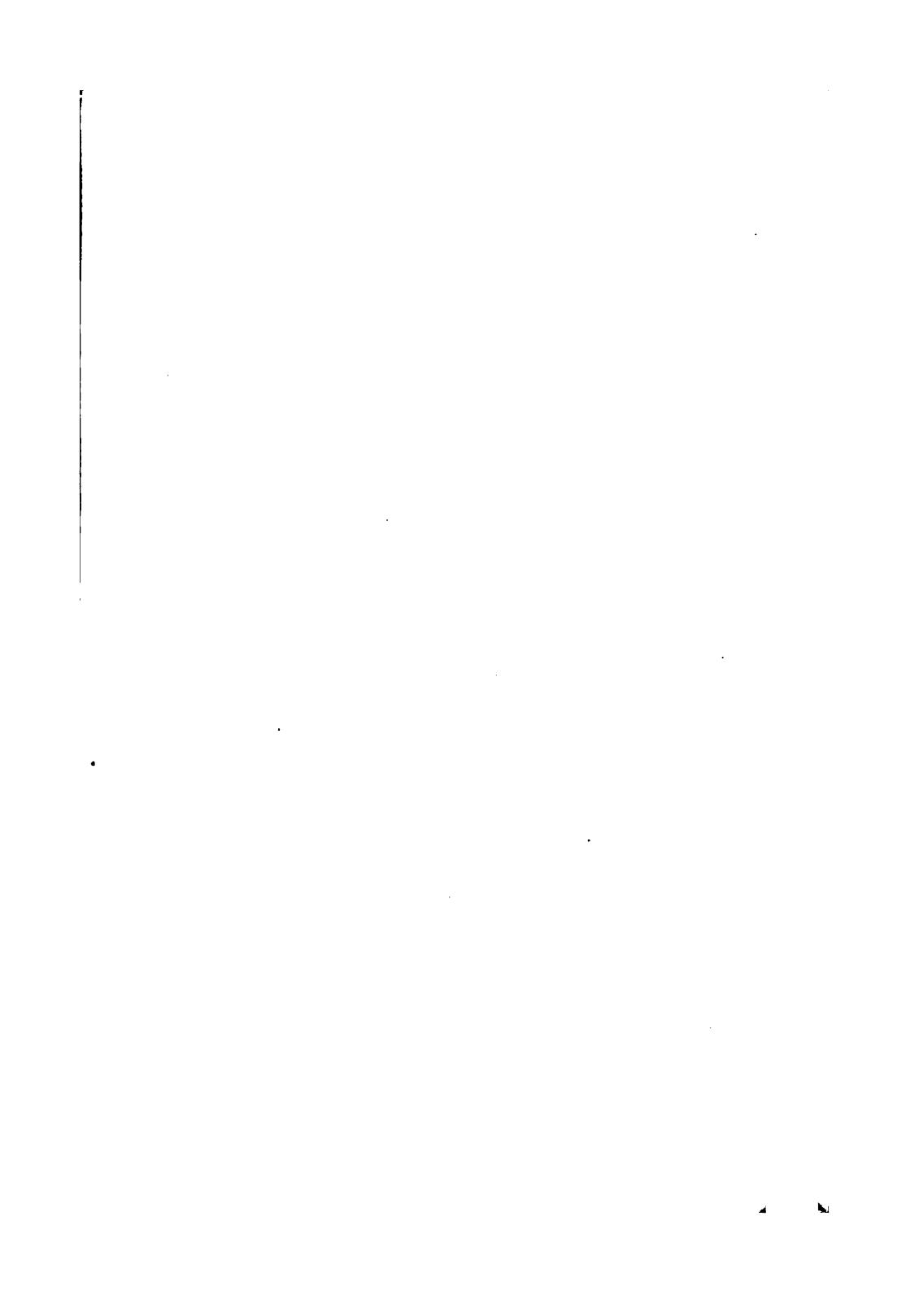
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